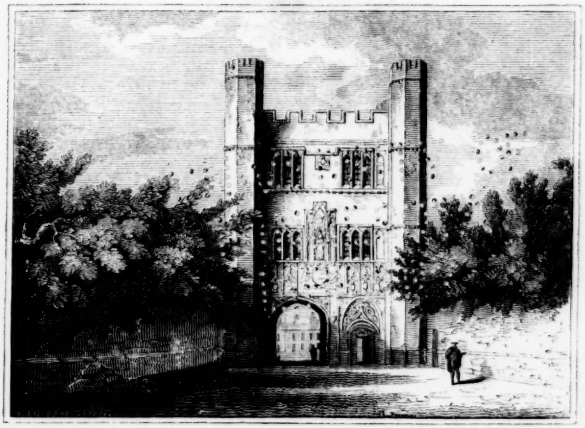
THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. VI.



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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. VI. Part I.

Art. I.—*The History of the Great Plague in London, in the year* 1665; *containing Observations and Memorials of the most remarkable Occurrences, both public and private, that happened during that dreadful period. By a Citizen who lived the whole time in London.* 1754.

We believe that the most prudish critic who ever wrote never attached any moral crime to the fiction of the novel writer, or regarded his tissue of imaginary events as a deliberate violation of truth. The author who pourtrays characters which never existed, or describes scenes which never took place, save in his own imagination, misrepresents no real transaction, and deludes no one, but for an instant, into a belief of his veracity. Though his personages are creatures of shade, and their lives as unreal and unsubstantial as the visions of a phantasmagoria, yet, if they never did exist, they easily might have done so; and, being the absolute creatures of their inventor, are guided, without trouble, into such a course of action, as to afford excellent examples to the more obstinate subjects of real life, who are formed of materials too stubborn to be always bent to the purposes of the moralist. The fiction of the historical novelist cannot, however, be considered so entirely innocent, for he confounds real persons and real events with imaginary ones, and produces

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in the end an erroneous impression on the minds of his readers, inconsistent with the immaculate purity of truth. The genuine novelist invents worlds of his own, and has a right to people them as he thinks proper; but the historical writer of fiction is like the geographer, who, in default of information, fills the parts of his map, which would be otherwise blank, with rivers, and towns, and mountains, which, though they may please the eye, will bewilder the traveller and deceive the student. He is still more culpable, who not only involves real persons in imaginary events, but who chooses a real time, a real event, assumes an historical style, utters repeated asseverations of veracity, mixes up true incidents and false, and when his composition is complete, conceals every trace of falsehood, and does his best to delude posterity. If there be any blame attached to such a procedure, the amount of it must, in a great measure, depend on the nature of the transactions thus imposed on the world as real, whether they are likely or not to be appealed to as evidence, and thus to produce evil consequences. He would, indeed, be a very harsh censor who should object to *Robinson Crusoe;* but we cannot help wishing that Defoe had chosen some other mode of recording the dreadful effects of the great plague of London than the work before us. Defoe, however, was never so happy as when he identified himself with his history, and made himself the hero of the incidents which his imagination poured forth in such abundance. His own life was of so troublous a nature, that it seems as if he delighted to lose his own identity in that of his creature, and live over his ideal adventures with nearly the intense consciousness of reality. We can easily conceive how charming the retreat from duns, pursuit, and political broils, to the peaceful island of the shipwrecked mariner, the wild and gainful adventures of Colonel Jack, or Captain Singleton, or even the awful scene which presented itself in the deserted streets of London, when that great city bowed its head beneath the rage of the pestilence. However this may be, such is the veri-similitude of all the writings of Defoe, that unless we had some other means of refuting their authenticity than internal evidence, it would be a very difficult task to dispute their claims to credit. Such is the minuteness of detail; such a dwelling is there upon particular circumstances, which one is inclined to think would have struck no one but an actual spectator; such, too, is the plainness and simplicity of style; such the ordinary and probable nature of his materials, as well as the air of conscientiousness thrown over the whole, that it is a much easier thing to say the narrative is tedious, prolix, or dull, than to entertain a doubt of its veracity. All these marks of genuineness distinguish the work before us perhaps more than any other compositions of the same author; and are said to have so com-

pletely deceived Dr. Mead, that that able and experienced physician quoted the work as one of the grounds, or as a confirmation, of his opinions on the subject of the plague. No one, indeed, can, from an examination of the history of that dreadful visitation, discover the slightest variation from the truth in the narrative of our author, but, on the contrary, every document remaining to us confirms his account, coinciding with it in most instances, and supporting it in almost every other; a fact, however, which does not diminish the blame we consider attached to the author, for pretending to be an original evidence and eye witness of all the scenes he describes. As in most of the other works of Defoe, no author's name appears to the work; but no one who knows the mannerism of Defoe as collected from a view of all his writings, can, for a moment, hesitate to agree with the voice of common fame, which assigns it to him.

As the title imports, this book contains a register of the observations and reflections of a citizen, who lived in the city from the rise to the expiration of the disorder. The writer is a respectable tradesman, residing in Whitechapel, of a religious turn of mind, inquisitive in disposition, well-informed for his rank, and anxious to transmit to posterity an account of a calamity which few appeared likely to survive, and fewer still, who, in the midst of misery and disease, would have the heart to turn their attention to recording the triumphs of the conqueror, Death. The character of this man is of that plain, downright, homely, pious description, in personating which, Defoe always appears much at home; and from the circumstance of himself residing on the spot in which he has placed the journalist, exercising the same trade as this fictitious person, and himself being born a year previous to the plague, it is not improbable, that Defoe's father may be the supposed writer, from whose mouth it is not unlikely that he received many particulars which he has interweaved in his narrative. For it will be observed, that nearly all the particulars, which are of a private nature, have their locality in the immediate neighbourhood of Aldgate, the imaginary habitation of the historian of the ravages of the plague.

After all, however, Defoe may not have been solely led to this subject by being in possession of peculiar information respecting it; for it has in itself those sombre charms which alone were sufficiently likely to attract him. There is no scene in the whole history of mankind which possesses a greater power of harrowing up the feelings, which affords more subjects for affecting or striking description, or gives greater scope for deep reflections on the nature of man, than a city under the visitation of the Plague. The incredulity which marks its rise; then, the panic which instantaneously follows certainty; then, the fluc-

tuating state of hope or fear; the agitation of departure and separation; the struggling resolution to stay; and, when the bustle and hurry of those who flee have left the city still behind them, then the cold and fixed determination to abide and face the approaching enemy; then, the sweeping away of thousands before the giant strokes of the distemper, succeeded by the paroxysms of despair and the wailings of anguish, which, in a short time, sink into sullen indifference; then, the death of affection and love, and the dead calm which spreads over the whole population, undisturbed, except by the reckless revelry of crime and dissipation making the most of the short interval which is to elapse before their own doom; then, the gradual return of hope, followed by a premature rejoicing at delivery; then, a recurrence of alarm; and, at length, a well-grounded security in the flight of the pestilence, and a universal congratulation of the survivors upon each other's preservation, checked only by the recollection, that they are but a few, haunting the grave of a great city, and that too much joy would be but a mockery over the tens of thousands beneath their feet: these and numberless topics of a similar nature, would occur to the mind of one who undertook to describe a city under this awful infliction of Providence. Defoe's genius, however, was of a description rather to produce an effect upon his reader by a careful enumeration of particulars than by general views, spirited sketches, or even by pathetic touches—and, in the present work, there is nothing which might not have been written by a respectable tradesman of some observation, common feeling, little taste or imagination, and ordinary talents, had he really witnessed the scenes he describes. Thus the reader is left with the materials of reflection, rather than a complete history. From such as it is, and from other sources, we will attempt to give an idea of the rise and progress of the great plague of London, especially availing ourselves of the more remarkable passages of Defoe, which, as we have said, it is probable were written from oral testimony, or, at least, such as are confirmed by other authorities.

We will give the account of the first rise of the pestilence, in the words of Defoe:

"It was about the beginning of September, 1664, that I, among the rest of my neighbours, heard, in ordinary discourse, that the plague was returned again into Holland; for it had been very violent there, and particularly at Amsterdam and Rotterdam, in the year 1663, whither they say, it was brought, some said from Italy, others from the Levant, among some goods which were brought home by their Turkey fleet; others said it was brought from Candia; others from Cyprus. It mattered not, from whence it came; but all agreed it was come into Holland again.

"We had no such thing as printed newspapers in those days, to spread rumours and reports of things; and to improve them by the invention of men, as I have lived to see practised since. But such things as those were gathered from the letters of merchants, and others, who corresponded abroad, and from them was handed about by word of mouth only; so that things did not spread instantly over the whole nation, as they do now. But it seems, that the Government had a true account of it, and several councils were held, about ways to prevent its coming over; but all was kept very private. Hence it was, that this rumour died off again, and people began to forget it, as a thing we were very little concerned in, and that we hoped was not true; till the latter end of November, or the beginning of December 1664, when two men, said to be Frenchmen, died of the plague in Long-acre, or rather at the upper end of Drury-lane. The family they were in endeavoured to conceal it as much as possible; but as it had gotten some vent in the discourse of the neighbourhood, the Secretaries of State got knowledge of it. And concerning themselves to inquire about it, in order to be certain of the truth, two physicians and a surgeon were ordered to go to the house, and make inspection. This they did; and finding evident tokens of the sickness upon both the bodies that were dead, they gave their opinions publicly, that they died of the plague: whereupon it was given in to the parish clerk, and he also returned them to the hall; and it was printed in the weekly bill of mortality in the usual manner, thus:—

PLAGUE, 2. PARISHES INFECTED, 1.

"The people shewed a great concern at this, and began to be alarmed all over the town, and the more, because in the last week in December 1664, another man died in the same house, and of the same distemper: and then we were easy again for about six weeks, when none having died with any marks of infection, it was said the distemper was gone; but after that, I think it was about the 12th of February, another died in another house, but in the same parish, and in the same manner.

"This turned the people's eyes pretty much towards that end of the town; and the weekly bills shewing an increase of burials in St. Giles's parish more than usual, it began to be suspected that the plague was among the people at that end of the town; and that many had died of it, though they had taken care to keep it as much from the knowledge of the public as possible: this possessed the heads of the people very much, and few cared to go through Drury-lane, or the other streets suspected, unless they had extraordinary business, that obliged them to it."

From this time forward, the bills of mortality began to increase, from their usual amount of about two hundred and forty per week, to nearly five hundred, and continued to fluctuate on the whole, but gradually to increase in the parish of St. Giles, where, in the middle of June, they began to bury one hundred and twenty per week, sixty-eight of which were allowed to be,

but a hundred considered to be, cases of the plague. Till this point, the infection had been confined to the parishes lying near the place of its origin, but now the city became contaminated, and a few began to drop off in different parts of its ninety-seven parishes. Now no doubt could be entertained but that the disease had planted itself in London; consternation spread in every direction, and all who could leave danger behind were in the bustle of departure.

"I lived without Aldgate, about mid-way between Aldgate church and Whitechapel-bars, on the left hand or north side of the street; and as the distemper had not reached to that side of the city, our neighbourhood continued very easy: but at the other end of the town, their consternation was very great; and the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry, from the west part of the city, thronged out of town, with their families and servants, in an unusual manner; and this was more particularly seen in Whitechapel; that is to say, the broad street where I lived: indeed nothing was to be seen but waggons and carts, with goods, women, servants, children, &c. coaches filled with people of the better sort, and horsemen attending them, and all hurrying away; then empty waggons and carts appeared, and spare horses with servants, who it was apparent were returning or sent from the countries to fetch more people: besides innumerable numbers of men on horseback, some alone, others with servants, and, generally speaking, all loaded with baggage and fitted out for travelling, as any one might perceive by their appearance.

"This was a very terrible and melancholy thing to see, and as it was a sight which I could not but look on from morning to night, for indeed there was nothing else of moment to be seen, it filled me with very serious thoughts of the misery that was coming upon the city, and the unhappy condition of those that would be left in it.

"This hurry of the people was such for some weeks, that there was no getting at the Lord Mayor's door without exceeding difficulty; there was such pressing and crowding there to get passes and certificates of health, for such as travelled abroad; for, without these, there was no being admitted to pass through the towns upon the road, or to lodge in any inn: now as there had none died in the city for all this time, my Lord Mayor gave certificates of health without any difficulty to all those who lived in the ninety-seven parishes, and to those within the liberties too for a while.

"This hurry, I say, continued some weeks, that is to say, all the month of May and June, and the more because it was rumoured, that an order of the Government was to be issued out, to place turnpikes and barriers on the road, to prevent people's travelling; and that the towns on the road would not suffer people from London to pass, for fear of bringing the infection along with them, though neither of these rumours had any foundation, but in the imagination; especially at first."

The ravages of the disease began now to travel eastward

with more rapid strides, and there could be no doubt in believing, that the whole of the metropolis would be visited in turn. The passengers in the streets began cautiously to keep the middle of the streets, to avoid one another, and only cast mournful and suspicious glances at those whom they had been used to greet with joy; shops were closed; all trade suspended; and all manufacturers discharged, to brood at leisure over starvation and disease. The court was removed to Oxford, the courts of justice and the inns of court were all closed, all egress out of the city was barred by the apprehensions of the country, and, by the middle of summer, London was in a state of siege.

"The face of London was now indeed strangely altered, I mean the whole mass of buildings, city, liberties, suburbs, Westminster, Southwark, and altogether; for as to the particular part, called the city, or within the walls, that was not yet much infected; but in the whole, the face of things, I say, was much altered; sorrow and sadness sat upon every face; and though some part were not yet overwhelmed, yet all looked deeply concerned; and as we saw it apparently coming on, so every one looked on himself and his family as in the utmost danger: were it possible to represent those times exactly to those that did not see them, and give the reader due ideas of the horror that every where presented itself, it must make just impressions upon their minds, and fill them with surprize. London might well be said to be all in tears; the mourners did not go about the streets indeed, for nobody put on black, or made a formal dress of mourning for their nearest friends; but the voice of mourning was truly heard in the streets; the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses, where their dearest relations were, perhaps, dying, or just dead, were so frequent to be heard, as we passed the streets, that it was enough to pierce the stoutest heart in the world, to hear them. Tears and lamentations were seen in almost every house, especially in the first part of the visitation: for towards the latter end, men's hearts were hardened, and death was so always before their eyes, that they did not so much concern themselves for the loss of their friends, expecting that themselves should be summoned the next hour."

Superstition, as it always does, ushered in misfortune, and furnished another melancholy feature in the funereal aspect which the city presented. Amulets, charms, and mystical signs, were never in such request, and the brazen head of Friar Bacon, the fortune-tellers' sign, was mounted in every street.

"The apprehensions of the people were likewise strangely increased by the error of the times; in which, I think, the people, from what principle I cannot imagine, were more addicted to prophesies, and astrological conjurations, dreams, and old wives' tales, than ever they were before or since: whether this unhappy temper was originally

raised by the follies of some people who got money by it, that is to say, by printing predictions and prognostications, I know not; but certain it is, books frighted them terribly; such as *Lilly's Almanack, Gadbury's Astrological Predictions, Poor Robin's Almanack,* and the like; also several pretended religious books; one entitled, *Come out of her my People, lest you be partaker of her Plagues;* another, called *Fair Warning;* another, *Britain's Remembrancer;* and many such; all, or most part of which, foretold, directly or covertly, the ruin of the city; nay, some were so enthusiastically bold as to run about the streets, with their oral predictions, pretending they were sent to preach to the city; and one, in particular, who, like Jonah to Nineveh, cried in the streets,—yet forty days, and LONDON shall be destroyed. I will not be positive whether he said yet forty days, or yet a few days. Another ran about naked, except a pair of drawers about his waist, crying day and night, like a man that Josephus mentions, who cried, 'Woe to Jerusalem!' a little before the destruction of that city; so this poor naked creature cried, 'O the great and the dreadful God!' and said no more, but repeated those words continually with a voice and countenance full of horror, a swift pace, and nobody could ever find him to stop, or rest, or take any sustenance, at least, that ever I could hear of. I met this poor creature several times in the streets, and would have spoken to him, but he would not enter into speech with me, or any one else, but held on his dismal cries continually."

Quacks and mountebanks, it will be readily imagined, followed in the train of prophets and astrologers.

"On the other hand, it is incredible, and scarce to be imagined, how the posts of houses and corners of streets were plastered over with doctors' bills and papers of ignorant fellows, quacking and tampering in physic, and inviting the people to come to them for remedies, which was generally set off with such flourishes as these, viz. —INFALLIBLE preventive pills against the plague,—NEVER-FAILING preservatives against the infection,—SOVEREIGN cordials against the corruption of the air,—EXACT regulations for the conduct of the body in case of an infection,—anti-pestilential pills,—INCOMPARABLE drink against the plague, never found out before,—an UNIVERSAL remedy for the plague,—the ONLY TRUE plague water,—the ROYAL ANTIDOTE against all kinds of infection; and such a number more that I cannot reckon up, and if I could, would fill a book of themselves to set them down."

When the infection began to spread, the magistrates consulted, to devise means for stopping or, at least, impeding its progress. The result of their deliberations was a series of orders which appointed examiners, searchers, chirurgeons, and buryers, to each district, acting under certain regulations, and which directed the provisions of an old act of parliament to be enforced, for shutting up all such houses as appeared to the proper officers to contain any infected person. Every house which

was visited, as it was called, was by these orders "marked with a red cross of a foot long, in the middle of the door, evident to be seen, and with these usual printed words, that is to say, LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US, to be set close over the same cross, there to continue until the lawful opening of the same house." Two watchmen were appointed to the front and back of each house so closed, who forbid all ingress and egress; thus leaving the wild pestilence to do its worst within a limited space, and, as it were, feeding it with a small prey, to induce it to abstain from greater. All the other regulations appear to have been dictated by wisdom and experience; but this was one of the greatest mistakes that could have been committed, and tended materially to prolong the ravages, and to increase the mortality of the disease. For it can easily be conceived, that every family would submit most reluctantly to be thus made a victim for the common good; the more especially, as it often happened, that a whole house would be, in this manner, doomed to certain destruction by the illness of a servant or an inmate, whom they would otherwise have removed to a pest-house. The consequence was, that, in despair, families would often break out, overpower the watchmen, and escape in every direction; thus spreading the disorder they were confined to check. Every artifice was used for the purpose of deluding the vigilance of the watchmen, and when dexterity failed, bribery was resorted to, and all together succeeded to such an extent, as to render the order worse than useless. For, a temporary confinement only increased the number of the infected, and their escape scattered over the city unhealthy fugitives, who left their malady at every abiding place. As it was difficult to ascertain when any individual was infected, through its being the interest of the whole to conceal it, it often happened, that the plague was raging in a house not closed up, which partial carrying into effect of the order produced much false confidence, and, consequently, much mischief. Not to mention the injury caused by concealment, and the objection to apply for medical aid, lest it should lead to a discovery, and, as a sort of penalty upon misfortune, a close imprisonment. The orders respecting the burying of the dead had in them somewhat of harshness, but only such as the necessity of the times demanded. Every morning before sun-rise, and every night, the dead-cart went its rounds; every family was compelled to bring out its dead at the ringing of the driver's bell, and throw them into the cart, which instantly proceeded to pits of tremendous size and depth, where they shot their melancholy burthen, like a load of dust or bricks. No service was performed, no bells were tolled, every friend was forbidden to attend, and no spectator allowed. The funeral rites and ceremonies could not have been celebrated

had clergymen been found to do the duty; for the numbers were so great, that the inhabitants of whole streets, courts, and alleys, were sometimes lying dead together: it may be imagined, in too deep a slumber to obey the call of the dead-bell, so that the buryers were sometimes led to infer the real state of the case by the absence of the usual tribute of a corpse, as they passed the doors. The following anecdote will give a lively idea of the state of great numbers of houses, placed in the same situation.

"A watchman, it seems, had been employed to keep his post at the door of a house which was infected, or said to be infected, and was shut up; he had been there all night for two nights together, as he told his story, and the day watchman had been there one day, and was now come to relieve him: all this while no noise had been heard in the house, no light had been seen; they called for nothing, sent him of no errands, which used to be the chief business of the watchmen; neither had they given him any disturbance, as he said, from the Monday afternoon, when he heard great crying and screaming in the house, which, as he supposed, was occasioned by some of the family dying just at that time; it seems the night before, the dead cart, as it was called, had been stopt there, and a servant maid had been brought down to the door, dead, and the buriers or bearers, as they were called, put her into the cart, wrapped only in a green rug, and carried her away.

"The watchman had knocked at the door, it seems, when he heard that noise and crying, as above, and nobody answered a great while; but at last one looked out, and said, with an angry quick tone, and yet a kind of crying voice, or a voice of one that was crying, 'What do ye want, that ye make such a knocking?' he answered, 'I am the watchman! how do you do? what is the matter?' the person answered, 'What is that to you? stop the dead cart.' This, it seems, was about one o'clock: soon after, as the fellow said, he stopped the dead cart, and then knocked again, but nobody answered: he continued knocking, and the bellman called out several times, 'Bring out your dead!' but nobody answered, till the man that drove the cart, being called to other houses, would stay no longer, and drove away.

"The watchman knew not what to make of all this, so he let them alone till the morning-man, or day-watchman, as they called him, came to relieve him, giving him an account of the particulars; they knocked at the door a great while, but nobody answered; and they observed, that the window or casement at which the person had looked out who had answered before, continued open, being up two pair of stairs.

"Upon this, the two men, to satisfy their curiosity, got a long ladder, and one of them went up to the window, and looked into the room, where he saw a woman lying dead upon the floor in a dismal manner, having no clothes on her but her shift: but though he called aloud, and putting in his long staff, knocked hard on the floor, yet

nobody stirred or answered; neither could he hear any noise in the house.

"He came down again upon this, and acquainted his fellow, who went up also, and finding it just so, they resolved to acquaint either the Lord Mayor, or some other magistrate, of it, but did not offer to go in at the window: the magistrate, it seems, upon the information of the two men, ordered the house to be broke open, a constable and other persons being appointed to be present, that nothing might be plundered; and accordingly it was so done, when nobody was found in the house but that young woman, who, having been infected, and past recovery, the rest had left her to die by herself, and were every one gone, having found some way to delude the watchman, and to get open the door, or get out at some back-door, or over the tops of the houses, so that he knew nothing of it; and as to those cries and shrieks which he heard, it was supposed they were the passionate cries of the family at the bitter parting which, to be sure, it was to them all; this being the sister to the mistress of the family. The man of the house, his wife, several children, and servants, being all gone and fled, whether sick or sound, that I could never learn; nor, indeed, did I make much inquiry after it."

Many of the clergymen fled from their cures; and it was a novel spectacle to see ministers of all sects mounting any pulpit that happened to be vacant in church or chapel. Wherever it might be they never wanted an audience, for the awfulness of the times turned multitudes to prayer, who never thought of religion before. The preacher had no sooner done than he gave way to another of perhaps quite opposite doctrine, a harmony which, however, only lasted while the plague raged. One of the earliest signs of returning health was, the separation into sects, and the struggle for pulpits between contending preachers. It was only in the height of the disorder, when pollution from meeting one's neighbour was more to be dreaded than ever, that the churches became thinner. For it was one of the miseries of this visitation, that every body was afraid of his neighbour; who might be walking about in apparent health, and yet, unknown to himself, bear about him his own death, and the pollution of all who came near him. The modes in which the disease made its attack were various; dizziness, vomiting, delirium, stupor, blains, and carbuncles, were different indications of infection; but it frequently happened, that the patient did not know he was ill till three hours before his death, when there was one fatal sign which never failed to shew that death had marked that person for his own on whom they appeared. These were pestilential characters, called tokens, minute and distinct spots which appeared on the surface of the body, and chiefly on the breast. A person, who had not the slightest suspicion of his being infected, would not

unfrequently be told by a friend, who would look upon his breast for that purpose, that he had but a few hours to live. We will extract two instances of cases similar to this from the *Loimologia; or an Historical Account of the Plague in London, in* 1665. *By* Nath. Hodges, M.D. *and Fellow of the College of Physicians, who resided in the City all that time;* originally written in Latin.

"I was called to a girl the first day of her seizure, who breathed without any difficulty, her warmth was moderate and natural, her inwards free from glowing and pain, and her pulse not unequal or irregular; but, on the contrary, all things genuine and well, as if she had ailed nothing; and, indeed, I was rather inclined to think she counterfeited being sick, than really to be out of order, until examining her breast, I found the certain characters of death imprinted in many places; and in that following night she died, before she herself, or any person about her, could discern her otherwise out of order.

"Some time after I visited a widow of sixty years of age, whom I met with at dinner, where she had eat heartily of mutton, and filled besides her stomach with broth; after I had enquired into several particulars relating to her health, she affirmed herself to have never been better in her life, but upon feeling her pulse, I perceived it to intermit, and upon examining her breast, I found an abundance of tokens, which proved too true a prognostic, that even after so good a dinner she would, by the evening, be in another world."

This book affords us a very near view of the subject of this article, and is of great authority, as the composition of one of the most eminent physicians of the time. His theory, with respect to the origin and nature of this malignant fever, may be erroneous and perhaps unphilosophical, but his practical notions are, in general, good; and his immense experience, during the whole course of that dismal period, renders him an undeniable witness. The following passage from his book gives us as lively a picture of the wretchedness of these times as any in the pages of the novelist.

"In the months of August and September, the contagion changed its former slow and languid pace, and having, as it were, got master of all, made a most terrible slaughter, so that three, four, or five thousand died in a week, and once eight thousand; who can express the calamities of such times? The whole British nation wept for the miseries of her metropolis. In some houses carcases lay waiting for burial, and in others, persons in their last agonies; in one room might be heard dying groans, in another the ravings of a delirium, and, not far off, relations and friends bewailing both their loss, and the dismal prospect of their own sudden departure; death was the sure midwife to all children, and infants passed immediately from the womb to the grave; who would not burst with grief, to see the stock for a future generation hang upon the breasts of a dead mother? Or the marriage-

bed changed the first night into a sepulchre, and the unhappy pair meet with death in their first embraces? Some of the infected run about staggering like drunken men, and fall and expire in the streets; while others lie half-dead and comatose, but never to be waked but by the last trumpet; some lie vomiting as if they had drunk poison; and others fall dead in the market, while they are buying necessaries for the support of life."

We will add to this the history of one of his own days, in which he relates the manner in which he contrived to escape infection, though daily spending hours in air corrupted by the pestilential *miasmata*, and visiting and handling patients in the last extremity of their agonies.

"As soon as I rose in the morning early, I took the quantity of a nutmeg of the anti-pestilential electuary; then after the dispatch of private concerns in my family, I ventured into a large room, where crowds of citizens used to be in waiting for me; and there I commonly spent two or three hours, as in an hospital, examining the several conditions and circumstances of all who came thither; some of which had ulcers yet uncured, and others to be advised under the first symptoms of seizure; all which I endeavoured to dispatch, with all possible care to their various exigencies.

"As soon as this crowd could be discharged, I judged it not proper to go abroad fasting, and therefore got my breakfast: after which, till dinner-time, I visited the sick at their houses; whereupon, entering their houses, I immediately had burnt some proper thing upon coals, and also kept in my mouth some lozenges all the while I was examining them. But they are in a mistake who report that physicians used, on such occasions, very hot things; as myrrh, zedoary, angelica, ginger, &c. for many, deceived thereby, raised inflammations upon their tonsils, and greatly endangered their lungs.

"I further took care not to go into the rooms of the sick when I sweated, or were short-breathed with walking; and kept my mind as composed as possible, being sufficiently warned by such, who had grievously suffered by uneasiness in that respect. After some hours visiting in this manner, I returned home. Before dinner, I always drank a glass of sack, to warm the stomach, refresh the spirits, and dissipate any beginning lodgement of the infection. I chose meats for my table that yielded an easy and generous nourishment, roasted before boiled, and pickles not only suitable to the meats, but the nature of the distemper (and indeed in this melancholy time, the city greatly abounded with variety of all good things of that nature); I seldom likewise rose from dinner without drinking more wine. After this, I had always many persons came for advice; and as soon as I could dispatch them, I again visited till eight or nine at night, and then concluded the evening at home, by drinking to cheerfulness of my old favourite liquor, which encouraged sleep, and an easy breathing through the pores all night. But if in the day-time I found the least approaches of the infection upon me, as by giddiness, loathing

at stomach, and faintness, I immediately had recourse to a glass of this wine, which easily drove these beginning disorders away by transpiration.

" Yet in the whole course of the infection, I found myself ill but twice; but was soon again cleared of its approaches by these means, and the help of such antidotes as I kept always by me."

But to return to the novelist, from whom, after all, we can gather the best account of this remarkable visitation. For of all the pamphlets and publications which we have consulted on this occasion, Defoe's book is almost the only one which attempts to give any picture of London as it appeared at the time to a spectator. But from the various topics on which he dwells, the various incidents and familiar examples he invents or records, the various reflections which he makes, all of which arise from a very patient and intelligent study of the subject, we can make a few selections, which, while they will serve as good specimens of the author, will instruct the reader in the real history of the plague, whether in our own capital, or in any other part of the world.

He thus speaks generally of the sufferings of the infected:

" But, this is but one; it is scarce creditable what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day; people in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was indeed intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, and oftentimes laying violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, shooting themselves, &c. Mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy, some dying of mere grief, as a passion, some of mere fright and surprize, without any infection at all; others frighted into idiotism and foolish distractions, some into despair and lunacy; others into melancholy madness.

" The pain of the swelling was in particular very violent, and to some intolerable; the physicians and surgeons may be said to have tortured many poor creatures, even to death. The swellings in some grew hard, and they applied violent drawing plaisters, or poultices, to break them; and if these did not do, they cut and scarified them in a terrible manner: in some, those swellings were made hard, partly by the force of the distemper, and partly by their being too violently drawn, and were so hard that no instrument could cut them, and then they burnt them with causticks, so that many died raving mad with the torment; and some in the very operation. In these distresses, some for want of help to hold them down in their beds, or to look to them, laid hands upon themselves, as above. Some broke out into the streets, perhaps naked, and would run directly down to the river, if they were not stopt by the watchmen, or other officers, and plunge themselves into the water, wherever they found it.

" It often pierced my very soul to hear the groans and cries of those who were thus tormented, but of the two, this was counted the

most promising particular in the whole infection; for, if these swellings could be brought to a head, and to break and run, or, as the surgeons call it, to digest, the patient generally recovered; whereas those, who like the gentlewoman's daughter, were struck with death at the beginning, and had the tokens come out upon them, often went about indifferent easy, till a little before they died, and some till the moment they dropped down, as in apoplexies and epilepsies is often the case; such would be taken suddenly very sick, and would run to a bench or bulk, or any convenient place that offered itself, or to their own houses, if possible, as I mentioned before, and there sit down, grow faint, and die. This kind of dying was much the same as it was with those who die of common mortifications, who die swooning, and as it were, go away in a dream; such as died thus, had very little notice of their being infected at all, till the gangreen was spread through their whole body; nor could physicians themselves know certainly how it was with them, till they opened their breasts or other parts of their body, and saw the tokens."

Among various other instances of the just horror in which every one held his neighbour, the following may be extracted:

"Another infected person came, and knocked at the door of a citizen's house, where they knew him very well; the servant let him in, and being told the master of the house was above, he ran up, and came into the room to them as the whole family was at supper: they began to rise up a little surprised, not knowing what the matter was, but he bid them sit still, he only came to take his leave of them. They asked him,—'Why Mr. ——, where are you going?' 'Going,' says he, 'I have got the sickness, and shall die to-morrow night.' It is easy to believe, though not to describe the consternation they were all in, the women and the man's daughters, which were but little girls, were frighted almost to death, and got up, one running out at one door, and one at another, some down stairs, and some up stairs, and getting together as well as they could, locked themselves into their chambers, and screamed out at the window for help, as if they had been frighted out of their wits: the master, more composed than they, though both frighted and provoked, was going to lay hands on him, and throw him down stairs, being in a passion, but then considering a little the condition of the man, and the danger of touching him, horror seized his mind, and he stood still like one astonished. The poor distempered man, all this while, being as well diseased in his brain as in his body, stood still like one amazed; at length he turns round. 'Ay,' says he, with all the seeming calmness imaginable, 'is it so with you all! are you all disturbed at me? why then, I'll e'en go home and die there.' And so he goes immediately down stairs: the servant that had let him in goes down after him with a candle, but was afraid to go past him and open the door, so he stood on the stairs to see what he would do; the man went and opened the door, and went out and flung the door after him: it was some while before the family recovered the fright, but as no ill consequence attended, they have had occasion since to speak of it (you may be sure) with great satisfaction.

Though the man was gone, it was some time, nay, as I heard, some days before they recovered themselves of the hurry they were in, nor did they go up and down the house with any assurance, till they had burnt a great variety of fumes and perfumes in all the rooms, and made a great many smokes of pitch, of gunpowder, and of sulphur, all separately shifted; and washed their clothes, and the like: as to the poor man, whether he lived or died I do not remember."

This, however, is ludicrous, compared with the following example of malignity which not unfrequently characterized the delirium attending the malady, and rendered it doubly horrible:

"A poor unhappy gentlewoman, a substantial citizen's wife, was (if the story be true) murdered by one of these creatures in Aldersgate-street, or that way: he was going along the street, raving mad to be sure, and singing; the people only said he was drunk, but he himself said he had the plague upon him, which, it seems, was true; and meeting this gentlewoman, he would kiss her; she was terribly frighted, as he was only a rude fellow, and she run from him, but the street being very thin of people, there was nobody near enough to help her: when she saw he would overtake her, she turned, and gave him a thrust so forcibly, he being but weak, and pushed him down backward; but very unhappily, she being so near, he caught hold of her, and pulled her down also; and getting up first, mastered her, and kissed her; and which was worst of all, when he had done, told her he had the plague, and why should not she have it as well as he. She was frighted enough before, being also young with child; but when she heard him say he had the plague, she screamed out, and fell down in a swoon, or in a fit, which, though she recovered a little, yet killed her in a very few days, and I never heard whether she had the plague or no."

We have soon after this a striking description of the general state of the metropolis, when the disease was at its height.

"It is here, however, to be observed, that after the funerals became so many, that people could not toll the bell, mourn, or weep, or wear black for one another, as they did before; no, nor so much as make coffins for those that died; so after a while the fury of the infection appeared to be so encreased, that, in short, they shut up no houses at all; it seemed enough that all the remedies of that kind had been used till they were found fruitless, and that the plague spread itself with an irresistible fury; so that, as the fire, the succeeding year, spread itself, and burnt with such violence, that the citizens, in despair, gave over their endeavours to extinguish it, so in the plague, it came at last to such violence, that the people sat still looking at one another, and seemed quite abandoned to despair: whole streets seemed to be desolated, and not to be shut up only, but to be emptied of their inhabitants; doors were left open, windows stood shattering with the

wind in empty houses, for want of people to shut them: in a word, people began to give up themselves to their fears, and to think that all regulations and methods were in vain, and that there was nothing to be hoped for but an universal desolation; and it was even in the height of this general despair, that it pleased God to stay his hand, and to slacken the fury of the contagion, in such a manner, as was even surprising, like its beginning, and demonstrated it to be his own particular hand, and that above if not without the agency of means, as I shall take notice of in its proper place.

"But I must still speak of the plague, as in its height, raging even to desolation, and the people under the most dreadful consternation, even, as I have said, to despair. It is hardly credible to what excesses the passions of men carried them in this extremity of the distemper; and this part, I think, was as moving as the rest. What could affect a man in his full power of reflection; and what could make deeper impressions on the soul than to see a man, almost naked, and got out of his house, or perhaps out of his bed into the street, come out of Harrow-alley, a populous conjunction or collection of alleys, courts, and passages in the Butcher-row, in Whitechapel! I say, what could be more affecting, than to see this poor man come out into the open street, run dancing and singing, and making a thousand antic gestures, with five or six women and children running after him, crying and calling upon him, for the Lord's sake to come back, and entreating the help of others to bring him back, but all in vain, nobody daring to lay a hand upon him, or to come near him.

"This was a most grievous and afflicting thing to me, who saw it all from my own windows; for all this while the poor afflicted man was, as I observed it, even then in the utmost agony of pain, having, as they said, two swellings upon him, which could not be brought to break, or to suppurate; but by laying strong causticks on them, the surgeons had, it seems, hopes to break them, which causticks were then upon him, burning his flesh as with a hot iron. I cannot say what became of this poor man, but I think he continued roving about in that manner till he fell down and died."

He goes on to mention a very remarkable trait, which, whether true or not, is founded upon a deep knowledge of human nature under the effects of calamity and despair.

"As I have mentioned how the people were brought into a condition to despair of life, and abandon themselves, so this very thing had a strange effect among us for three or four weeks, that is, it made them bold and venturous, they were no more shy of one another, or restrained within doors, but went any where, and every where, and began to converse; one would say to another,—'I do not ask you how you are, or say how I am, it is certain we shall all go, so 'tis no matter who is sick or who is sound;' and so they run desperately into any place or any company.

"As it brought the people into public company, so it was surprising how it brought them to crowd into the churches; they in-

quired no more into who they sat near to, or far from, what offensive smells they met with, or what condition the people seemed to be in, but looking upon themselves all as so many dead corpses, they came to the churches without the least caution, and crowded together as if their lives were of no consequence, compared to the work which they came about there: indeed, the zeal which they shewed in coming, and the earnestness and affection they shewed in their attention to what they heard, made it manifest what a value people would all put upon the worship of God, if they thought every day they attended at the church that it would be their last."

The supposed historian frequently retires to his house, and shuts himself up from all intercourse, when alarmed or depressed by the objects he meets with in his walks in the city. His curiosity, however, still alive, leads him to spend much of his time at his window, where he continues his observation. One particular alley, within his view, attracts his attention.

"Sometimes heaps and throngs of people would burst out of the alley, most of them women, making a dreadful clamour, mixed or compounded of screeches, cryings, and calling one another, that we could not conceive what to make of it; almost all the dead part of the night the dead-cart stood at the end of that alley, for if it went in, it could not well turn again, and could go in but a little way. There, I say, it stood to receive dead bodies, and as the church-yard was but a little way off, if it went away full it would soon be back again: it is impossible to describe the most horrible cries and noise the poor people would make at their bringing the dead bodies of their children and friends out to the cart, and by the number one would have thought there had been none left behind, or that there were people enough for a small city living in those places: several times they cried murder, sometimes fire; but it was easy to perceive it was all distraction, and the complaints of distressed and distempered people."

We can only make one more extract, which, while it conveys a vivid impression of the insecurity of life at this time, is exceedingly characteristic of the writer.

"A certain citizen who had lived safe and untouched, till the month of September, when the weight of the distemper lay more in the city than it had done before, was mighty cheerful, and something too bold, as I think it was, in his talk of how secure he was, how cautious he had been, and how he had never come near any sick body: says another citizen (a neighbour of his) to him, one day, 'Do not be too confident, Mr. ——, it is hard to say who is sick and who is well; for we see men alive and well, to outward appearance, one hour, and dead the next.' 'That is true,' says the first man, for he was not a man presumptuously secure, but had escaped a long while, and men, as I said above, especially in the city, began to be over easy upon that score. 'That is true,' says he, 'I do not think myself secure, but I

hope I have not been in company with any person that there has been any danger in.' 'No!' says his neighbour, 'was not you at the Bull-head tavern, in Gracechurch-street, with Mr. ——, the night before last?' 'Yes,' says the first, 'I was, but there was nobody there that we had any reason to think dangerous.' Upon which his neighbour said no more, being unwilling to surprise him; but this made him more inquisitive, and as his neighbour appeared backward, he was the more impatient, and in a kind of warmth, says he aloud, 'why, he is not dead, is he?' Upon which his neighbour still was silent, but cast up his eyes, and said something to himself; at which the first citizen turned pale, and said no more but this, 'then I am a dead man too,' and went home immediately, and sent for a neighbouring apothecary to give him something preventive, for he had not yet found himself ill; but the apothecary opening his breast, fetched a sigh, and said no more but this, 'look up to God;' and the man died in a few hours."

Although we allow, that there is a great air of truth and reality in the work of Defoe, and though we feel considerably indebted to the writings of the excellent Dr. Hodges, we cannot cease to regret the absence of a striking, picturesque, and faithful description of the plague by an eye-witness, like that we find in the pages of Thucydides, which is perhaps the most perfect piece of composition that ever came from the pen of man. Nothing there is wanting to satisfy the physician, the historian, the poet, or the moralist; for that inimitable writer has selected his details with such judgement, has narrated them with such spirit, has supplied such genuine touches of truth and pathos, as to give, in a few chapters, such pictures to the imagination, such information to the understanding, as the elaborate volumes of others are unable to convey; and perhaps it is owing to the interest which he has given to the plague of Athens, as well as to the inherent interest in the subject, that the plague has become so favourite a theme to both poets and historians. That it has been so is a fact, and we propose, in our next number, to present our readers with a general review, as well of this extraordinary disease in its various localities, as of the very interesting series of works and single passages, of various countries and various ages, which have been written upon it.

With respect to the plague of London, however, we can collect from Dr. Hodges the symptoms and phenomena of the disorder, though we cannot describe them with the wonderful accuracy and in the spirited manner of Thucydides. Most persons, upon their first invasion by the sickness, perceived a creeping chillness gradually spreading itself over the body, which produced a shivering not unlike the cold fit of an ague—succeeded by convulsive motions of the limbs and frame. Soon after this horror and shaking followed a nauseousness, and strong inclina-

tions to vomit, with a great oppression and seeming fullness of the stomach; a violent and intolerable headache next succeeded, when some fell into violent fits of phrenzy, and others became soporose and stupid. Afterwards, a fever discovered itself, and as soon as it began to appear, a strange faintness seized the patient, which was seconded by violent palpitations of the heart, so powerful as to be heard even at a considerable distance. In some instances, perspirations ensued, which would break out in such profusion, as if the whole constitution were dissolved. These sweats were sometimes of a citron colour; sometimes black, fetid, and often like blood; sometimes they were cold, while the heat raged inwardly and excited an unquenchable drought. But the most constant signs of the pestilence were blains, which broke out all over the person with exquisite and shooting pains, hard and painful tumours, with inflammation upon the glands, virulent carbuncles, which, while their pain was intense, their cure and danger was most critical and hazardous—not to mention the tokens which proceeded from the putrefaction of the blood and the mortification of the part, which, when real, *i. e.* when the spot and the part about had lost its feeling and no mistake could arise, were the certain forerunners of death; in some cases only appearing a few hours previous to dissolution, in others the fourth day before, remaining, observes Dr. Hodges, all that time terrible admonitions to the sick and their attendants.

To the affliction arising from such a disease was London exposed, with various fluctuations, for the space of twelve months, and to such an extent, as that four thousand died of it in one night, twenty thousand in one week, and, in the whole, not less than a hundred thousand. About the same time of the year that it commenced, its retreat was observed to have taken place, or, at least, to be very near at hand. All the symptoms became less violent, fewer were infected, and those who were so mostly recovered, so that this once powerful and gigantic distemper dwindled into slight and contemptible attacks of quinsey and headache. We must now close our observations, both on the work of Defoe and its subject, with this remark, that it has been our intention in this article, as it will be in the next, to consider the plague in a literary and historical point of view, and by no means, by dwelling upon the cure or the nature of the disorder, to invade the province of the physician, which, if we were capable of doing, we should certainly search for a fitter theatre and fitter auditors, than the pages and readers of the *Retrospective Review*.

ART. II.—*Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al siglo xv. &c. Por* D. Tomas Antonio Sanchez. *Cuatro Tomos. Madrid.* mdcclxxix—mdccxc.

An apology is due for the somewhat irregular way in which the subject of the poetry of Spain has been treated in our former articles; but its character is so varied, and its varieties have been so little connected with one another, that it seemed, on the whole, most desirable to follow the flow of each particular class in one continued stream. Now and then, the different species of composition appear to blend, and it is therefore difficult to characterize some of the fragments of past ages. In our days, two schools alone seem to have left a permanent influence—the Moorish or Arabic, to which we intend to devote a separate paper, for this is assuredly the species of poetry which may be deemed peculiarly characteristic of Spain —and the poetry founded on the Troubadour compositions, which has however been influenced, in the progress of time, not a little, by the classical models of antiquity, and most especially by the study of the bards of Italy. The Spanish drama, too, opens a vast field to interesting research—a field little explored by any modern writers. Bouterweck's notices of the dramatic authors of Spain are imperfect in the extreme, and it is from him that Sismondi has principally borrowed. Schlegel has devoted himself principally to one or two authors; while the names of some of the brightest ornaments of the Spanish stage (Gabriel Tellez for example), men worthy to be fixed as stars of the first magnitude in the histrionic heaven, have scarcely crossed the Pyrenean mountains—they have no place in our dictionaries—they have been shut out from our temples of fame.

On the present occasion, we shall give sundry specimens of the poetry which has been collected by the industry of Sanchez, and published in the four volumes, whose title heads this article.

The very earliest epoch of Castillian literature is graced with extraordinary poetical productions. "The Cid Campeador," a work of the twelfth century, is now familiar to English literature, though the famous letter, on the early poetry of Spain, of the Marques de Santillana to the Condestable de Portugal, which has served as a text book to Sanchez, in his interesting collection, does not speak of this poem. In many of these early compositions all doubts as to their antiquity have been prevented, by the custom of interweaving their date with the conclusion of the poem, but that is not the case here; and the

proofs of its antiquity, which are however quite satisfactory, depend upon its language and character. The series of valorous deeds, celebrated by the unknown poet, formed a fine subject for the enthusiasm of patriotic and poetic feeling, though, it must be confessed, we should be very backward in believing that his hero possessed the generous virtues attributed to him; he is represented by Arabic historians as the most perfidious and cruel of human or inhuman beings—violating every compact, however solemn, and treating those he vanquished with unsparing barbarity, of which, in truth, some evidence may be found in the poem before us. The Cid is, notwithstanding, the great theme of ancient Castillian songs: tragedies, comedies, romances, canciones, have each in turn made him their subject. In the poem before us there is great vigour of language, a constant current of imposing events, some passages of touching interest; and considering the then undefined and unformed character of the language which the poet employed, it is, in every respect, one of the most extraordinary compositions of this era. For example, take the description:

" And the night began to wane, and the day was dawning then,
Up! heroes of the morn, for ye are valiant men.
For the matin song now calls, and the bells are ringing fast,
To church, my valiant Cid and his wife Ximena haste.
At the holy altar-foot, she threw her on the ground,
And prayed in language rude, such language as she found:
* * * * * *
' Lord! Thou art King of Kings—the universal Lord!
Believed by my heart, and by my tongue adored;
Saint Peter help my prayers, while thus, my God! I pray,
That thou wilt shield my Cid from danger on his way.
We part—O may we meet—and meet on earth again'—
The oration's said—the mass is over—no delay—
The steeds are all prepared—come, hasten to the plain.
Towards his wife the hero turns, and asks a last embrace,
She bends to kiss his hand, and down her mournful face
Her tears fled hurryingly; she knew not what to do;
He looked upon his girls, and in this sad adieu
Commended them to God above;
To God and to his wife—the woman of his love—
And now we part—God knows when we shall meet—if ever—
How many tears were shed! O such a scene was never;
Even like a nail that's torn from the living flesh, they part:
My Cid, with all his host, now pricks his steed to start,
And bows his head, and turns to those he leaves behind;
Then Alvar Fanez speaks—reproves his wavering mind:

'Is then your valor, Cid, forlorn?
Was it for this, that you of such high race were born?
Forward! now forward, Cid! here tarry thou no more,
For that shall turn to joy, which sorrow was before;
He who gave us souls to feel, shall give us counsel sure.'"*

Again, in the following description of a battle with the Moors, there is great energy:

"Then his mighty voice was heard, who was born in happy hour,
'Come onward, onward, knights, for the sake of charity,
For I am Ruy Diaz—the Cid—then follow me.'

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* "Pasando va la noch, viniendo la mañana
Ellos mediados gallos piensan de cavalgar
Tañen à matynes à una priesa tan grand.
Mio Cid è su mugier à la Eglesia van.
Echo's Doña Ximena en los grados delantel altar
Rogando al Criador quanto ella meior sabe.
* * * * *
Tu eres Rey de los Reyes è de todel mundo Padre,
A ti adoro e creo de toda voluntad,
E ruego à San Peydro que me ayude a rogar,
Por mio Cid el Campeador quo Dios le curie de mal.
Quando hoy nos partimos en vida nos faz iuntar.
La Oracion fecha la Misa acabada la han,
Salieron dela Eglesia ya quieren cavalgar,
El Cid à Doña Ximena ybala abrazar
Doña Ximena al Cid la manol 'va besar,
Lorando de los oios que non sabe que se far.
E el á las niñas tornolas à catar,
A Dios vos acomiendo fijas
E a la mugier è al padre Espiritual.
Agora nos partimos Dios sabe el aiuntar.
Lorando de los oios que non viestes a tal;
Asi's parten unos d'otros como la uña dela carne.
Mio Cid con los sos vasallos pensó de cavalgar;
A todos esperando la cabeza tornando va:
A tan gran sabor fabló Minaya Alvar Fanez
Cid! do son vuestros esfuerzos?
En buen ora nasquiestes de madre:
Pensemos de ir nuestra via esto sea de vagar:
Aun todos estos duelos en gozo se tornarán
Dios que nos dió las almas conseio nos darâ."

They hurry to the spot, where Bermuez advances
Three hundred banners, hung on three hundred waving lances.
The Moors were scattered all—compelled to die or yield;
They wheel—as many more lie humbled on the field.
You might have seen their weapons dazzling there,
Their crossing spears all mingled in the air.
Their shields in rapid motion, their shining coats of mail
To the brandished sabres yielding, as things of no avail;
And many a pennon white in crimson gore dyed deep,
And many a noble horse without his rider sweep
The field—the Moors their prayers to Mahomet address'd,
And the Christians to Saint James."*

There is a remarkably fine passage where the Cid summons his treacherous relations to answer for their perfidy before the Cortes; and the description of the encounter between the Infantes of *Carrion* and the Defenders of the Hero has been often referred to as full of energy and truth.

" Each thinks now of himself, and of himself alone;
They seize their shields, those shields their valiant bosoms cover:
They bend their lances down, with their pennons flying over;
They look upon their steeds, and their harness in their pride,
And their spurs have entered deep their fiery horses' side,
And the earth beneath them trembles, trembles at their feet:
Each, each, must stand alone for his honor to provide;
For three 'gainst three, in close encounter now they meet.
* * * * * *
Antonio puts his hand upon his sword so bright,
It dazzled like the sun, it filled the field with light."†

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* " A grandes voces lama, el que en buen ora nasco,
Feridlos caballeros por amor de caridad,
Yo so Ruy Diaz, el Cid Campeador de Bibar.
Todos fieren en el han do esta Pero Bermuez
Trescientas lanzas son todas tienen pendones:
Sennos Moros matáron todos de sennos colpes:
Ala tornada que facen otros tantos son:
Veriedes tantas lanzas premer e alzar.
Tanta adarga a foradar e pasar,
Tanta loriga falsa desmanchar
Tantos pendones blancos salir bermeios en sangre,
Tantos buenos cavallos sin los duenos andar
Los Moros laman Mafomat, los Cristianos Sanctiague."

† " Cada uno de ellos mientes tiene al so
Abrazan los escudos delant los corazones

But not for their poetic merits alone, or principally, are these early fragments interesting. They are most valuable historical documents—they are admirable illustrations of manners and character—they introduce us to the daily concerns of those who lived so many centuries ago; and though rude and unpolished, the portraitures of the individuals introduced are singularly bold and vivid. The blind obedience to kingly authority —the influence of the priests—the disorganized state of society, are strikingly developed. There is little of the machinery of the epic; and powerful description, rather than fanciful decoration, distinguishes them. The Cid is usually called "The born in happy hour." Over all there is spread a spirit of rude devotion—a constant appeal to the Heavenly Creator, to Holy Mary, Jesus, and the Saints.

The versification is irregular and imperfect. A syllable or two, too much or too little, never perplexes the author. Asonantes and consonantes are frequently blended, and seem not to have been distinguished by the ear of the writer. The *Poema del Cid* has many examples of that species of rhyme which became universal in the following century, viz. couplets of four lines with the same rhyme, as for example:

"Notó los Don Martino sin peso los tomaba
Los otros trecientos en oro gelos paraba
Cinco escuderos tiene Don Martino à todos los cargaba
Quando esto ovo fecho odredes lo que fablaba."

There is often too a verbal repetition of the same stanzas, and especially where the lines are such as the writer regarded with particular self-complacency.

As a specimen of the then state of the language of Spain, these early poems are most valuable. So undetermined does it appear, that no less than four words are employed as the third person singular of the perfect tense of the verb nacer; nado, násco, nasció, nació. A number of Arabic words,—Acaiaz (señor), seid, (cid) alfaya (gift), almofalla (army), almofar (coif), axobda (centinel), &c. now obsolete, are used. The construc-

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Abaxan las lanzas abueltas con los pendones
Enclinaban las caras sobre los arzones
Batien los cavallos en los espolones
Tembrar querie la tierra dod eran movedores
Cada uno dellos mientes tiene al so
Todos tres por tres ya juntados son.
* * * * *
Martin Antolinez mano metio al espada
Relumbra todel campo: tanto es limpia è clara."

XUM

tion is more of a Latin character, and a variety of Latin words are employed, which are no longer understood in Spain: Allaudar (allaudare), monedado (monedatus, Du Cange), cingir (cingere), cuer (cor), dona (pl. donum), eguar (equare), finiestra (fenestra), glera (sea-shore), exir (exire), jogado (jocatus), plorra (plorare), regno (regnum), remaner (remanere), si (sic), toller (tollere), ullo (ullus), &c.

In the following century, Don Gonzalo de Berceo and Don Juan Lorenzo contributed not a little to give character and precision to Castillian poetry. The following verses of the former will serve admirably well for a comparison with those of the latter which we had before occasion to quote. (iii. 283),

* " To me it once befel, when in Romeria *(a)* gone,
To tread a fertile plain, with greenest turf o'ergrown,
And many and many a flower was o'er its bosom thrown;
It was, indeed, a spot to bless a weary one.

The flowers gave forth the sweets which sweetest flowrets hold,
Refreshing soul and sense with the fragrance they unfold;
And the streams rolled wandering on, rejoicing as they roll'd,
In the chilly winter warm, in the summer season cold.

And many a noble tree put forth its riches there,
The granate and the fig, the apple and the pear,
And other various fruits, salubrious and rare,
All in their richest bloom—all fresh, and sweet, and fair.

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* " Yo Maestro Gonzalo de Berceo nomnado
Iendo en Romeria caeci en un prado
Verde e bien sencido de flores bien poblado
Logar cobdiciaduero para ome cansado.

Daban olor sobeio las flores bien olientes
Refrescaban en ome las caras y las mientes
Manaban cada canto fuentes claras corrientes
En verano bien frias en yvierno calientes.

Avie hy grand abondo de buenas arboledas
Milgranose figueras, pero e mazanedas
E muchas otras fructas de deversas monedas
Mas non avie ningunas podridas nin aredas.

(a) Romeria; a joyous pilgrimage made to some shrine, or in honor of some saint.

The verdure of the fields, the flowers so gay and sweet,
The shade beneath the trees so cool and soft, and meet,
Refreshed my wearied frame, and eased my tottering feet;
Life well might be sustained by breath so exquisite.

I never, never saw so privileged a spot,
Or felt so soft a breeze, or such a calm cool grot;
I threw my garments down, and wrapt in gentle thought,
Lay 'neath a lovely tree, and blessed my happy lot.

A thousand thoughts of joy and peace came o'er me then,
Birds sung melodiously, in one consenting strain,
Such harmony was ne'er produced by mortal men,
And music powers shall ne'er create such sounds again.

And now 'twas gently soft, and now 'twas boldly loud,
And now one voice was heard, and now a choir-like crowd;
The charm of song was there, and all submissive bow'd,
And discord fled, for all with music were endow'd.

The organ or the harp, the psaltery or the lyre,
The tongue's clear melody, and the accordant quire;
Art's instruments—these never could inspire
Such harmony of soul, such satisfied desire.

La verdura del prado, la olor de las flores,
Las sombras de los arbores, de temprados sabores
Refrescaronme todo, e perdi los sudores;
Podrie vevir el ome con aquillos olores.

Nunqua trobé en sieglo logar tan deleytoso
Nin sombra tan temprada, nin olor tan sabroso
Descargue mi ropiella por iacer mas vicioso
Poseme a la sombra de un arbor fermoso.

Yaciendo a la sombra perdi todos cuidados
Odi sones de aves dulces è modulados
Nunqua udieron omes organos mas temprados
Nin que pudiessen sones mas acordados.

Unas tenien la quinta è las otras doblában,
Otras tenien el punto, errar no las dexaban,
Al posar, al mover todas se esperaban,
Aves torpes nin roncas hi non se acostaban.

Non serie organista, nin serie violero,
Nin giga, nin salterio, nin manoderotero,

The field was beautiful, 'twas always fresh and green,
Nor cold nor heat could change its ever verdant sheen;
'Twas an eternal spring, as it had ever been,
And never storm disturb'd its face of joy serene.

I threw me down in haste on this enchanted ground,
The cares and sorrows fled which long had whelm'd me round;
All thoughts of grief and woe in ecstacy were drown'd,
O happy, happy he, who such a rest has found.

There men and birds might share the flowerets at their will,
The more they pluck'd, the more put forth their beauties still,
As if they loved that field with infant buds to fill,
Where one was stolen, two grew—'twas like that heavenly hill
Which God called paradise."

The poet then goes on to explain his allegory. We are pilgrims to a better country, but have one beautiful resting place to relieve our weariness. It is that which he has painted—it is the Virgin Mary—the unchanging green is her virginity—the fountains are the evangelists—the shade of the trees, songs of devotion—the groves are her miracles—the birds are saints and martyrs—the flowers are the names of the virgin.

"Sennores è amigos, en vano contendemos,
Entramos en grand pozo, fondo nol trovaremos."

Nin estrument, nin lengua, nin tan claro vocero,
Cuyo canto valiesse un esto, un diero.

El prado que vos digo avie otra bondat
Por calor, nin por frio, non perdie su beldat
Siempre estaba verde en su entegredat
Non perdie la verdura por nulla tempestat.

Manamano que fui en tierra acostado
De todo el lacerio fui luego folgado:
Oblidé toda cuita, el lacerio pasado:
Qui alli se morasse serie bien venturado.

Los omes e las aves quantas acacien,
Levaban de las flores, quantas levar querien,
Mas mengua en el prado ninguna non sacien,
Por una que levaban, tres è quatro nacien.

Milagros de Nuestra Señora.

Gonzalo de Berceo was a Benedictine monk. The cloisters of his order had, through the period of the Moorish domination, been the asylum of Spanish literature. His language is much more polished and defined than that of the poem of the Cid. His own pretensions were humble. He only calls himself a versifier—

"Gonzalo li dixeron al versificador;"

and the greater part of his poetry probably consists of translations from the Latin compositions, which were circulated among the ecclesiastics of his time.* His style of composition is rather curious, four pentameter verses running together, of which, however, there are some examples in the corrupt Latin of the middle ages:

"Qui sedet in solio summe maiestatis
Vos purget à vitio; mundet à peccatis,
Vobis sit auxilio vestre pietatis
Ut abrae gremio fine sedeatis."

Though the rhymes are generally remarkable for their neatness and correctness, the asonante and consonante are, at times, confounded—manto rhymes to farto, divina to rima, pelayo with casado and anno. These are defects which would not be discovered by every Spanish ear.

The subjects of which Gonzalo de Berceo treats are, the lives of several saints; the signs of judgement; the praises, miracles, and sorrows of our Lady; and such matters. All his poetry is tinged with the gross superstitions of his day, and served to minister to the most ignorant and rapacious credulity. Yet though his inferiority to the unknown author of the *Poema del Cid*, in strength and genius, is every where very remarkably visible, he made great advances in correctness of style and harmony of versification. The Arabic words he employs are few; but he has many Catalan (Provençal), French, and Italian. The words of Latin origin seem even reduced to a Spanish character, with the exception of aer (air), argent (argentum), cader (cadere), contra (towards), creder (credere), decebir (decipere), dubio (dubium), elli (ille), ende (inde), eri (heri), exaudir (ex-

* There are several verses in these poems which are almost wholly Latin:

"Por aver que non dura la tu alma non rendas,
Gardate ne ad lapidem pedem tuum offendas."

Vida de S. Domingo.

audire), plus, preda, quisque, qui, quomo (quomodo), sex, sine, tristitia, uxor, &c. &c. There are some words,

"One wonders how the devil they got there,"

as bren (bran), chussorrenda (mob), guizgios (lances), viedgo (point), zampuñuelo (spilt liquid), and one or two more.

Of the character of his composition, what follows will give a further idea:

"*The Sixth Miracle.*

"There was a wicked thief, who liked robbing better than going to mass. His house was badly ordered, and he had a habit of theft, of which he could not get rid. If he had other vices, they are not recorded of him, and it would be wrong to condemn him for that of which we are ignorant. Certain it is, he was a thief; if any thing else, may that Christ, in whom we believe, forgive him.

In the midst of his evil, there was one good, and that saved him at last. He believed in the glorious virgin, and always bowed his head at her majesty's shrine. He said his Ave Maria by heart, he saluted her images, and obtained her good will.

"But he who in evil walks, in evil falls. He was taken in the act of robbery, no counsels could save him. He was condemned to be hanged. He was taken to the gallows. A bandage was tied over his eyes, and he was suspended on the tight-drawn cord.

"He was suspended as high as was thought fit, and every body around believed him to be dead. O! if they had known, what they afterwards knew, they never would have done what they then did.

"The glorious mother, accustomed to watch over her servants, and be their support in the hour of calamity, determined to protect this convict, and she remembering the services he had done, she put her hands under his feet; her precious hands. She supported him. He felt no inconvenience. He never was gayer, never happier in his life.

"At the end of the third day his relations came with his friends and acquaintance; they came sad and sorrowing to cut him down, but things were better than they had any notion. They found him cheerful and uninjured. He said his feet had been so well sustained, he could have hanged a year without coming to harm.

"When this was heard by those who hanged him, they thought the knot was badly tied. They wished they had decapitated him. They would have had no more cause to be pleased than they had afterwards.

"The whole crowd determined that it was the fault of the knot. He was to be beheaded, but not with an axe or a sword, that would have been an affront to their noble city.

"So the bad youths went to cut off his head with seraniles (quere scythes?) large and sharp, but Holy Mary again put her hands under the scythes, and the collar of his throat was untouched.

"When they saw they could not hurt him, since the glorious

mother was his protector, they gave up their design, and let him live as long as God should see fit. They left him in peace to go his way. They would not oppose Holy Mary. He reformed his life, he abandoned his follies, and died when his course was ended."*

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* " *Milagro sexto.*

" Era un Ladron malo que mas querie furtar
Que ir a la eglesia ni a puentes alzar
Sabia de mal porcalzo su casa gobernar
Un malo que priso no le podie dejar.

Si facia otros males, este no lo leemos
Seria mal condempnarlo por lo que non sabemos
Mas abondenos eso que dicho vos avemos
Si al fizo, perdonelo Xps en qui creemos.

Entre las otras malas avia una bondat
Que li valio en cabo è dioli salvedat
Credia en la gloriosa de toda voluntat
Saludabala siempre con la su magestat.

Dicia Ave Maria è mas de escriptura
Siempre se inclinaba contra la su figura
Dicia Ave Maria è mas de escriptura
Tenia su voluntat con esto mas segura.

Como qui en mal anda en mal a caer
Ovieronlo con furto este ladron a prender
Non ovo nul conseio con que se defender
Yudgaron que le fuessen en la forca poner.

Levolo la justicia pora la crucejada
Do estaba la forca por conceio alzada
Prisieronle los oios con toca bien atada
Alzaronlo de tierra con soga bien tirada.

Alzaronle de tierra quanto alzar quisieron
Quantos cerca estaban por muerto lo tuvieron
Si ante lo sopiessen lo que despues sopieron
No li ovieran fecho esso que li ficieron.

La Madre gloriosa decha de acorrer
Que suele a sus siervos lennas cuitas valer
A esti condempnado quisoli protexer
Membroli el servicio que li solie fer.

At this period (the thirteenth century) the Valencian dialect was much used for poetry; and Alonso the Wise, the son of Ferdinand the Saint, wrote a volume of songs, in praise of the virgin, in that language. These, and his numerous other writings, were probably the production of those gloomy hours, when he was wont to muse upon the loss of his crown, and the

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Metioli so los piedes do estaba colgado
Las sus manos preciosas: tovole alleviado
Non se sintio de cosa ninguna embargado
Non sovo plus vicioso nunqua ni mas pagado.

Ende al dia tercero vinieron los parientes
Vinieron los amigos e los sus conocientes
Vinien por descolgallo rascados e dolientes
Sedie meior la cosa que metien ellos mientes.

Trobaronli con alma alegre e sin danno
Non serie tan vicioso si ioguese en vanno
Dicie que so los piedes tenie un tal escanno
Non sintie mal ninguno si colgasse un anno.

Quando lo entendieron los que lo enforcaron
Tovieron que el lazo falsso gelo dexaron
Fueron mil rependidos que non lo degollaron
Tanto gozarien desso quanto depues gozaron.

Fueron en un acuerdo toda esa mesnada
Que fueron engannados luna mala lazada
Mas que lo degollasen con foz o con espada
Por un ladron no fuere tal villa afontada.

Fueron por degollarlo los mancebos mas livianos
Con buenos seraniles grandes è adianos
Metio Sancta Maria entre medio las manos
Fincaron los gorgueros de la golliella sanos.

Quando esto vedieron que nol podien nocir
Que la madre gloriosa lo quiere encobrir
Ovieronse contanto del pleito a partir
Hasta que Dios quissiere dexaronlo vivir.

Dexaronlo en paz, que se fuesse su via
Ca ellos non querien ir contra Sancta Maria
Meiorò en su vida, partiose de follia
Quando cumplio su curso muriose de su dia."

fickleness of his worldly fortune. We are tempted to make some rather long quotations from an extraordinary poetical production of this monarch, which he calls *El Libro del Tesoro*,—the book of the heavens, or the philosopher's stone. The verses which are intelligible, are strong and harmonious, and form one of the most striking specimens of the poetical literature of the age. The first book is introduced rather in an imperial style; and states, that God had first given him knowledge of his holy faith; next, that of the material world; then, the kingdom of his fathers; and last of all, in order to enable him to sustain it worthily, the high prize of "the stone of philosophy." He protests, that he discovered this wonderful secret in solitude—that he often employed it, and so added to his possessions—and that he has communicated it in the cyphers of the book that follows. He begins, "In the name of God."*

"Fame brought this strange intelligence to me,
That in Egyptian lands there lived a sage
Who read the secrets of the coming age,
And could anticipate futurity:
He judged the stars, and all their aspects; he
The darksome veil of hidden things withdrew,
Of unborn days, the mysteries he knew,
And saw the future, as the past we see.

An eager thirst for knowledge moved me then:
My pen, my tongue, were humbled—in that hour
I laid my crown in dust—so great the power
Of passionate desire o'er mortal men.

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* "*En el nombre de Dios faga principio la obra.*

"Llegó pues la fama a los mis oidos
Que en tierra de Egipto un Sabio vivia
E con su sabia oi que facia
Notos los casos ca non son venidos
Los astros juzgaba è aquestos movidos
Por disposicion del cielo fallaba
Los casos quel tiempo futuro ocultaba
Bien fuesen antes por este entendidos.

Codicia del sabio movio mi aficion
Mi pluma è mi lengua con grande humildad
Postrada la alteza de mi magestad
Ca tanto poder tiene una pasion

I sent my earnest prayers, with a proud train
Of messengers, who bore him generous measures
Of honors and of lands, and golden treasures,
And all in holy meekness.—'Twas in vain!—

The sage repell'd me, but most courteously:
'You are a mighty monarch, sire; but these,
These have no gift to charm, no power to please,
Silver nor gold, however bright they be.
Sire, I would serve you; but what profits me,
That wealth which more abundantly is mine?
Let your possessions bless you, let them shine,
As Maïs prays, in all prosperity.'

I sent the stateliest of my ships, it sought
The Alexandrian port; the wise man pass'd
Across the middle sea, and came, at last,
With all the gentleness of friendliest thought:
I studied wisdom, and his wisdom taught
Each varied movement of the shifting sphere—
He was most dear, as knowledge should be dear—
Love, honor, are by truth and wisdom bought.

Con ruegos le fi la mi peticion
E se la mandé con mis mansageros
Averes faciendas e muchos dineros
Alli le ofrecè con santa atencion.

Respusome el sabio con gran cortesia
Maguer vos señor seais un gran rey
Non paro mientes en aquesta ley
De oro nin plata nin su gran valia
Serviros señor, en gracia ternia
Ca non busco aquello que à mi me sobró
A vuestros averes vos fagan la pro
Que vuestro siervo *Mais* vos querria.

De las mis naves mandè la mejor
E llegada al puerto de Alexandria
El fisico astrologo en ella salia
E a mi fue llegado cortes con amor
E aviendo sabido su gran primor
En los movimientos que face la sphera
Siempre le tuve en grande manera
Ca siempre a los sabios se debe el onor.

He made the magic stone, and taught me too;
We toiled together first, but soon alone
I form'd the marvellous, gold-creating stone,
And oft did I my lessening wealth renew.
Varied the form and fabric, and not few,
This treasure's elements, the simplest—best,
And noblest, here ingenuously confest
I shall disclose, in this my verse, to you.

And what a list of nations have pursued
This treasure. Need I speak of the Chaldee,
Or the untired sons of learned Araby?
All, all in chace of this most envied good.
Egypt and Syria, and the tribes so rude
Of the Orient—Saracens and Indians—all
Laboring in vain—tho' oft the echoes fall
Upon the west, of their songs' amplitude.

If what is passing now I have foretold,
In honest truth and calm sincerity,
So will I tell you of the events *to be*
Without deception—and the prize I hold

La piedra que llaman filosofal
Sabia facer y a mi la enseño
Faciemosla juntas despues solo yo
Conque muchas veces crecio mi caudal
E bien que se puede facer esta tal
De otras materias, mas siempre una cosa
Yo vos propongo la menos penosa
Mas escelente e mas principal.

Tuve suso desta estudios de gente
De varias naciones, mas non ca en tal caso
De los Caldeos hiciese yo caso,
Nin de los Arabes nacion diligente,
Egipcios, Siriacos, e los del Oriente
Quel Indico habitan, è los Sarracenos
Ficieron mi obra è versos tan buenos
Que honran las partes del nuestro occidente.

El tiempo presente m'era conocido
De credito sano è de buena verdad
Para que vos en la posteridad
Non vos parezca que en algo he mentido

Shall be in literary lore enroll'd:
Such power, such empire, never can be won
By ignorance or listlessness: to none
But to the learned state my truths be told.

So, like the Theban sphynx, will I propound
My mysteries, and in riddles truth will speak:
Deem them not idle words, for, if you seek,
Through their dense darkness, light may oft be found.
Muse, meditate, and look in silence round—
Hold no communion of vain language—learn
And treasure up the lore—if you discern
What's here in hieroglyphic letters bound.

My soul hath spoken and foretold: I bring
The voices of the stars to chime with mine;
He who shall share with me this gift divine,
Shall share with me the privilege of a king:
Mine is no mean, no paltry offering,
Cupidity itself must be content
With such a portion as I here present—
And Midas' wealth to ours a trifling thing.

Lo que yo quiero es non sea perdido
La grande valia de este magisterio
Mas non quiero dar un tan grande imperio
A ome quien letras non sea sabido.

Por ende fingime la sphinge Thebana
E yuso de cifras propuse verdades
Maguer sea escura por ella sepades
Ca las sus palabras non son cosa vana
Si aveis entendido esta grande arcana
Non lo pongais en conversacion
Guardaldo en la cifra de aquesta impresion
Si vos entendeis como esto se esplana.

Mi alma presume è lo pronostica
Segund que los astros falla en tal sazon
Ca aquel a quien diere el cielo este don
A ser como rey el cielo lo aplica
Empero segundo de cosa non chica
Aquesto tesoro, avra de tener
Ca segundo a demas de gran menester
Mas que fue Midas a tal sera rica.

So when our work in this our sphere was done,
Deucalion to wend sublimely o'er the rest;
And proudly dominant he stood confest
On the tenth mountain—thence look'd kindly on
The sovereign sire who offered him a crown;
Or empires vast for his reward, or gold
From his vast treasure, for his heirs, untold—
So bold and resolute was Deucalion.

I'll give you honest counsel, if you be
My kinsman or my countryman, if e'er
This gift be your's, its treasures all confer
On him who shall unveil the mystery;
Offer him all, and offer cheerfully,
And offer most sincerely; weak and small
Is your best offering—tho' you offer all—
Your recompense may be eternity."

A long inexplicable solution follows. Thirty-five paragraphs, or stanzas, made up of cyphers, with an alphabet key at the end. Every letter has a variety of representatives; and as the pursuit of that, which when found would be wholly worthless, gives little encouragement to patient industry, (though life itself is, alas! but too crowded with shadows, chaced with an earnestness equal to their unsubstantiality), no busy idler has been yet found to open the door of this sacred arcanum—an arcanum richer than Potosi, or the caves of Sinbad.

Finido esta obra por nuestra horizonte
Subia la imagem de Deucalion
El cual dominante por aplicacion
Citaba el señor del decimo monte
Esta promete corona en la fronte
O gran principado por sus catamientos
O dar el tesoro a los nacimentos
Ca aquesta figura en algo les monte.

Si sois de mi patria o mi parentela
Consejo vos quiero dar non pequeño
Ca si del tesoro vos fueredes duéño
Lo deis todo à aquel que a vos lo revela
Con esto seredes señor esta tela
Si la dais a quien aquesto es poquito
Cabien tiene otro tesoro infinito
Eterno e librado de toda procela."

Though no ancient poet made Alexander the Great the subject of an epic, his marvellous history has been frequently sung in more modern time; and the remoteness of the distance has only served to give more activity to fiction, and to clothe in extravagant absurdity the events, which, marvellous in themselves, become monstrous, when blended with the exaggerations of fabulous inventions.

The history of Alexander, which bears the name of Quintus Curtius, is so overloaded with ornament, that its genuineness has been doubted as much on that account, as from the fact, that he is not quoted nor even noticed by any ancient author. His diction resembles, in some respects, that of the early romances; and this circumstance, we suppose, led one of his sceptical critics to deny his antiquity, and to attribute the production in question to some learned Italian of modern times. One of the justifications of his seeming credulity, or incorrectness, is rather curious, and has been adopted by Mariana, while describing the miracles of Spanish history. "Equidem plura transcribo quam credo: nam neque affirmare sustineo de quibus dubito, neque subducere quæ accepi."

It was hardly likely that the conquest of Persia by Alexander should be forgotten or unreferred to by the historians of that country, even though their wars with the Greeks in Europe seem not to have been the theme of any Persian writer. The important changes which affect mankind, in the seat of their domestic sympathies and national affections, live long in the spirit of tradition, and get, at last, permanently transferred to the tome of recorded story. Alexander has become one of the heroes of Persian song, and many and many a fable has been invented to conceal the disgrace of Darius's defeat. Truth is no friendly ally to him who is determined to find the phantom of national glory in the mists of former days; so some of the orientals have made Alexander the son of the Persian monarch himself: others, less daring in their misrepresentations, have adhered more closely to historical accuracy, but have embellished and obscured its facts with oriental adornings. On the whole, the best as well as the most celebrated Persian poem on this subject, is the *Sekander Nameh* of *Nizami*, who is said to rank next to Ferdusi in "loftiness of thought." Though the adventures of the hero are wrapped round and round with a tissue of falsehood, till they can scarcely be recognized, yet direct historical tradition has been the source of a great part of the poet's descriptions; and Sir William Ouseley has announced his intention of illustrating this period of the Persian annals from the works of Nizami. Though we have great doubts of his success, we expect, with much interest, the results of his investigations.

Walter de Castellon's Epic obtained in its day no small portion of praise. It is filled with puerilities. The ten books begin with the first ten letters of his Christian name, Guillermus. There is a constant strain at antithesis, and a wearisome and childish trickery of words. Among a great variety of poets who have treated of Alexander's history, Lambert li Cors translated into provençal Alexandrines some Latin production.

" Lambert li Cors l'escrit,
Qui de latin la trest, & en roman la mit."

The Spanish *Alexandro el Magno*, of which we are now about to speak, was first published in 1782 by Sanchez, from a MS. copy, apparently of the fourteenth century. Of the author's history, nothing is known. He has given us his name in one of his verses.

" Joan Lorenzo bon clerigo e ondrado
Segura en Astorga."

His Castillian is purer than that of Gonzalo de Berceo, in consequence probably of his being farther removed from the influence of the French and Lemosin dialects.

There are a number of absurd and ill-placed digressions: abstruse discussions of scholastic philosophy—the pagan mythology and the catholic calendar are blended in monstrous disorder: all laws of time and place are constantly violated—monks, and convents, and benedictine nuns—churches, and altars, and vigils, and confessions, and masses—Mahomet and the Moors—grace and original sin—are mixed up with the wildest dreams and visions. There are long and ridiculous astronomical and geographical details—he makes his hero express a wish to see Toledo and Seville—the antipodes he talks of with incredulous scorn, for he says " I do not choose to lie"—yet he narrates the fable of the phœnix as a matter of sober history—he protests that in Alexander's time a man's voice might be heard at the distance of a three days' journey—he introduces the Acephali as real personages, with their heads in their bosom—and of the griffins, " those valiant birds," gives very satisfactory details.

The *quadernated* versification, as the author calls it, and on which he seems to have prided himself not a little,

" La quaderna via
A sillabas cuntadas ca es grant maestria,"

is not always preserved. When perplexed by his pentameters, he creates a word at will; thus, for rhyme's sake, he calls Ulysses, Ulixero, and Philip, Philippon. He changes the con-

jugation of verbs, latinizes Castillian words that were current, or the reverse, at his good pleasure—he alters the accent; he errs in proper names continually, some of which cannot be at all recognized in their disguise—Plutus he calls Pulto; Astyanax, Astemiata; Talestris, Calextrix; he has Europa instead of Aurora; India for Judea. Nothing is more amusing than his titles—he has Count Don Demosthenes; the Emperor Jupiter; and divers dukes and duchesses, and viscounts; Don Bacchus, *Our Redeemer;* Don Love, Don Phœbus, Lady Fortune, and Lady Philosophy.

Alexander's confession of faith is quite Catholic;

> " La su misma figura adoro al criador
> Que es Rey è Obispo è Abbat è Prior;"

and his death as orthodox and devout as that of any Christian saint; yet there is often a spirit of sympathy and benevolence, triumphing over superstition and intolerance, as, for instance, when he introduces Alexander seeking counsel from heaven.

> " He was a pagan—but God heard his prayer."*

All the prodigies which fable has associated with Alexander's birth, he has wrought into his history: " Know that it is recorded," says he, " and doubt it not. The air was changed and the sun was darkened; the ocean stormed; the earth trembled; the world was ready to perish; stones fell from the clouds; two eagles fought over the door where he was born; a lamb spoke, and a fowl brought forth an angry serpent."

There are some fine comparisons.

> " As a young hungry lion, when he sees
> From his own cave the deer among the trees;
> Wildly he views the prey he cannot seize,
> And his proud heart beats high."†

In stanzas 1635-6, there is a curious portraiture of national character.

> " Impetuous and light are the citizens of Spain,
> The French of valiant knights the character maintain;

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* " Pero era pagano ful de Dios oida."

† " Cuemo suele aver el chicuelo leon
Quando jaz en la cama e vee la venacion
Non la puede prender e batiel corazon."

And always in the van, are the young men of Champagne,
And the Sabians in their gifts no costs nor cares restrain
The Bretons are renown'd for their zealous love of art
The Lombards ever act an ostentatious part;
The English are most fair—but withal most false of heart,
The Germans full of fire.*

Among the descriptions, many of which are really pictorial, there is a very curious one of Babylon; a city, says the poet, abundant beyond all abundance—rich in the gifts of ages—safe from disease and distress—perfumed by nutmegs and nard—where all faces are joyous—and the three holy rivers flow over costly stones, some of which dispense a beautiful light, and others give health and strength. There is the emerald, brighter than a mirror—the jasper which preserves from poison—the garnet which casts out demons and destroys serpents—magnets which rule over iron—the diamond, which can only be affected by the blood of kids—the topaz which gives its own colour to all it approaches—the galuca which makes its possessor happy and rich—the melocius which discovers thieves—the idropicus which deprives the moon of its colour, and makes its possessor invisible—the sagita which calls down the clouds—the coral which wards off the thunderbolt and preserves from violent death—the hyacinth of the colour of day, that cures all disease—the margarita formed of dews—the peorus whose colour cannot be described—the calatides which makes bitterness sweet—the solgoma (solis gemma) that creates the lightning, and the selenite that waxes and wanes with the moon—the agate that stops the course of rivers—the absinth which once heated preserves its fires—in a word, every precious stone that possesses miraculous virtue, according to the learned assurances of Albertus Magnus, or the devout credulity of Saint Isidore or Father Bartholomew Anglicus.

The description of Alexander's tent has a great deal of rude magnificence about it.

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* "Los pueblos D'Espanna muchos son ligeros
Parecen los Franceses valientes caballeros
Campanna aqueda los ninnos delantreros
En Saba lencenso mieden a sesteros.
Cuemos precian mucho por artes los Bretones
Cuemo son Lombardos orguiosos varones
Engleses son fremosos de falsos corazones
Aleimanes fellones."

" And finely wrought, and round, and ample was the tent,
Two thousand valiant knights it held without restraint;
Apelles there display'd his powers magnificent,
And none but him could form a work so excellent.
Cloth of surpassing wealth the tent disclosed to view,
'Twas of the fairest silk, and of vermillion hue;
With equal beauty wove, and equal richness too,
And in the sun it shone, like mirrors bright and true."*

Around the tents were painted the months of the year, some of whose attributes are curious. Dan January had his eyes wandering every where; he was surrounded with ashes and wooden logs. Dan February warmed his hands amidst storms and sunshine. Dan March watched his vineyards, equalled the days and nights, and stimulated birds and beasts. April summoned his armies for the fight, advanced the harvest, and lengthened the days. May came crowned with flowers, scattering rainbow-tints over the fields, singing to the nymphs of love, and preparing for the harvest. Dan June ripened the grain, and filled the trees with fruit, and brought on the hotter sun. July drove the sweat down the cheeks, let loose the tormenting flies, and took away the bitterness of the fresh grape. Dan August obeyed the first orders of autumn, and gave sweetness to the grape. September propped the walnut-trees, prepared the wine presses, squeezed the grape, and drove the birds from the figs. Dan October went forth to labour and to sow for the approaching winter—he tasted in his way the new fermented wine. November gathered the acorns for the swine, and watched them beneath the oak—he watched in the twilight, for the days are short. December killed the swine, the mornings are covered with dark mists—this is the time of constant frost.

These are sufficient specimens.—The character of the composition defies regular criticism.

It will have been remarked, that hitherto Castillian poetry had little variety of versification. The next name that occurs, Juan Ruiz, the archpriest of Hita, introduced several new and

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* " Larga era la tienda redonda è bien taiada,
A dos mil caballeros darie larga posada:
Apelles el maestro la ovo ebuxada
Non faria otro ome obra tan esmerrada
El panno dela tienda era rico sobeio,
Era de seda fina de un xamet bermeio
Como era tecido egualment pareio
Quando el sol y araba lucia como espeio."

harmonious measures. Ruiz appears to have been a native of Alcala de Henares, and to have flourished about the middle of the fourteenth century. He was imprisoned by the command of the celebrated Cardinal Gil Albornoz, archbishop of Toledo, probably for some of the many indiscretions recorded in his poems, and which are certainly little consonant with the ecclesiastical functions. He indeed proclaims his innocence, though he does not state what were the accusations against him, and implores the Virgin to turn upon his slanderers the weapons they had used: but the indecorous and licentious character of many of his compositions, give but too much reason to believe that his life was most impure. He throws the blame upon the stars, and says he was born under the influence of Venus, and was but the child of destiny—a melancholy apology at best, and one which, if seriously preferred, was never seriously attended to by the judges of error, or the arbiters of punishment.

He proposed to himself to exhibit not only the varied metres of which his language was susceptible, but to introduce that poetical spirit which, if it was sometimes exhibited before, often slept through long and weary pages, so that it is impossible to master the works of his predecessors, but for some object of criticism or historical research. By them, sympathy is seldom excited, and that curiosity must be of the most eager character which will toil through the prosaic labours of those who aspired after nothing sublime or glorious. It was enough for them to give the form of verse to the subject of their thoughts. A rhymer and a poet were almost synonymous and transferable terms. Ruiz had a higher ambition; his gay and festive imagination played alike with the weapons of wit and irony, jested and moralized in turn, wandered from the house of mourning to the house of feasting; while he availed himself, as it pleased him, of the low gibe, the vulgar proverb, or the sublime and sententious eloquence of holy writ. The archpriest is, in a word, a very ardent and amorous gentleman—rather gross at times for a divine—a great admirer of Ovid, and especially his *De Arte Amandi*—but with many redeeming virtues, and a constantly returning sense of shame and duty. To his works he has made a variety of saints and sages contribute—he has blended a number of ingenious fictions, apposite illustrations, and moral deductions. The representations of the profligacy of the clergy of his day, are as just as disgraceful.—The agent of his intrigues, he calls Dona Trota Conventos, (Dame Convent-haunter): the very title is a volume of satire. He is most liberal in the latitude allowed to others, especially to those of his own profession, and he quiets his own conscience by the lessons of wisdom that his pen conveys. He is an advocate for the divine right of kings and popes to

break laws as well as to make them, and he proclaims any demur to this principle to be open rebellion against God himself. Perhaps the most curious of his productions, is the battle of Mr. Carnal (Carnival) with Mrs. Lent, the idea of which he seems to have taken from the *Batrachomyomachia:* beasts and fishes are drawn out in mortal combat, which ends in the total discomfiture of the former. The holy cause triumphs—Mr. Carnal is condemned to fast—to be shut up in solitude, unless in case of illness or repentance, upon one spare meal of fish a day. The poem is full of humour and sprightliness. The work which Ruiz has principally consulted, is a Latin poem on Love, in hexameters and pentameters, by Pamphilus Mauritianus: it is a drama in five acts. The arch-priest has interwoven most of its sentiments, and introduced all its characters. He has, however, changed their names; but he owns his debt to the monkish libertine, and puts upon him the burthen of his own licentiousness:

"And if I have been gross, unfurl your kind forgiveness o'er me,
For Pamphilus and Ovid told what's most impure before me."*

We must not be understood as admiring the specimens of the arch-priest's poetry, with which we shall conclude. We have endeavoured to preserve the characteristics of the different styles of composition, and think their variety will interest our readers. The moral sentences, which we have chosen without much attention, possess considerable merit in our eyes.

"This is man's duty, this is wisdom's test,
To know both good and ill, and choose the best."†

"Deserve your recompense, exact it not,
Safety and freedom ne'er with gold were bought."‡

"Judgement and wisdom crown the hoary head,
Knowledge and science on time's footsteps tread."§

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* "Si villania hé dicho, haya de vos perdon
Que lo feo del estena dis Panfilo e Nason."

† "Probar omen las cosas non es por ende peor
E saber bien è mal è usar lo mejor."

‡ "El que non toviere premia non quiera ser apremiado
Libertad è soltura non es por oro complado."

§ "Esta en los antiguos seso è sabiencia
Es en el mucho tiempo el saber e la ciencia."

" The wise man murmurs not, when murmuring,
Nor consolation nor repose can bring:
That which our plaints remove not nor repair,
In prudent silence let us learn to bear."*

" Take heed to trifles, words are dangerous things,
From a small corn the proudest oak-tree springs;
The mass ferments with one small grain of leaven,
Thorns grow from down, driven by the winds of heaven."†

As a curious elucidation of the habits of the fourteenth century, we give a pastoral adventure. It has the air of truth, and a little too much of the ruggedness of simplicity.

" I never, never, shall forget
The mountain-maid, that once I met
By the cold river's side.

I met her on the mountain side,
She watch'd her herds unnotic'd there:
'Trim-bodied maiden, hail!' I cried;
She answered, 'Whither, wanderer?
For thou hast lost thy way.'

Yes! in this thicket; sometimes woe
And sometimes bliss doth fortune bring;
I'll not complain of fortune now,
Since I have found thee, wandering
Where these green branches play.

I smiled; the mountain-maiden brave,
As born 'midst mountains, soon descended:
She said, 'A secret art we have
For brutes, and idle tongues intended.'
She seiz'd a shepherd's crook,

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* " El sabio gravemente non se debe quejar
Quando el quexamiento non le puede en pro tonnar
Lo que nunca se puede reparar ni enmendar
Debelo cuerdamente sofrir è endurar."

† " De fabla chica dañosa guardose muger falaguera
Que de un grano de agras se faso mucha dentera
De una nues chica nasce grand arber de noguera
E muchas Espigas nasien de un grano de cibera."

She hurled it at my head. I fell—
I totter'd to the vale. Then cried
The witch, ' We trick'd the old fox well ;
Begone, ere other means are tried,
Go, hurry to thy nook.'

Next bade me stay, then offer'd food,
But still her accents pierc'd me through ;
' Fool, knave, why call me to the wood ?
Beware! or you shall handle too
The hedge-hog, without rain or dew."*

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* " Siempre se mo vernà miente
Desta serrana valiente
Gadea de Rio frio.

Ala fuera desta aldea la que aqui he nomblado
Encontréme un Gadea vacas guarda en el prado
Yol dixe : en buena hora sea de vos cuerpo tan quisado
Ella me repuso : ca la carrera has errado
Et andas como radio.

Radio ando, Serrana en esta grand espesura
A las veses omen gana ò pierde por aventura
Mas quanto esta manana del camino non he cura
Pues vos yo tengo hermana aqui en esta verdura
Ribera de aqueste rio.

Riome como respuso la Serrana tan sanuda,
Descendio la cuesta a yuso como era atrebuda,
Dixo : non sabes el uso, comos doma la res muda
Quiza el pecado puso esa lengua tan aguda
Si la cayada te envió.

Enviome la cayada aqui tras el pestorejo
Fisome ir la cuesta ayuso, derribome en el vallejo
Dixo la endiablada : asi apelan el conejo :
Sobarté, dis, el albarda, si non partes del trebejo
Levate, vete, sandio.

Ospedom et diome vianda, mas escotar me la fiso
Porque non fis quando manda, dis, roin, gato envuniso
Como fis loca demanda en dexar por ti el vaque riso
Yot mostraré, se non ablandas, como se pella el eriso
Sin aqua et sin rosio."

There are several striking hymns to the Virgin. We have selected one :

" Thou flower of flowers, I'll follow thee,
And sing thy praise unweariedly;
Best of the best! O may I ne'er
From thy pure service flee.

Lady! to thee I turn my eyes,
On thee my trusting hope relies;
O let thy spirit, smiling here,
Chase my anxieties.

Most holy virgin! tired and faint
I pour my melancholy plaint,
Yet lift a tremulous thought to thee,
Even 'midst mortal taint.

Thou ocean-star! thou port of joy,
From pain, and sadness, and annoy,
O rescue me, O comfort me,
Bright lady of the sky.

Thy mercy is a boundless mine,
Freedom from care, and life are thine.
He recks not, faints not, fears not, who
Trusts in thy power divine.

I am the slave of woe and wrong,
Despair and darkness guide my song;
Do thou avail me, Virgin! thou,
Waft my weak bark along."*

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* " *Cantico de loores de Santa Maria.*

Quiero seguir à ti, flor de las flores
Siempre desir cantar tus loores
Non me partir de te servir
Mejor de las mejores.

Grand fianza he yo en ti Señora
La mi esperanza en ti es toda hora
De tribulacion sin tardanza
Venme librar agora.

Virgen muy santa yo paso atribulado
Pena atanta con dolor atormentado
En tu esperanza coyta atanta
Que veo mal pecado.

The effects of love are strongly and well pourtrayed.

* " Love to the slowest, subtilty can teach,
And to the dumb give fair and flowing speech;
It makes the coward daring, and the dull
And idle diligent, and promptness full.

It makes youth ever youthful, takes from age
The heavy burthen of time's pilgrimage;
Gives beauty to deformity—is seen
To value what is valueless and mean.

Enamour'd once, however vile and rude,
Each seems to each all wise, all fair, all good,
Brightest of nature's works, and loveliest—
Desire, ambition, covet not the rest.

Estrella del mar, puerto de folgura
De dolor complido et de tristura
Venme librar et confortar
Señora del altura.

Nunca fallece la tu merced complida
Siempre quaresces de coytas et das vida
Nunca peresce nin entristece
Quien à ti non olvida.

Sufro grand mal sin merescer, à tuerto
Escribo tal porque pienso ser muerto
Mas tu me val que non vio al
Que me saque à puerto."

* " El amor fas sotil al ome que es rudo
Fasele fabra fermoso al que antes era mudo
Al omen que es cobarde fáselo muy atrevudo
Al peresoso fase ser presto et agudo.

Al mancebo mantiene mucho en macebés
E al viejo fas perder mucho la vejés
Fase blanco è fermoso del negro como pés
Ho que non vale una nues amor le da grand prés.

El que es enamorada, por muy feo que sea
Otro si su amiga maguer que sea muy fea
El uno et el otro non ha cosa que vea
Que tan bien le parezca, nin que tanto desea.

Love spreads its misty veil o'er all, and when
One sun is fled, another dawns again,
But valour may 'gainst adverse fate contend,
As th' hardest fruit is ripened in the end."

Probably the verses on death, which are, however, too long for quotation, are one of the finest specimens of the archpriest's powers.

"Thou art abandon'd now, proud man! by all,
But the hoarse raven, croaking o'er thy pall."

ART. III.—*The true Intellectual System of the Universe, wherein all the Reason and Philosophy of Atheism is confuted, and its Impossibility demonstrated, &c. By* Ralph Cudworth, D. D. 2 vols. 4to. 1743.

How seldom does it happen, that the actual productions of the pen are answerable to the conceptions and intentions of an author's mind! Either the style displeases, or the argument is felt unsound; or some inadvertencies in statement, some frustrations of beauty, some sinkings from the heights of his aspirations, make him wish some parts unsaid, and all said better, and some things introduced which have been passed by forgotten. But if there be nothing to displease in quality, there is oft times a sad deficiency in quantity. *Ars longa, vita brevis,* weigheth down the mind that museth on many things. The sighings of the author are, not for more worlds to conquer, but for a longer period of being to gather the abundance which nature hath spread for him, to enlarge the basis of his fame, and to fill up the measure of his thoughts. So that besides the legacy of his works, which the writer leaves to posterity, there is also left an inventory of intentions, and a catalogue of projected labours. Thus it has been with Ralph Cudworth. The ponderous work, of which we propose to give an analysis for the benefit of those who, before they undertake the task of journeying through it, may wish to have some directions con-

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Mas noble que los otros por ende todo cubre
Como un amor pierde, luego otro cobre
Que buen afuerzo vence ala mala ventura
El atoda pera dura grand tiempo la madura."

XUM

cerning the road they are about to travel, is but part of the scheme with which he set out. In his preface, he tells us,

" I acknowledge, that when I engaged the press, I intended only a discourse concerning liberty and necessity, or, to speak out more plainly, against the fatal necessity of all actions and events; which, upon whatsoever grounds or principles maintained, will, as we conceive, serve the design of atheism, and undermine Christianity, and all religion, as taking away all guilt and blame, punishments and rewards, and plainly rendering a day of judgement ridiculous; and it is evident, that some have pursued it of late, in order to that end. But afterwards we considered, that this, which is indeed a controversy concerning the true intellectual system of the universe, does in the full extent thereof, take in other things; the necessity of all actions and events being maintained by several persons upon very different grounds, according to that tripartite fatalism mentioned by us in the beginning of the first chapter. For, first, the Democritic Fate is nothing but the material necessity of all things without a God, in supposing senseless matter necessarily moved to be the only original and principal of all things; which therefore is called by Epicurus the physiological, by us the atheistic fate. Besides which, the divine fate is also bipartite: some Theists supposing God both to decree and do all things in us (evil as well as good), or by his immediate influence to determinate all actions, and so make them alike necessary to us. From whence it follows, that his will is no way regulated or determined by any essential and immutable goodness and justice; or that he hath nothing of morality in his nature, he being only arbitrary will omnipotent. As also, that all good and moral evil, to us creatures, are mere thetical and positive things; νόμῳ, and not φύσει, by law or command only, and not by nature. This therefore may be called the divine fate, immoral and violent. Again, there being other divine fatalists, who acknowledge such a Deity, as both suffers other things, besides itself, to act, and hath an essential goodness and justice in its nature, and consequently, that there are things, just and unjust to us naturally, and not by law and arbitrary constitution only; and yet nevertheless take away from men all such liberty as might make them capable of praise and dispraise, rewards and punishments, and objects of distributive justice; they conceiving necessity to be intrinsical to the nature of every thing, in the actings of it, and nothing of contingency to be found any where; from whence it will follow, that nothing could possibly have been otherwise in the whole world than it is. And this may be called the divine fate moral, (as the other immoral) and natural (as the other violent); it being a concatenation or implexed series of causes, all in themselves necessary, depending upon a Deity moral (if we may so speak); that is such as is essentially good, and naturally just, as the head thereof: the first contriver and orderer of all. Which kind of divine fate hath not only been formerly asserted by the Stoics, but also, of late, by divers modern writers. Wherefore, of the three fatalisms, or false hypotheses of the universe, mentioned in the beginning of this book, one is absolute atheism, another immoral theism, or religion without any natural justice and morality (all just and unjust,

according to this hypothesis, being mere thetical or factitious things, made by arbitrary will and command only); the third and last, such a theism, as acknowledges not only a God, or omnipotent understanding being, but also natural justice and morality, founded in him, and derived from him; nevertheless no liberty from necessity any where, and therefore no distributive or retributive justice in the world. Whereas these three things are (as we conceive) the fundamentals or essentials of true religion. First, that all things in the world do not float without a head and governor; but that there is a God, an omnipotent understanding being, presiding over all. Secondly, that this God, being essentially good and just, there is φύσει καλὸν καὶ δίκαιον, something in its own nature immutably and eternally just and unjust; and not by arbitrary will, law, and command only. And, lastly, that there is something ἐφ' ἡμῖν, or that we are so far forth principals or masters of our own actions, as to be accountable to justice for them, or to make us guilty and blame-worthy for what we do amiss, and to deserve punishment accordingly."

Our author's design was then the establishment of these three points: but the first part of the work grew beneath his hands, and spread itself into an unanticipated extent. To overthrow the principles of atheism, it was necessary to state them: to overthrow them effectually, it was also necessary to state them fairly, to present all the several shades, and bearings, and doublings, of the atheistic argument: and this was not to be done without quotations, and these quotations were to be translated, and these translations to be defended as accurate, and the inferences from them to be established as fair and legitimate. There was need to examine the writings of philosophers and of poets, of every description, gay or grave, dull or ingenious; to unravel the tangled web of sophistry, to hold up to the light the various logical deformities of the atheistic school, to disperse the mass of misty words, and look for some residuum of meaning. Cudworth lived in times when there was no opportunity of quoting quotations; it was necessary that he should really read what he would seem to have read. In those days, it was no easy task to make a book, and no light work to read one. Reading was then an employment, not merely a recreation. It consisted of something more solid than the flippancies of chit-chat, and the bandying of truisms in the shape of paradoxes. Books were written in the study, that they might be read in the study; and, for the most part, the readers were better paid for their trouble than the writers. But the latter had their reward in the consciousness of having laboured for the information and improvement of society, and in the anticipation of names that should live.

Authors, however, even then had their share of mortification and disappointment, and narrow-minded opposition. Will

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it be believed, that the honest and studious author of the *True Intellectual System of the Universe* could not escape the shafts of calumny, but that his sincerity was called into question? That, instead of receiving the well merited praise which his refutation of atheism demanded, he should be accused of entertaining those very principles which he opposed, and that this very accusation should be founded in his having fairly stated those doctrines which he as fairly overturned? That this, however, was the case appears from a few passages which we shall extract from a brief memoir of the author, prefixed to Birch's edition. After speaking of some objections made by a Catholic divine to the view which Cudworth had taken of the pagan idolatry, his learned editor proceeds:

"But let us now see, in how severe a manner he was treated, even by a Protestant divine, Mr. John Turner, in his *Discourse of the Messiah*. He tells us, 'We must conclude Dr. Cudworth to be himself a tritheistic; a sect, for which, I believe, he may have a kindness, because he loves hard words, or something else, without either *stick* or *trick*, which I will not name, because his book pretends to be written against it.' And again, 'that the most that charity itself can allow the doctor, if it were to step forth, and speak his most favourable character to the world, is, that he is an Arian, a Socinian, or a Deist.

"Mr. Dryden likewise tells us, that our author 'has raised such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence, that many think he has not answered them.' And the late Earl of Shaftesbury, in his *Moralists*, a rhapsody, has the following passage:—'You know the common fate of those who dare to appear fair authors. What was that pious and learned man's case, who wrote the *Intellectual System of the Universe?* I confess, it was pleasant enough to consider, that though the whole world were no less satisfied with his capacity and learning, than with his sincerity in the cause of the Deity; yet was he accused of giving the upper hand to the atheists, for having only stated their reasons and those of their adversaries fairly together.'

"Such was the treatment which our great author received for his immortal volume; wherein, as Mr. Warburton says, with a boldness uncommon indeed, but very becoming a man conscious of his own integrity, and of the truth and evidence of his cause, he launched out into the immensity of the *Intellectual System*, and at his first essay, penetrated the very darkest recesses of antiquity, to strip Atheism of all its disguises, and drag up the lurking monster to conviction. Where, though few readers could follow him, yet the very slowest were able to unravel his secret purpose—to tell the world—that he was an Atheist in his heart, and an Arian in his book. However, thus ran the popular clamour against this excellent person. Would the reader know the consequence? Why, the zealots inflamed the bigots:—

'Twas the time's plague, when madmen led the blind:—

The silly calumny was believed; the much injured author grew disgusted; his ardour slackened; and the rest and far greatest part of the defence never appeared."

We have made these extracts as testimony to the matter of fact, and though we have represented Warburton and Shaftesbury as sympathizing with the fate of Cudworth, we would guard against any insinuation that the author of the *Intellectual System* had any sympathy of sentiment with the paradoxical bishop, or the sceptical and arrogant peer. All that these three men had in common, was a deep and original habit of thought, accompanied with a boldness in stating their opinions, and a recklessness of the consequences which might be deduced from them. But Cudworth never went out of his way for the sake of paradox, never degenerated into affectations for the purpose of displaying originality, was content to be full of his subject, instead of making his subject full of himself; it was not his aim to wrap himself in the clouds of conceitedness, and to make himself obscure to the multitude, but to render himself as intelligible as the subject would admit. His object was to seek for the truth wherever it might be found, and to communicate truth to whomsoever it was desirable. Warburton indeed in the above extract says, "few readers could follow him." This is a piece of transparent common-place vanity, a pleasant mode in which a man may advertise his own profundity, insinuating that himself is one of the favoured few who can see so much farther than the rest of the world. The fact is, that there is not, from one end of the *Intellectual System* to the other, a single section or train of reasoning, which may not be well understood by any average degree of intellect, or by any one at all accustomed to abstraction. Herein is the great value and lasting beauty of the work: it is not like the *Divine Legation* by Warburton, that is, merely admired for its author's ingenuity, but its merits are real and substantial. We do not rise from its perusal, thinking that the author could equally well have advocated the opposite system, but we are satisfied that the mind has followed the leadings of conviction. Cudworth does not argue as a pleader who is engaged to make the best of a cause, but sums up, at length, the evidence, like an honest judge who sees where the right lies.

But it is time we turn our attention to the work; which, though but a part of the author's intention, is whole in itself. The work is divided into five chapters: of which the first contains an account of the atomic physiology, as made the ground of the Democritic fate, which is one of the three false hypotheses of the *Intellectual System*. In this chapter it is shewn, that neither Democritus nor Leucippus were inventors

of this doctrine of atoms, but that it had a much more ancient origin, and is, so far as relates to the material universe, the true philosophy.

"And whereas," says our author, "we conceive this atomic physiology, as to the essentials thereof, to be unquestionably true, viz.—That the only principles of bodies are magnitude, figure, site, motion, and rest; and that the qualities and forms of inanimate bodies are really nothing, but several combinations of these, causing several fancies in us; (which excellent discovery, therefore, so along ago made, is a notable instance of the wit and sagacity of the ancients;) so do we, in the next place, make it manifest, that this atomic physiology, rightly understood, is so far from being either the mother or nurse of atheism, or any ways favorable thereunto, (as is vulgarly supposed) that it is indeed the most directly opposite to it of any, and the greatest defence against the same. For, first, we have discovered, that the principle, upon which this atomology is founded, and from whence it sprung, was no other than this, nothing out of nothing, in the true sense thereof; or that nothing can be caused by nothing; from whence it was concluded, that in natural generations there was no new real entity produced, which was not before; the genuine consequence whereof was two-fold; that the qualities and forms of inanimate bodies are no entities really distinct from the magnitude, figure, site, and motion of parts; and that souls are substances incorporeal, not generated out of matter. Where we have shewed, that the Pythagoric doctrine of the pre-existence of souls, was founded upon the very same principles with the atomic physiology. And it is from this very principle rightly understood, that ourselves afterwards undertake to demonstrate the absolute impossibility of atheism. Moreover, we have made it undeniably evident, that the intrinsic constitution of this atomic physiology also is such, as that whoever admits it, and rightly understands it, must needs acknowledge incorporeal substance; which is the absolute overthrow of atheism. And from hence alone it is certain to us, without any testimonies from antiquity, that Democritus and Leucippus could not possibly be the first inventors of this philosophy, they either not rightly understanding it, or else wilfully depraving the same; and the atomic atheism being really nothing else, but a rape committed upon the atomic physiology. For which reason we do by no means here applaud Plato, nor Aristotle, in their rejecting this most ancient atomic physiology, and again introducing that unintelligible first matter, and those exploded qualities and forms, into philosophy. For though this were probably done by Plato, out of a disgust and prejudice against the atomic atheists, which made him not so well consider nor understand that physiology; yet was he much disappointed of his expectation herein, that atomology, which he exploded, (rightly understood,) being really the greatest bulwark against atheism; and, on the contrary, those forms and qualities, which he espoused, the natural seed thereof, they, besides their unintelligible darkness, bringing something out of nothing, in the impossible sense; which we shew to be the inlet of all atheism. And thus, in this first chapter,

have we not only quite disarmed atheism of atomicism, or shewed that the latter, (rightly understood) affordeth no manner of shelter or protection to the former; but also made it manifest, that it is the greatest bulwark and defence against the same; which is a thing afterwards further insisted on."

This extract from the preface contains the outline of the first chapter, and points out the basis and principle of its argument; and surely if the atheist were to be confuted from his own notions, it was essential that these should be fairly and candidly stated. The second chapter therefore proceeds to state the several forms in which atheism has presented itself to the world. This enumeration is hardly worth our notice in this article, except to repeat that it is made fairly, as by one prepared to overthrow the several sophistries, and not sneeringly, or with exultation, as by one who wishes to raise more difficulties than can be easily removed.

The third chapter proceeds to a more minute and analytical inquiry into all the several forms of atheism, together with what our author calls a necessary digression concerning a plastic or artificial nature. We transcribe the first section of this chapter, wherein is stated the difference between the hylozoic and the atomic atheism.

"We have now represented the grand mysteries of atheism, which may be also called the mysteries of the kingdom of darkness; though indeed some of them are but briefly hinted here, they being again more fully to be insisted on afterward, where we are to give an account of the atheists' endeavours to solve the phenomenon of cogitation. We have represented the chief grounds of atheisms in general, as also of that most notorious form of atheism in particular, that is called atomical. But whereas there has been already mentioned another form of atheism, called by us hylozoical; the principles hereof could not possibly be insisted on in this place, where we were to make the most plausible plea for atheism, they being directly contrary to those of the atomical, so that they would have mutually destroyed each other. For, whereas the atomic atheism supposes the notion or idea of body to be nothing but extended resisting bulk, and consequently to include no manner of life and cogitation in it; hylozoism, on the contrary, makes all body, as such, and therefore every smallest atom of it, to have life essentially belonging to it (natural perception and appetite,) though without any animal sense or reflexive knowledge; as if life, and matter or extended bulk, were but two incomplete and inadequate conceptions of one and the same substance, called body. By reason of which life, (not animal, but only plastical,) all parts of matter being supposed able to form themselves artificially and methodically (though without any deliberation or attentive consideration) to the greatest advantage of their present respective capabilities, and therefore also sometimes by organization to improve themselves fur-

ther into sense and self-enjoyment in all animals, as also to universal reason and reflexive knowledge in men; it is plain, that there is no necessity at all left, either of any incorporeal soul in men to make them rational, or of any deity in the whole universe to solve the regularity thereof. One main difference betwixt these two forms of atheism is this, that the atomical supposes all life whatsoever to be accidental, generable, and corruptible; but the hylozoic admits of a certain natural or plastic life, essential and substantial, ingenerable and incorruptible, though attributing the same only to matter, as supposing no other substance in the world besides it."

The greatest blemish in the work, we conceive to be the fanciful and superfluous digression concerning this plastic nature. It was well to prove that the atomic physiology was not only consistent with, but absolutely required the acknowledgment of a Deity; but it was superfluous to encumber the argument by the admission of the plastic nature, which introduces, as it were, another substance between God and the universe. It would have been better to have exploded the notion altogether, as a mere word invented to cover atheistic ignorance. The very ground and reason of its introduction are bad—for the same principle which requires this, might, with a very little ingenuity, be extended to the introduction or palliation of polytheism. It may be necessary to give the learned author's own words on this subject. We must content ourselves with a partial, though a long extract—for the whole digression occupies too vast a space to be transcribed entire.

"For unless there be such a thing admitted as a plastic nature that acts ἕνεκά του, for the sake of something, and in order to ends, regularly, artificially, and methodically, it seems, that one or other of these two things must be concluded; that either in the efformation and organization of the bodies of animals, as well as the other phenomena, every thing comes to pass fortuitously, and happens to be as it is, without the guidance and direction of any mind or understanding; or else, that God himself doth all immediately, and, as it were, with his own hands, form the body of every gnat and fly, insect and mite, as of other animals in generations, all whose members have so much of contrivance in them, that Galen professed he could never enough admire that artifice, which was in the leg of a fly, (and yet he would have admired the wisdom of nature more, had he been but acquainted with the use of microscopes): I say, upon supposition of no plastic nature, one or other of these two things must be concluded; because it is not conceived by any, that the things of nature are all thus administered, with such exact regularity and constancy every where, merely by the wisdom, providence, and efficiency of those inferior spirits, demons, or angels. As also, though it be true, that the works of nature are dispensed by a divine law and command, yet this is not to be understood in a vulgar sense, as if they were all effected by the mere

force of a verbal law or outward command, because inanimate things are not commandable nor governable by such a law. And therefore, besides the divine will and pleasure, there must needs be some other immediate agent and executioner provided, for the producing of every effect; since not so much as a stone, or other heavy body, could at any time fall downward, merely by the force of a verbal law, without any other efficient cause; but either God himself must immediately impel it, or else there must be some other subordinate cause in nature for that motion. Wherefore, the divine law and command, by which the things of nature are administered, must be conceived to be the real appointment of some energetic, effectual, and operative cause for the production of every effect.

"Now to assert the former of these two things, that all the effects of nature come to pass by material and mechanical necessity, or the mere fortuitous motion of matter, without any guidance or direction, is a thing no less irrational than it is impious and atheistical. Not only because it is utterly inconceivable and impossible, that such infinite regularity and artificialness, as is every where throughout the whole world, should constantly result out of the fortuitous motion of matter; but also because there are many such particular phenomena in nature, as do plainly transcend the powers of mechanism, of which therefore no sufficient mechanical reasons can be devised—as the motion of respiration in animals: as there are also other phenomena, that are perfectly cross to the laws of mechanism; as, for example, that of the distant poles of the equator and ecliptic, which we shall insist upon afterward. Of both which kinds there have been other instances proposed by my learned friend, Dr. More, in his *Enchiridion Metaphysicum*, and very ingeniously improved by him to this very purpose, namely, to evince, that there is something in nature besides mechanism, and consequently substance incorporeal.

"Moreover, those theists, who philosophize after this manner, by resolving all the corporeal phenomena into fortuitous mechanism, or the necessary and unguided motion of matter, make God to be nothing else in the world, but an idle spectator of the various results of the fortuitous and necessary motions of bodies; and render his wisdom altogether useless and insignificant, as being a thing wholly enclosed and shut up within his own breast, and not at all acting abroad upon any thing without him.

"And as for the latter part of the disjunction, that every thing in nature should be done immediately by God himself; this, as, according to vulgar apprehension, it would render Divine Providence operose, solicitous, and distractious, and thereby make the belief of it to be entertained with greater difficulty, and give advantage to atheists; so in the judgment of the writer *De Mundo*, it is not so decorous in respect of God neither, that he should ἀυτουργεῖιν ἅπαντα, set his own hand, as it were, to every work, and immediately do all the meanest and triflingest things himself drudgingly without making use of any inferior and subordinate instruments.—Moreover it seems not so agreeable to reason neither, that nature, as a distinct thing from the Deity, should be quite superseded or made to signify nothing, God himself

doing all things immediately and miraculously; from whence it would follow also, that they are all done either forcibly and violently, or else artificially only, and none of them by any inward principle of their own.

"Lastly: this opinion is further confuted by that slow and gradual process, that is in the generation of things, which would seem to be but a vain and idle pomp, or a trifling formality, if the agent were omnipotent: as also by those ἁμαρτήματα (as Aristotle calls them), those errors and bungles, which are committed, when the matter is inept or contumacious; which argue the agent not to be irresistible, and that nature is such a thing, as is not altogether incapable (as well as human art) of being sometimes frustrated and disappointed by the indisposition of matter. Whereas an omnipotent agent, as it could dispatch its work in a moment, so it would always do it infallibly and irresistibly; no ineptitude or stubborness of matter being ever able to hinder such a one, or make him bungle or fumble in any thing."

From these premises, the author concludes, that there must be a plastic nature diffused throughout the universe, and acting like the principle of vegetation. Now, we must confess, that to us this seems to be the most unphilosophical part of the work, and that it savours more of heathen than of Christian philosophy. But it would be strange if a mind so occupied in poring over the confused mass of speculations and fancies which abound in the writings of the Greek theists, should not imbibe some of their spirit. Our author is obviously pleased with this conceit, and has made it a complete hobby; but this very thing is an argument in favour of his sincerity, and though an excrescence, is not without its interest.

The fourth chapter, which is by far the longest, is occupied by an attempt to prove that the intelligent pagans generally acknowledged one Supreme Deity. This is the part of the work that called forth the animadversions of the Catholic above alluded to, who contended that the gods worshipped by the pagans, were but deified men and women. They may be both right. The populace worshipped idols and deified mortals, and personified operations of nature, *bonâ fide*, as real beings. The philosophers were sceptical as to the popular theology, and as their theism was for the most part speculative and philosophical—not practical and religious, there was nothing in their acknowledgment of a Supreme *Numen*, that could render the Christian revelation superfluous, any more than if the whole mass of the Pagan world were sunk into the grossest and most palpable idolatry. But in the illustration which our author gives of this part of his subject, there should have been a distinction made between those heathen writers who flourished before the time of Christ, and those who were acquainted with the doctrines of Christianity. His argument in

this chapter goes to prove, that the polytheism of the pagans is no objection to the naturalness of the idea of the unity and supremacy of God; because the more intelligent could discern and did acknowledge one Supreme. This point should have been confined to the writers who were unacquainted with the Christian scheme. It is very natural to suppose, that when the absurdities of pagan idolatry were made the subject of attack by the Christians, that the advocates of that idolatry should endeavour to make out the best case that they could for themselves. Hence we find, that the spirit of paganism was considerably changed by the introduction of Christianity, as the Roman Catholic religion was somewhat softened by the influence of the Reformation. This, however, is abundantly obvious, viz. that if the idea of the supremacy of one God be not natural to man, yet, when proposed to the mind, it is readily recognized as conformable to truth. But we pass by this subject, not desiring to enter into a discussion which rather belongs to theology than criticism, and designing rather to give an account of what Cudworth has done, than of what he ought to have done.

This chapter brings into view the immense, the patient and accurate reading of its author, and yet it is not ostentatious withal. There seems to be an object, and that object kept steadily in view—there is no quotation which has not its palpable use in the argument, and though a hasty reader might be apt to imagine that less would suffice, yet it is felt in conclusion, that in all this abundance, there is no superfluity, and it may be said of judicious quoters, as of the Israelites gathering manna in the Wilderness, "They that gathered little had no lack, and they that gathered much had none to spare."

The fifth and last chapter is entitled *A particular Confutation of all the Atheistic Grounds.* From this part of the work have been drawn abundant diluted arguments, on the subject of atheism: indeed, there is scarcely a single topic that has been overlooked. Those of our readers who are not intimate with the logic of the Epicurean poet, will be diverted with the following extract concerning the logic of the atheists. After speaking of the evident traces of design which appear in the universe, he adds,

"Notwithstanding all which, the ancient atheists would undertake by their wonderful skill in logic, to demonstrate, that the frame of nature could not possibly be made by any intending cause, and for the sake of ends and uses; as for example, that eyes could not be first of all made intentionally for the use of seeing, nor ears intentionally for the use of hearing, and so for the rest; because, forsooth, these things were all of them in order of time and nature before their

several uses. The argument is seriously propounded by Lucretius after this manner:—

> Nec fuit ante, videre, oculorum lumina nata,
> Nec dictis orare, prius quam lingua creata est;
> Sed potius longe linguæ precessit origo
> Sermonem, multoque creatæ sunt prius aures,
> Quam et sonus est auditus; et omnia denique membra
> Ante fuere, ut opinor, rerum quam fuit usus,
> Haud igitur potuere utendi crescere causa.
>
> *Lucret.* iv. v. 834, &c.

"To this sense, there was no such thing as seeing before eyes were made, nor hearing before ears, nor speaking before the tongue. But the original of the tongue much preceded speech; so likewise eyes and ears were made before there was any seeing of colours or hearing of sounds. In like manner, all the other members of the body were produced before their respective uses. And, therefore, they could not be made intentionally, for the sake of those uses.—The force of which argument, consisteth in this proposition: That whatsoever is made for the sake of another thing, must exist in time after that other thing, for whose sake it was made: or, That, for which any thing is made, must not only be in order of nature, but also of time, before that which is made for it. Therefore, whosoever affirms eyes to have been made for the sake of seeing, must suppose, in like manner, there was some kind of seeing or other before eyes. But since there was no seeing at all before eyes, therefore could not eyes be made for seeing."

Even this bauble of an argument does our author seriously set himself to confute—so that, in good truth, he leaves no stone unturned to effect the complete subversion of the Atheistic hypothesis.

In this last chapter, are many sound and sober remarks on the conceits of the Philosopher of Malmesbury, but into these we have not now any intention of entering, reserving them for a more minute and full attention in a future number, when we propose to give our readers a view of the morals, philosophy, and politics of Thomas Hobbes.

We cannot conclude this account of the *Intellectual System*, without noticing the sobriety of our author's expectations of the effect which his demonstrations would produce on the minds of his readers. In his preface, he writes—

"As for the last chapter, though it promise only a confutation of all the Atheistic grounds, yet we do therein also demonstrate the absolute impossibility of all Atheism, and the actual existence of a God. We say demonstrate, not *a priori*, which is impossible and contradictious; but by necessary inference, from principles altogether un-

deniable. For we can by no means grant to the Atheists, that there is no more than a probable persuasion or opinion to be had of the existence of a God, without any certain knowledge or science. Nevertheless, it will not follow from hence, that whosoever shall read these demonstrations of our's, and understand all the words of them, must therefore of necessity be presently convinced, whether he will or no, and put out of all manner of doubt and hesitancy, concerning the existence of a God. For we believe that to be true, which some have affirmed, that were there any interest of life, any concernment of appetite and passion, against the truth of geometrical theorems themselves, as of a triangle having three angles equal to two right, whereby men's judgments may be clouded and bribed, notwithstanding all the demonstrations of them, many would remain at least sceptical about them."

ART. IV.—*Poems, with the Muses' Looking-Glasse, Amyntas, Jealous Lovers, Aristippus. By* Thomas Randolph, M.A. *and late Fellow of Trinity College, in Cambridge.* 1640.

Thomas Randolph was one of those bright spirits, which burn too fast, cast a vivid flash over their time, and then suddenly expire. He seems to have been so supplied with vigour, both mental and corporeal, as to have started, pursued, and ended his race, by the time that the phlegmatic genius of other men is just ready for the course. He died before the age of twenty-nine, and yet can hardly be said to have lived a shorter time than other men; with such enjoyment did he consume his minutes, in such a state of excitement did he spend his days and nights; such a number of ideas flashed through his brain; so many kindred spirits doubled his gratifications by sharing his pleasures. He passed through the university, where the brilliancy of his wit, and the liveliness of his manners made him a general favourite; and where his talents ensured him success, and his poetical productions brought him in a large harvest of fame, which, on his removal from Cambridge to London, secured him a most cordial reception from the wits and poets of the metropolis. A band, which, with Ben Jonson at their head, was never more brilliant, active, joyous, and important, than when our young poet sparkled away his nights with them "in those lyric feasts" at the Sun, the Dog, the "Triple Tun,"

> "Where they such clustres had
> As made them nobly wild, not mad."

He was soon joined with Cartwright, as the adopted son, in the Muses, of Jonson himself, a distinction, which all who know the character of that great writer, will allow to be no ordinary

proof of the qualifications of Randolph. In such company, and with such pursuits as this volume shews, he blazed out his life and died, at Blatherwyke, in Northamptonshire, in the year 1635; it is said in great poverty, but biographers, and especially the cynical Antony Wood, are so fond of plunging poets into excesses, misery, and wretchedness, that we know not what credit to give to the report. In the university he was a fellow on one of the most wealthy and considerable foundations: when he died, he had a brother at Christ Church, Oxford: his death took place at the house of an ancient family in Staffordshire, with the ancestors of whom he was buried, and had a monument erected to his memory, at the charge of his friend, Lord Hatton.—So that we will venture to hope, that the close of a short life of great industry and high enjoyment was not embittered by the pains of want and neglect. This volume of poems, which was published after his death by his brother, is ushered in by a number of recommendatory verses, which speak the language of affection and respect, and encourage the hope that those who lamented his death, protected his life.

> "Such was his genius, like the quick eyes' work,
> He could write sooner than another think;
> His play was fancy's flame, a lightning wit,
> So shot, that it could sooner pierce than hit."

These lines are from a much greater number of verses written on Randolph's death, by his friend Owen Feltham, the author of the *Resolves*, and if we may trust them, and the other elegies, particularly those by his brother, the great learning, quick genius, and various accomplishments of this extraordinary man, make us deeply regret that he lived to finish nothing more than this volume contains. He appears to have been not only a wit and poet, but to have filled the office of moderator in the schools of Cambridge, in such a manner as to attract the notice of the oldest and subtlest logicians.

> "The grave divines stood gazing, as if there
> In words was colour, or in the eye an ear,
> To hear him they would penetrate each other,
> Embrace a throng, and love a noisome smother.

His ready eloquence and lively fancy seem to have been as serviceable at court, as his ingenuity and learning in the schools.

> "Was he at court? his compliments would be
> Rich wrought with fancy's best embroidery;

Which the spruce gallants echo-like would speak
So oft, as they'd be thread-bare in a week ;
They lov'd even his abuses, the same jeer,
So witty 'twas, would sting and please the ear."

His skill in language too is thus finely recorded by Feltham, though in the language of panegyric.

" Nor could he only in his native speech
Robe his ripe thoughts, but even the copious, rich,
And lofty Greek, with Latin, did appear
In him, as orient in their proper sphere :
That when in them, he pleas'd himself to express,
The ravish'd hearer could not but confess
He might as well old Rome, or Athens, claim
For birth, as Britain, circled with the main.
'Tis true, we have these languages still left,
But spoken, as apparell, got by theft,
Is worn, disguis'd and shadow'd. Had he
Liv'd with us, till grave maturity,
Though we should ever in his change have lost,
We might have gain'd enough, whereof to boast
Our nation's better genius, but now
Our hopes are nipp'd, ere they began to blow."

The qualifications of Randolph as a poet, we fortunately need not rest on the word of a panegyrist. The poems speak for themselves. In listening to their voice, however, it should be remembered, that they appear without the stamp of his authority, and are not entitled to be considered as undoubted testimonies of his poetical talent. He himself did not publish them, nor write them for publication, doubtless reserving himself for some effort worthy of his gifted muse. Such as they are, they bear evidence of a most varied and highly-endowed nature; for they are full of lively sallies of wit and fancy, deep learning, shrewd observations on man, and eloquent descriptions of passions. It is to be lamented that their only fault is one of very constant recurrence, which unfortunately casts a shade on too many of the productions of this writer's time. They are not only marked by a coarseness of language and plainness of expression, but too common among his contemporaries, but likewise indulge in warm and highly-coloured descriptions, and dwell upon themes of an indelicate nature. While we regret that our poet should have thus given the reins to a prurient imagination, it must be recollected that he intended the circulation of his poems to be limited, and that many were probably written in moments of elevation, and thrown aside, and forgotten until after his death, when they were raked together by his brother,

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for the purpose of publication. Being, however, disfigured by this blemish, and rendered unfit for general perusal, while at the same time there is much which is deserving of notice and admiration, they come precisely within the plan of our work, whose principle it is to rescue the remains of neglected genius from oblivion, and whose pride it will ever be, while it promotes the cause of literature, never to forget the interests of virtue and morality.

This volume consists of two parts, the first being a collection of miscellaneous poems; the second, plays and dramatic pieces; from each of which we will proceed to make our extracts. The first poem in the book, on "The inestimable content he enjoys in the Muses; to those of his friends who dehort him from poetry," is a most ingenious and eloquent composition beginning with a very amusing specimen of the poetical wisdom, in praise of poverty, which unfortunately holds only in verse, and proceeding to some very fine vigorous satire on the folly of hoarding, written with all the strength, without the grossness, of Juvenal.

"Lord of my self in chief; when they that have
More wealth, make that their Lord, which is my slave.
Yet I as well as they, with more content,
Have in myself a household government.
My intellectual soul hath here possest
The steward's place to govern all the rest.
When I go forth my eyes two ushers are,
And dutifully walk before me bare.
My legs run footmen by me. Go or stand
My ready arms wait close on either hand:
My lips are porters to the dangerous door:
And either ear a trusty auditor.
And when abroad I go, fancy shall be
My skilful coachman, and shall hurry me
Through heaven and earth, and Neptune's watry plain,
And in a moment drive me back again.
The charge of all my cellar, thirst, is thine;
Thou butler art, and yeoman of my wine.
Stomach the cook, whose dishes best delight,
Because their only sauce is appetite.
My other cook, digestion; where to me
Teeth carve, and palate will the taster be.
And the two eye-lids, when I go to sleep,
Like careful grooms my silent chamber keep,
Where, lest a cold oppress my vital part,
A gentle fire is kindled by the heart.

And lest too great a heat procure my pain,
The lungs fan wind to cool those parts again.
Within the inner closet of my brain
Attend the nobler members of my train.
Invention, master of my mint grows there,
And memory, my faithful treasurer.
And though in others 'tis a treacherous part,
My tongue is secretary to my heart.
And then the pages of my soul and sense,
Love, anger, pleasure, grief, concupiscence,
And all affections else, are taught t' obey
Like subjects, not like favourites to sway,
This is my manor-house, and men shall see
There I live master of my family.
Say then, thou man of wealth; in what degree
May thy proud fortunes over-balance me?
Thy many barks plough the rough ocean back;
And I am never frighted with a wrack.
Thy flocks of sheep are numberless to tell,
And with one fleece I can be cloth'd as well.
Thou hast a thousand several farms to let,
And I do feed on ne'er a tenant's sweat.
Thou hast the commons to inclosure brought;
And I have fixt a bound to my vast thought.
Variety is sought for to delight
Thy witty and ambitious appetite,
Three elements at least dis-peopled be,
To satisfy judicious gluttony.
And yet for this I love my commons here,
Above the choicest of thy dainty cheer.
No widow's curse caters a dish of mine,
I drink no tears of orphans in my wine.
Thou may'st perchance to some great office come,
And I can rule a commonwealth at home,
And that pre-eminence enjoy more free,
Than thou, puft up with vain authority.
What boots it him a large command to have,
Whose every part is some poor vice's slave?
Which over him as proudly lords it there,
As o'er the rustic he can domineer.
Whilst he poor swains doth threat, in his own eyes
Lust and concupiscence do tyrannize.
Ambition racks his heart with jealous fear,
And bastard flatt'ry captivates his ear.

He on posterity may fix his care,
And I can study on the times that were.
He stands upon a pinnacle, to show
His dangerous height, whilst I sit safe below,
Thy father hoards up gold for thee to spend,
When death will play the office of a friend,
And take him hence, which yet he thinks too late:
My nothing to inherit is a fate
Above thy birth-right, should it double be;
No longing expectation tortures me.
I can my father's reverend head survey,
And yet not wish that every hair were gray.
My constant genius says, I happier stand
And richer in his life, than in his land,
And when thou hast an heir that for thy gold
Will think each day makes thee a year too old;
And ever gaping to possess thy store,
Conceives thy age to be above fourscore
'Cause his is one and twenty, and will pray
The too slow hours to haste, and every day
Bespeaks thy coffin, cursing every bell
That he hears toll, 'cause 'tis another's knell:
(And justly at thy life he may repine,
For his is but a wardship during thine.)
Mine shall have no such thoughts, if I have one,
He shall be more a pupil than a son;
And at my grave weep truth, and say death's hand,
That bountifully unto thine gave land,
But robb'd him of a tutor; cursed store!
There is no piety but amongst the poor.
Go then confess which of us fathers be
The happier made in our posterity;
I in my orphan that hath nought beside
His virtue, thou in thy rich parricide.

* * * * *

But you will say, the comfort of a life
Is in the partner of your joys, a wife.
You have made choice of brides, you need not woo
The rich, the fair; they both are profer'd you:
But what fond virgin will my love prefer,
That only in Parnassus jointure her?
Yet thy base match I scorn, an honest pride
I harbour here, that scorns a market bride.
Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold;

And sacred love is basely bought and sold:
Wives are grown traffick, marriage is a trade,
And when a nuptial of two hearts is made,
There must of monies too a wedding be,
That coin as well as men may multiply.
O human blindness! had we eyes to see,
There is no wealth to valiant poetry!
And yet what want I, heaven or earth can yield?
Methinks I now possess th' Elysian field.
Into my chest the yellow Tagus flows,
While my plate-fleet in bright Pactolus rows;
Th' Hesperian Orchard is mine; mine, is all:
Thus am I rich in wealth poetical.
Why strive you then, my friends, to circumvent
My soul, and rob me of my best content?
Why, out of ignorant love, counsel you me
To leave my muses and my poetry?
Which should I leave and never follow more,
I might perchance get riches and be poor."

We then pass over a number of pieces, original and translated, of various degrees of merit and decency, till we are arrested by the Elegy on the Lady Venetia Digby, the commencement of which is worthy of quotation, for the singularity and beauty of its conceit.

"Death, who 'ld not change prerogatives with thee
That doth such rapes, yet must not question'd be?
Here cease thy wanton lust, be satisfi'd,
Hope not a second, and so fair a bride.
Where was her Mars, whose valliant arms did hold
This Venus once, that thou durst be so bold;
By thy too nimble theft I know 'twas fear,
Lest he should come, that would have rescu'd her.
Monster confess, didst thou not blushing stand,
And thy pale cheek turn'd red to touch her hand?
Did she not lightning-like strike sudden heat
Through thy cold limbs, and thaw thy frost to sweat?
Well, since thou hast her, use her gently, Death,
And in requital of such precious breath
Watch sentinel to guard her, do not see
The worms thy rivals, for the gods will be."

Randolph, like Herrick, had the misfortune to lose a finger, and like him has turned his loss to profit, by making it

a subject of verse. In this volume, we have two poems dedicated to the memory of the unfortunate limb, and more than two allusions to it. The following is worthy of the occasion :

> " Arithmetic, nine digits and no more
> Admits of, then I still have all my store,
> For what mischance hath taken from my left hand,
> It seems did only for a cypher stand.
> But this I'll say for thee, departed joint,
> Thou wert not given to steal, or pick, or point
> At any in disgrace, but thou didst go
> Untimely to thy death, only to show
> The other members what they once must do,
> Hand, arm, leg, thigh, and all must follow too.
> Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I miss,
> Henceforth I will impute the cause to this ;
> A finger's loss (I speak it not in sport)
> Will make a verse sometimes a foot too short :
> Farewell, dear finger, much I grieve to see
> How soon mischance hath made a hand of thee."

Out of thirty-seven " precepts of wisdom," we think two are written with much force and spirit, though we fear the first is slightly tainted with the coarseness of expression which prevails over some of his poems. Like part of the first extract, it smacks of the spirit of Juvenal.

> " Fly, drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
> Takes both away the reason and the sense,
> Till with Circœan cups thy mind's possest,
> Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a beast.
> Think whilst thou swallowest the capacious bowl,
> Thou let'st in seas to wreck and drown the soul.
> That hell is open, to remembrance call,
> And think how subject drunkards are to fall.
> Consider how it soon destroys the grace
> Of human shape, spoiling the beauteous face :
> Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,
> Studding the face with vitious heraldry.
> What pearls and rubies doth the wine disclose,
> Making the purse poor to enrich the nose ?
> How does it nurse disease, infect the heart,
> Drawing some sickness into every part !
> * * * *
> The veins do fill, glutted with vicious food,
> And quickly fevers the distemper'd blood.

The belly swells, the foot can hardly stand
Lam'd with the gout; the palsy shakes the hand.
And through the flesh sick waters sinking in,
Do, bladder-like, puff up the dropsy'd skin.
It weaks the brain, it spoils the memory,
Hasting on age, and wilful poverty.
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name
To foes a laughter, to thy friends a shame.
'Tis virtue's poison, and the bane of trust,
The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust.
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to't again,
Upon presumption of a stronger brain.
For he that holds more wine than others can,
I rather count a hogshead than a man."

The other is on imprudent marriages.

" Let not thy impotent lust so powerful be,
Over thy reason, soul, and liberty,
As to enforce thee to a married life,
E're thou art able to maintain a wife.
Thou canst not feed upon her lips and face,
She cannot clothe thee with a poor embrace.
Thy self being yet alone, and but one still,
With patience couldst endure the worst of ill.
When fortune frowns, one to the wars may go
To fight against his foes and fortunes too.
But, oh! the grief were treble for to see
Thy wretched bride half pin'd with poverty.
To see thy infants make their dumb complaint,
And thou not able to relieve their want.
The poorest beggar when he's dead and gone,
As rich as he that sits upon the throne.
But he who having no estate whilst wed,
Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead."

Next follows " a platonick elegy," which contains parts of great purity and beauty.

" Love, give me leave to serve thee, and be wise
To keep thy torch in, but restore blind eyes.
I will a flame into thy bosom take,
That martyrs court when they embrace the stake:
Not dull and smoky fires, but heat divine,
That burns not to consume, but to refine.

I have a mistress for perfection, rare
In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair.
Like tapers on the altar shine her eyes;
Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice.
And wheresoe'er my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets religion in.
I touch her like my beads, with devout care,
And come into my courtships as my prayer.
We sit and talk, and kiss away the hours
As chastly as the morning dews kiss flowers.
Go, wanton lover, spare thy sighs and tears,
Put on thy livery which thy dotage wears,
And call it love; where heresy gets in,
Zeal's but a coal to kindle greater sin.
We wear no flesh, but one another greet,
As blessed souls in separation meet.
* * * *
Looking into my breast, her form I find
That like my guardian angel keeps my mind
From rude attempts; and when afflictions stir,
I calm all passions with one thought of her.
* * * *
Nor is this barren love; one noble thought
Begets another, and that still is brought
To bed of more; virtues and grace increase,
And such a numerous issue ne'er can cease,
Where children, though great blessings, only be
Pleasures repriv'd to some posterity.
Beasts love like men, if men in lust delight,
And call that love which is but appetite.
When essence meets with essence, and souls join
In mutual knots, that's the true nuptial twine;
Such, lady, is my love, and such is true,
All other love is to your sex, not you."

The " lines upon his picture," turn a very obvious thought into a fine moral lesson.

" When age hath made me what I am not now,
And every wrinkle tells me where the plough
Of time hath furrowed; when an ice shall flow
Through every vein, and all my head be snow:
When death displays his coldness in my cheek,
And I myself in my own picture seek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to believe, this or my glass:

Yet though I alter, this remains the same
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,
And first complexion; here will still be seen
Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin:
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may see,
Whose shadow is less given to change than he."

If we had space, we should certainly quote his "Ode to Mr. Antony Stafford, to hasten him into the country." It was at the house of this gentleman that our poet died, and perhaps these were the last lines he wrote in London. They tell of weariness, disgust, and impatience for quiet and innocence, and a warm anticipation of once more tasting the pure joys of a country life. But we must turn to the last poem in the first part, "In the praise of women in general," and make room for our dramatic extracts.

"He is a parricide to his mother's name,
And with an impious hand murders her fame,
That wrongs the praise of women; that dares write
Libels on saints, or with foul ink requite
The milk they lent us; better sex, command
To your defence my more religious hand
At sword, or pen; yours was the nobler birth,
For you of man were made, man but of earth,
The son of dust; and though your sin did breed
His fall, again you rais'd him in your seed:
Adam in's sleep a gainful loss sustain'd
That for one rib a better self regain'd;
Who had he not your blest creation seen,
An anchorite in Paradise had been.
Why in this work did the creation rest,
But that eternal Providence thought you best
Of all his six days' labour; beasts should do
Homage to man, but man should wait on you.
You are of comlier sight, of daintier touch,
A tender flesh, a colour bright, and such
As Parians see in marble, skin more fair,
More glorious head, and far more glorious hair,
Eyes full of grace and quickness, purer roses
Blush in your cheeks, a milder white composes
Your stately fronts, your breath more sweet than his
Breathes spice, and nectar drops at every kiss.

Your skins are smooth, bristles on theirs do grow
Like quills of porcupines, rough wool doth flow
O'er all their faces; you approach more near
The form of angels, they like beasts appear:
If, then, in bodies, where the soul do dwell,
You better us, do then our souls excel?
No, we in souls equal perfection see,
There can in them nor male nor female be.
* * * *
Virtue sure
Were blind as fortune, should she choose the poor
Rough cottage man to live in, and despise
To dwell in you the stately edifice.
Thus you are prov'd the better sex, and we
Must all repent that in our pedigree
We chose the father's name, where should we take
The mother's, a more honour'd blood 'twould make,
Our generation sure and certain be,
And I'd believe some faith in heraldry.
Thus, perfect creatures, if detraction rise
Against your sex, dispute but with your eyes,
Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent
So subtle and so strong an argument,
Will teach the Stoic his affection too,
And call the Cynic from his tub to woo."

We will only add to this a simile, which we separate from its context for the sake of the happiness of its language.

"So I at Charing-Cross have beheld one,
A statue cut out of the Parian stone,
To figure great Alcides: which, when well
The artist saw it was not like to sell,
He takes his chisel, and away he pares
Part of his sinewy neck, shaving the hairs
Off his rough beard and face, smoothing the brow,
And making that look amorous which but now
Stood wrinkled with his anger; from his head
He poles the shaggy locks, that had o'erspread
His brawny shoulders with a fleece of hair,
And works instead more gentle tresses there,
And thus his skill, exactly to express,
Soon makes a Venus of a Hercules."

And also the following amusing verses, on a subject that

may come home to the business and bosoms of some of our readers.

" Hark! reader, if thou never yet hadst one,
I'll shew the torments of a Cambridge Dun.
He rails where'er he comes, and yet can say
But this, that Randolph did not keep his day.
What? can I keep the day, or stop the sun
From setting, or the night from coming on?
Could I have kept days, I had chang'd the doom
Of times and seasons, that had never come.
These evil spirits haunt me every day,
And will not let me eat, study, or pray.
I am so much in their books, that 'tis known
I am too seldom frequent in my own.
What damage given to my doors might be
If doors might actions have of battery?
And when they find their coming to no end,
They dun by proxy, and their letters send,
In such a style as I could never find
In Tully's long, or Seneca's short wind.

Good Master Randolph, pardon me, I pray,
If I remember, you forget your day.
I kindly dealt with you, and it would be
Unkind in you, not to be kind to me.
You know, Sir, I must pay for what I have,
My creditors will be paid; therefore I crave
Pay me as I pay them, Sir, for one brother
Is bound in conscience to pay another.
Besides, my landlord would not be content
If I should dodge with him for's quarter's rent,
My wife lies in, too, and I needs must pay
The midwife, least the fool be cast away.
And 'tis a second charge to me, poor man,
To make the new-born babe a Christian.
Besides, the churching, a third charge will be,
In butter'd haberdine and frummety.
Thus hoping you will make a courteous end,
I rest (I would thou wouldst) your loving friend."

The " Parley with his Purse," has a similar burden, and is written in a similar strain.

" Purse, who'll not know you have a poet's been,
When he shall look and find no gold herein?

What respect (think you) will there now be shown
To this foul nest, when all the birds are flown?
Unnatural vacuum, can your emptiness
Answer to some slight questions, such as these?
How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores
Be clear'd with verses to my creditors?
Hexameter's no sterling, and I fear
What the brain coins, goes scarce for current there.
Can metre cancel bonds? is here a time
Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?
Or if I now were hurrying to the jail,
Are the nine Muses held sufficient bail?
Would they to any composition come,
If we should mortgage our Elysium,
Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams
Of Tagus and Pactolus, those rich dreams
Of active fancy? Can our Orpheus move
Those rocks and stones, with his best strains of love?
Should I (like Homer) sing in lofty tones
To them Achilles, and his Myrmidons;
Hector, and Ajax, are but sergeant's names,
They relish bay-salt 'bove the epigrams
Of the most season'd brain, nor will they be
Content with ode, or paid with elegy."

We now turn to the dramas, a very cursory perusal of which will satisfy any one, that that department of poetry is not, whatever it might have been, much indebted to Randolph. They are entirely of a comic description, and much too servilely imitated from the ancients, and, on the whole, partake much more of the nature of satire than the drama. The characters are strongly contrasted, but they are rather abstract personifications, than the *eidola* of substantial flesh and blood. There is a pastoral drama, called *Amyntas,* which possesses as few of the charms of truth and reality as that of Tasso, and is much its inferior in graceful beauty. The piece of highest merit is the "*Muses' Looking-Glass,*" which hardly can be called a drama, though written for the stage. It contains a great number of contrasted portraits of the extremes of the virtues and vices of morality, which are worked into a slender frame-work, like that of the *Rehearsal,* and such pieces. It is from this that all our extracts will be taken, but they are such rich and striking pieces of portraiture, that they well deserve the space allotted to them. We shall first quote the preliminary scenes,

which display the absurdities of the Puritans of those times with much humour and wit.

" *Flowerdew.* See, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of vanity! not a nook or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,
This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuff'd, and stuff'd full as a cushion
With the lewd reprobate.
Bird. Sister, were there not before inns,
Yes, will I say inns, for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns, enough to harbour such
As travell'd to destruction the broad way;
But they build more and more, more shops of Satan.
Flow. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it, yet still,
Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a church,
A new built church, erected north and south,
It had been something worth the wondering at.
Bird. Good works are done.
Flow. I say no works are good,
Good works are merely popish and apocryphal.
Bird. But th' bad abound, surround, yea, and confound us.
No marvel now if play-houses increase,
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.
Flow. Flat fornication!
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.
Bird. Nay, and I have heard,
That in a— tragedy I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Than you sell pins.
Flow. Or you sell feathers, brother;
But are they not hang'd for it?
Bird. Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance-medley: and their comedies
Will abuse you or me, or any body;
We cannot put our monies to increase
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.
Flow. Is not this flat conjuration,
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?

Bird. That's nothing, Mistress Flowerdew; they will play
The knave, the fool, the devil, and all for money.
Flow. Impiety! O that men endued with reason
Should have no more grace in them?
Bird. Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honest?
Bayliffs, promoters, taylors, and apparitors,
Beadles, and marshals' men, the needful instruments
Of the republic, but to make themselves
Such monsters, for they are monsters, th' are monsters,
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd,
Pernicious monsters!
Flow. I have heard our vicar
Call play-houses the colleges of transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.
Bird. Why then the city will in time be made
An university of iniquity.
We dwell by Black-fryars college, where I wonder
How that profane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well disposed persons.
O impudence!
Flow. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make, concerning play-houses.
Bird. For charity, what is it?
Flow. That the Globe,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consum'd; the Phœnix burnt to ashes;
The Fortune whipt for a blind * * *; Black-fryers
He wonders how it scap'd demolishing
I' th' time of Reformation; lastly, he wish'd
The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear-garden,
And there be soundly baited.
Bird. A good prayer.
Flow. Indeed it something pricks my conscience,
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.
Bird. I have their custom too for all their feathers:
'Tis fit that we, which are such sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels.

Enter Roscius, *a Player.*

Mr. Roscius, we have brought the things you spake for.
Rosc. Why, 'tis well.
Flow. Pray, sir, what serve they for?

Rosc. We use them in our play.
Bird. Are you a player?
Rosc. I am, sir; what of that?
Bird. And is it lawful?
Good sister, let's convert him. Will you use
So fond a calling?
Flow. And so impious?
Bird. So irreligious?
Flow. So unwarrantable?
Bird. Only to gain by vice?
Flow. To live by sin?
Rosc. My spleen is up: and live not you by sin?
Take away vanity, and you both may break.
What serves your lawful trade of selling pins,
But to join gew-gaws, and to knit together
Gorgets, strips, neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,
And many other such like toys as these,
To make the baby pride a pretty puppet?
And you, sweet feather-man, whose ware, though light,
O'erweighs your conscience; what serves your trade
But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,
To deck vain glory? spoiling the peacock's tail
T' adorn an idiot's coxcomb; O dull ignorance!
How ill 'tis understood what we do mean
For good and honest! they abuse our scene,
And say we live by vice, indeed 'tis true,
As the physicians by diseases do,
Only to cure them. They do live we see,
Like cooks, by pamp'ring prodigality,
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage
We set an usurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his soul: a prodigal
Is taught by us how far from liberal
His folly bears him: boldly I dare say
There has been more by us in some one play
Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than hath been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin,
And foppish humours; hence the cause doth rise,
Men are not won by th' ears so well as eyes.
First, see what we present.
Flow. The sight is able
To unsanctify our eyes, and make 'm carnal.
Rosc. Will you condemn without examination?
Bird. No, sister, let us call up all our zeal,
And try the strength of this temptation:

Satan shall see we dare defy his engines.
Flow. I am content."

After some scenes, representing the respective claims of Tragedy and Comedy to superiority, the second act commences with this scene.—Colax, a flatterer, who shews the extreme of courtesy; and Dyscolus, who, "hating to be a slavish parasite, grows into peevishness and impertinent distaste."

" *Colax.* How far they sin against humanity
That use you thus! Believe me, 'tis a symptom
Of blasphemy and rudeness, so to vex
A gentle, modest nature, as yours is.
Dysc. Why dost thou vex me then?
Colax. I? Heaven defend!
My breeding has been better; I vex you!
You that I know so virtuous, just, and wise,
So pious and religious, so admir'd,
So lov'd of all.
Dysc. Wilt thou not leave me then?
Eternal torture! could your cruelty find
No back but mine, that you thought broad enough
To bear the load of all these epithets?
Pious! religious! he takes me for a fool.
Virtuous and just! Sir, did I ever cheat you,
Cozen or gull you, that you call me just
And virtuous? I am grown the common scoff
Of all the world, the scoff of all the world!
Colax. The world is grown too vile then.
Dysc. So art thou.
Heaven, I am turn'd ridiculous!
Colax. You ridiculous!
But 'tis an impious age; there was a time
(And pity 'tis so good a time had wings
To fly away), when reverence was paid
To a gray head; 'twas held a sacrilege
Not expiable, to deny respect
To one, sir, of your years and gravity.
Dysc. My years and gravity! why how old am I?
I am not rotten yet, or grown so rank,
As I should smell o'th' grave: O times and manners!
Well, Colax, well; go on: ye may abuse me,
Poor dust and ashes, worm's-meat, years, and gravity;
He takes me for a carcass! what see you
So crazy in me, I have half my teeth;
I see with spectacles, do I not? and can walk too

With th' benefit of my staff, mark if I cannot!
But you, sir, at your pleasure, with years and gravity,
Think me decrepit.

Colax. How, decrepit, sir!
I see young roses bud within your cheeks,
And a quick active blood run free and fresh
Thorough your veins.

Dysc. I am turn'd boy again!
A very stripling, school-boy; have I not
The itch and kibes, am I not scab'd and mangy
About the wrists and hams.

Colax. Still Dyscolus——

Dysc. Dyscolus! and why Dyscolus, when were we
Grown so familiar; Dyscolus by my name,
Sure we are Pylades and Orestes, are we not?
Speak, good Pylades.

Colax. Nay, worthy sir,
Pardon my error, 'twas without intent
Of an offence, I'll find some other name
To call you by——

Dysc. What do you mean to call me?
Fool, ass, or knave? my name is not so bad
As that I am asham'd on't.

Colax. Still you take all worse than it was meant,
You are too jealous.

Dysc. Jealous! I ha' not cause for't, my wife's honest;
Dost see my horns, dost? if thou dost,
Write cuckold in my forehead; do, write cuckold
With aqua-fortis, do. Jealous! I am jealous;
Free of the company! wife, I am jealous.

Colax. I mean suspicious.

Dysc. How, suspicious?
For what? for treason, felony, or murder?
Carry me to the justice: bind me over.
For a suspicious person! hang me too
For a suspicious person! O, O, O,
Some courteous plague seize on me, and free my soul
From this immortal torment, every thing
I meet with is vexation, and this, this
Is the vexation of vexations,
The hell of hells, and devil of devils.

Flow. For pity sake, fret not the good old gentleman.

Dysc. O! have I not yet torments great enough,
But you must add to my affliction?
Eternal silence seize you!

Colax. Sir, we strive
To please you, but you still misconstrue us.
Dysc. I must be pleas'd, a very babe, an infant!
I must be pleas'd, give me some pap, or plums,
Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horse,
To still me, do! be pleas'd; wouldst have me get
A parasite to be flatter'd?
Colax. How, a parasite?
A cogging, flattering, slavish parasite?
Things I abhor and hate. 'Tis not the belly
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!
Souls below reason will not stoop so low
As to give up their liberty; only flatterers
Move by another's wheel. They have no passions
Free to themselves. All their affections,
Qualities, humours, appetites, desires,
Nay wishes, vows and prayers, discourse and thoughts,
Are but another's bondman. Let me tug
At the Turks' gallies; be eternally
Damn'd to a quarry: in this state, my mind
Is free: a flatterer has not soul nor body;
What shall I say?—No, I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braveness, take distaste
At such whose servile nature strives to please you.
'Tis royal in you, sir.
Dysc. Ha! what's that?
Colax. A feather stuck upon your cloak.
Dyc. A feather!
And what have you to do with my feathers?
Why should you hinder me from telling the world
I do not lie on flock-beds?
Colax. Pray be pleas'd.
I brush'd it off for mere respect I bare to you.
Dysc. Respect, a fine respect, sir, is it not,
To make the world believe I nourish vermin?
O death, death, death, if that our graves hatch worms
Without rogues to torment us, let 'em have
What teeth they will."

We have next the extremes of Fortitude, "which steer an even course between over-much daring, and over-much fearing," represented by Aphobus and Deilius.

"*Deil.* Is it possible, did you not fear it, say you?
To me the mere relation is an ague.
Good Aphobus, no more such terrible stories;

I would not for a world lie alone to night:
I shall have such strange dreams.
Apho. What can there be
That I should fear?—The gods? if they be good,
'Tis sin to fear them; if not good, no gods;
And then let them fear me. Or are they devils
That must affright me?
Deil. Devils! where, good Aphobus?
I thought there was some conjuring abroad,
'Tis such a terrible wind! O, here it is;
Now it is here again! O still, still, still.
Apho. What's the matter?
Deil. Still it follows me!
The thing in black, behind; soon as the sun
But shines, it haunts me! Gentle spirit, leave me;
Cannot you lay him, Aphobus? what an ugly look it has,
With eyes as big as saucers, nostrils wider
Than barbers' basons!
Apho. 'Tis nothing, Deilus,
But your weak fancy, that from every object
Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing——
Deil. Where is it, Aphobus?
Apho. Is but your shadow, Deilus.
Deil. And should we not fear shadows?
Apho. No, why should we?
Deil. Who knows but they come leering after us
To steal away the substance; watch him, Aphobus.
Apho. I nothing fear.
Colax. I do commend your valour,
That fixes your great soul fast as a center,
Not to be mov'd with dangers; let slight cock-boats
Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firm
Like an undaunted rock, whose constant hardness
Rebeats the fury of the raging sea,
Dashing it into froth. Base fear doth argue
A low degenerate soul.
Deil. Now I fear every thing.
Colax. 'Tis your discretion. Every thing has danger,
And therefore every thing is to be fear'd;
I do applaud this wisdom: 'tis a symptom
Of wary providence. His too confident rashness
Argues a stupid ignorance in the soul,
A blind and senseless judgement: give me fear
To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect

And wary sentinel.——
But daring valor,
Uncapable of danger, sleeps securely,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.
Deil. What, are they landed?
Apho. Who?
Deil. The enemies
That Colax talks of.
Apho. If they be, I care not;
Though they be giants all, and arm'd with thunder.
Deil. Why, do you not fear thunder?
Apho. Thunder! no;
No more than squibs and crackers.
Deil. Squibs and crackers,
I hope there be none here! s'lid, squibs and crackers!
The mere epitomes of the gun-powder treason;
Faux in a lesser volume.
Apho. Let fools gaze
At bearded stars, it is all one to me
As if they had been shav'd—thus, thus would I
Out-beard a meteor, for I might as well
Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.
Deil. Is there a comet, say you? Nay, I saw it,
It reach'd from Paul's to Charing, and portends
Some certain eminent danger to the inhabitants
'Twixt those two places: I'll go get a lodging
Out of its influence.
Colax. Will that serve?—I fear
It threatens general ruin to the kingdom.
Deil. I'll to some other country.
Colax. There's danger to cross the seas.
Deil. Is there no way, good Colax,
To cross the sea by land? O the situation,
The horrible situation of an island!
Colax. You, sir, are far above such frivolous thoughts.
You fear not death.
Apho. Not I.
Colax. Not sudden death.
Apho. No more than sudden sleep: Sir, I dare die.
Deil. I dare not; death to me is terrible:
I will not die.
Apho. How can you, Sir, prevent it?
Deil. Why, I will kill myself.
Colax. A valiant course,
And the right way to prevent death, indeed.

Your spirit is true Roman!——But your's greater
That fears not death, nor yet the manner of it."

Of the characters equidistant from Temperance, the Epicure and the Anchorite, we can afford to give but one, which is only inferior, if at all, to the Sir Epicure Mammon of Randolph's father-in-poetry, " Old Ben."

" O now for an eternity of eating!
Fool was he that wish'd but a crane's short neck;
Give me one, Nature, long as is a cable,
Or sounding-line, and all the way a palate
To taste my meat the longer. I would have
My senses fast together; Nature envied us
In giving single pleasures; let me have
My ears, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at once
Enjoy their happiness; lay me in a bed
Made of a summer's cloud; to my embraces
Give me a Venus, hardly yet fifteen,
Fresh, plump, and active; she that Mars enjoy'd
Is grown too stale: and then, at the same instant
My touch is pleas'd, I would delight my sight
With pictures of Diana and her nymphs,
Naked and bathing, drawn by some Apelles;
By them some of our fairest virgins stand,
That I may see whether 'tis art or nature
Which heightens most my blood and appetite.
Nor cease I here. Give me the seven orbs
To charm my ears with their celestial lutes,
To which the angels that do move those spheres
Shall sing some amorous ditty; nor yet here
Fix I my bounds; the sun himself shall fire
The phœnix's nest to make me a perfume,
While I do eat the bird, and eternally
Quaff off eternal nectar. These, single, are
But torments; but together, O together!
Each is a paradise. Having got such objects
To please the senses, give me senses too
Fit to receive those objects: give me therefore
An eagle's eye, a blood-hound's curious smell,
A stag's quick hearing; let my feeling be
As subtle as the spider's, and my taste
Sharp as a squirrel's: then I'll read the *Alcoran*,
And what delights that promises in future,
I'll practise in the present."

Colax still continues through the play to prove each party in the right. He thus answers the Epicure.

" It shows you a man of soft moving clay,
Not made of flint; Nature has been bountiful
To provide pleasures, and shall we be niggards
At plenteous boards? He's a discourteous guest
That will observe a diet at a feast.
When Nature thought the earth alone too little
To find us meat, and therefore stor'd the air
With winged creatures, not contented yet,
She made the water fruitful to delight us.
Nay, I believe the other element, too,
Doth nurse some curious dainty for man's food;
If we would use the skill to catch the Salamander:
Did she do this to have us eat with temperance?
Or when she gave so many different odours
Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,
She cry'd not—stop your noses: would she give us
So sweet a quire of wing'd musicians
To have us deaf? or when she plac'd us here,
Here in a paradise, where such pleasing prospects,
So many ravishing colours, entice the eye,
Was it to have us wink? when she bestow'd
So powerful faces, such commanding beauties
On many glorious nymphs, was it to say,
Be chaste and continent? Not to enjoy
All pleasures, and at full, were to make Nature
Guilty of that she ne'er was guilty of,—
A vanity in her works."

We shall quote next the extremes of Meekness. The quarrelsome Orgilus, and the patient Aorgus.

" *Org.* Persuade me not, he has awak'd a fury
That carries steel about him, dags and pistols!
To bite his thumb at me!
Aor. Why should not any man
Bite his own thumb?
Org. At me! wear I a sword
To see men bite their thumbs—Rapiers and daggers—
He is the son of a whore.
Aor. That hurts not you.
Had he bit your's, it had been some pretence
T' have mov'd his anger; he may bite his own
And eat it too.

Org. Muskets and cannons !—eat it ?
If he dare eat it in contempt of me,
He shall eat something else too that rides here ;
I'll try his ostridge stomach.
Aor. Sir, be patient.
Org. You lie in your throat, and I will not.
Aor. To what purpose is this impertinent madness ?
Pray be milder.
Org. Your mother was a whore, and I will not put it up.
Aor. Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you ?
Org. Your father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.
Aor. When reason doth in equal balance poise
The nature of two injuries, your's to me
Lies heavy, when that other would not turn
An even scale, and yet it moves not me ;
My anger is not up.
Org. But I will raise it ;
You are a fool !
Aor. I know it, and shall I
Be angry for a truth ?
Org. You are besides
An arrant knave !
Aor. So are my betters, sir.
Org. I cannot move him—O my spleen, it rises ;
For very anger I could eat my knuckles.
Aor. You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me.
Org. You are a horn'd beast, a very cuckold.
Aor. 'Tis my wife's fault, not mine ; I have no reason
Then to be angry for another's sin."

The whole of this play is particularly well worth reading ; and as we can thus recommend the whole (a rare instance in Randolph), we feel less compunction at leaving much that is good behind, and in closing our article with the proud Lady Philotimia, " of too great nicety in her attire," and her sluggish and indolent husband.

" *Phil.* What mole drest me to day? O patience !
Who would be troubl'd with these mop-ey'd chambermaids ?
There's a whole hair on this side more than t' other,
I am no lady else ! come on, you sloven.
Was ever Christian madam so tormented
To wed a swine as I am ! make you ready.
Luparus. I would the tailor had been hang'd for me,
That first invented clothes—O Nature, Nature !
More cruel unto man than all thy creatures !

Calves come into the world with doublets on,
And oxen have no breeches to put off:
The lamb is born with her frieze coat about her:
Hogs go to bed in rest, and are not troubled
With pulling on their hose and shoes i' th' morning,
With gartering, girdling, trussing, buttoning,
And a thousand torments that afflict humanity.

Phil. To see her negligence! she hath made this cheek
By much too pale, and hath forgotten to whiten
The natural redness of my nose; she knows not
What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory!
If she has not set me in the self-same teeth
That I wore yesterday, I am a Jew;
Does she think that I can eat twice with the same,
Or that my mouth stands as the vulgar does?
What! are you snoring there; you'll rise, you sluggard,
And make you ready.

Lup. Rise, and make you ready!
To works of that, your happy birds make one;
They, when they rise, are ready. Blessed birds!
They, fortunate creatures! sleep in their own clothes,
And rise with all their feather-beds about them.
Would nakedness were come again in fashion;
I had some hope then when the breasts went bare,
Their bodies too would have come to it in time.

Phil. Beshrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd.
You'll go and wash—you are a pretty husband.

Lup. Our sow ne'er washes, yet she has a face,
Methinks, as cleanly, madam, as your's is,
If you durst wear your own.

Colax. Madam Superbia,
You're studying the ladies' library,
The looking-glass; 'tis well: so great a beauty
Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns
The peacock's tail with stars: 'tis she attires
The bird of paradise in all her plumes;
She decks the fields with various flowers; 'tis she
Spangled the heavens with all those glorious lights,
Spotted the ermin's skin, and arm'd the fish
In silver mail. But man she sent forth naked,
Not that he should remain so, but that he,
Endu'd with reason, should adorn himself
With every one of these. The silk-worm is
Only man's spinster, else we might suspect
That she esteem'd the painted butterfly

Above her master-piece. You are the image
Of that bright goddess, therefore wear the jewels
Of all the east; let the red sea be ransack'd
To make you glitter; look on Luparus,
Your husband, there, and see how in a sloven
All the best characters of divinity,
Not yet worn out in man, are lost and buried.
Phil. I see it to my grief, pray counsel him.
Colax. This vanity in your nice lady's humours,
Of being so curious in her toys and dresses,
Makes me suspicious of her honesty.
These cobweb-lawns catch spiders. Sir, believe it;
You know, that those do not commend the man,
But 'tis the living; though this age prefer
A cloak of plush, before a brain of art.
You understand what misery 'tis to have
No worth but that we owe the draper for;
No doubt you spend the time your lady loses
In tricking up her body, to clothe the soul.
Lup. To clothe the soul? must the soul too be cloth'd?
I protest, sir, I had rather have no soul
Than be tormented with the clothing of it."

ART. V.—*The History of Britain, that part especially now called England. From the first Traditional Beginning, continued to the Norman Conquest, collected out of the Ancientest and best Authors thereof.* *By* John Milton. *London,* 1677.

Some apology may be thought necessary for making a work so accessible as the present the subject of criticism. The truth is, however, that it is a work which very few read, and which has for the greater part no attractions for the generality of readers; there are, nevertheless, a few passages of story and sentiment, which are calculated to be universally interesting; and it is with the purpose of separating these from the other matter, and presenting them to the reader in a collected form, that we have adopted it as the subject of an article.

In reading the latter works of Milton, it is impossible not to be struck with the different view there given of the author's feelings and state of mind, from that exhibited in his earlier

publications. At the former period, we see him moving forward " with thoughts inflamed of highest resolve," in the strength of youth and hope, conscious of unrivalled genius and extraordinary acquirements, and confident in the truth of his yet untried speculations. But the scene was now changed; his public hopes were defeated; the friends of his youth and partners of his expectations, separated from him by death and calamity; himself oppressed with poverty and blindness, bodily suffering, and domestic disquietude; seeking, in the pursuits of literature, like Cicero of old, at once a refuge from personal affliction, and a means of service to his country, and supporting himself with the hope, that his past exertions, if unsuccessful as to their immediate objects, had not been wholly unacceptable to the " Great Task-Master," in whose eye he laboured. Hence his early works are redolent of promise, of lofty design, and confident expectation; while, in his latter, we see the bitterness of disappointed hope, a desire of explaining the confounding events of the time, by causes, which no individual virtue could obviate, and a frequent recurrence to the great unchangeable maxims of political and moral truth, as if to strengthen and support himself amidst the numerous and disheartening misapplications of the former, and violations of both. Such is the character of *Samson Agonistes*, *Paradise Regained*, and the prophetic parts of *Paradise Lost;* and the same strain of feeling is visible throughout this history. He writes evidently with a view to his own and succeeding times; and in the events of his country's early history, he reads a perpetual comment upon his favourite maxims of a visible providential superintendance in the affairs of nations, and the inseparable connection of public liberty with private virtue and religion; a truth, his constant inculcation of which, distinguishes him as widely from those spurious advocates of liberty, who degrade his name by associating it with their own profligate tenets, as his unwearied zeal for the advancement of freedom and public knowledge separates him from those who would confound the cause of bigotry and servility with that of public morals. But we are wandering from our subject: our intention was not so much to draw the attention of our readers to a work, by which the greater portion of them would most probably be disappointed, as to place before them a set of extracts, which might save them the trouble of perusing the original work; we shall, therefore, be excused from making more than a very few remarks on the manner of its execution. The style of narration is neat, concise, and clear, modelled on that of the classical historians, and in the more important and interesting parts rises to a degree of animation. There is not much display of deep philosophical research; but the author's

characteristic freedom of judgement is every where apparent. It would not be easy to point out a better executed *précis* of early English history, considering its conciseness. The diction is impregnated with classical idioms, to a degree utterly inconsistent with the purity of English style.

The first book, containing the legendary history of Britain from the earliest ages to the invasion of Cæsar, is by far the most entertaining. The author's motives for telling over again the tales of the old chroniclers, are thus stated in the exordium.

"The beginning of nations, those excepted of whom sacred books have spoken, is to this day unknown. Nor only the beginning, but the deeds also of many succeeding ages, yea, periods of ages, either wholly unknown, or obscured and blemished with fables. Whether it were that the use of letters came in long after, or were it the violence of barbarous inundations, or they themselves at certain revolutions of time, fatally decaying, and degenerating into sloth and ignorance, whereby the monuments of more ancient civility have been some destroyed, some lost: perhaps dis-esteem and contempt of the public affairs then present, as not worth recording, might partly be in cause. Certainly ofttimes we see that wise men, and of best ability, have forborne to write the acts of their own days, while they beheld with a just loathing and disdain, not only how unworthy, how perverse, how corrupt, but often how ignoble, how petty, how below all history the persons and their actions were; who, either by fortune, or some rude election, had attained, as a sore judgement and ignominy upon the land, to have chief sway in managing the common wealth.

"Nevertheless there being others besides the first supposed author, men not unread, nor unlearned in antiquity, who admit that for approved story, which the former explode for fiction, and seeing that oft-times relations heretofore accounted fabulous, have been after found to contain in them many footsteps, and relics of something true, as what we read in poets of the flood, and giants little believed, till undoubted witnesses taught us, that all was not fained; I have therefore determined to bestow the telling over even of these reputed tales; be it for nothing else but in favour of our English poets and rhetoricians, who by their art will know how to use them judiciously.

"I might also produce example, as Diodorus among the Greeks, Livy and others of the Latins, Polydore and Virunnius accounted among our own writers. But I intend not with controversies and quotations to delay or interrupt the smooth course of history; much less to argue and debate long who were the first inhabitants, with what probabilities, what authorities each opinion hath been upheld, but shall endeavour that which hitherto hath been needed most, with plain and lightsome brevity, to relate, well and orderly, things worth the noting, so as may best instruct and benefit them that read. Which, imploring

divine assistance, that it may redound to his glory, and the good of the British nation, I now begin."

Whether the present article will have the effect of drawing more of the attention of our poets and orators to the fables alluded to, we cannot tell; it is, however, partly for the benefit of the former that we transcribe the most interesting of them. As to the latter, we fear the poet's gift will be thrown away upon them, however aptly an allusion to the Gallic victories of Brennus and Belinus might chime in with a panegyric on the late war, or however effectual the story of king Archigallo might prove, by way of illustration, in the mouth of a radical orator.

Among the fables relative to the original colonization of Britain, is one which attributes it to the fifty daughters of Danaus, famed in story.

"These daughters, by appointment of Danaus on the marriage night, having murdered all their husbands, except Linceus, whom his wife's loyalty saved, were by him, at the suit of his wife, their sister, not put to death, but turned out to sea in a ship unmanned;* of which whole sex they had incurred the hate: and as the tale goes, were driven on this island: where the inhabitants, none but devils, as some write, or as others, a lawless crew left here by Albion without head or governor, both entertained them, and had issue by them a second breed of giants, who tyrannized the isle till Brutus came.

"The eldest of these dames, in their legend, they call Albina; and from thence, for which cause the whole scene was framed, will have the name Albion derived."

The story of Brutus the Trojan, and his immediate successors in the kingdom of Britain, is given as follows. We need not point out to the classical reader the sources from which many of the fables are obviously derived.

"All of them agree in this, that Brutus was the son of Silvius; he of Ascanius, whose father was Æneas, a Trojan prince, who at the burning of that city, with his son Ascanius, and a collected number that escaped, after long wandering on the sea, arrived in Italy: where at length, by the assistance of Latinus, King of Latium, who had given him his daughter Lavinia, he obtained to succeed in that kingdom, and left it to Ascanius, whose son Silvius (though Roman histories deny Silvius to be son of Ascanius) had married secretly a niece of Lavinia.

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* A Greek idiom.

" She being with child, the matter became known to Ascanius; who commanding his magicians to enquire by art, what sex the maid had conceived, had answer, that it was one who should be the death of both his parents; and banished for the fact, should, after all, in a far country, attain to highest honour. The prediction failed not, for in travail, the mother died. And Brutus (the child was so called) at fifteen years of age, attending his father to the chace, with an arrow, unfortunately killed him.

" Banished therefore by his kindred, he retires into Greece; where meeting with the race of Helenus, King Priam's son, held there in servile condition by Pandrasus, then king, with them he abides. For Pyrrhus, in revenge of his father slain at Troy, had brought thither with him Helenus, and many others, into servitude. There Brutus, among his own stock, so thrives in virtue and in arms, as renders him beloved to kings and great captains, above all the youth of that land. Whereby the Trojans not only begin to hope, but secretly to move him, that he would lead them the way to liberty. They allege their numbers, and the promised help of Assaracus, a noble Greekish youth, by the mother's side a Trojan, whom for that cause his brother went about to dispossess of certain castles bequeathed him by his father. Brutus, considering both the forces offered him, and the strength of those holds, not unwillingly consents.

" First, therefore, having fortified those castles, he with Assaracus, and the whole multitude, betake them to the woods and hills, as the safest place from whence to expostulate; and, in the name of all, sends to Pandrasus this message, ' That the Trojans, holding it unworthy their ancestors to serve in a foreign kingdom, had retreated to the woods, choosing rather a savage life than a slavish; if that displeased him, that then, with his leave, they might depart to some other soil.' "

Our readers, we are sure, will be desirous to hear the story of king Lear, as related by Milton.

" Hitherto, from father to son, the direct line hath run on: but Lear, who next reigned, had only three daughters, and no male issue; governed laudably, and built Caer-Leir, now Leicester, on the bank of Sora. But at last failing through age, he determines to bestow his daughters, and so among them to divide his kingdom. Yet first to try which of them loved him best, (a trial that might have made him, had he known as wisely how to try, as he seemed to know how much the trying behoved him), he resolves a simple resolution, to ask them solemnly in order, and which of them should profess largest, her to believe. Gonoril, the eldest, apprehending too well her father's weakness, makes answer, invoking heaven, ' that she loved him above her soul.' ' Therefore,' quoth the old man overjoyed, ' since thou so honourest my declined age, to thee and the husband whom thou shalt choose, I give the third part of my realm.' So fair a speeding for a few words soon uttered, was to Regan, the second, ample instruction

what to say. She, on the same demand, spares no protesting, and the gods must witness, that otherwise to express her thoughts she knew not, but that 'she loved him above all creatures;' and so receives an equal reward with her sister. But Cordelia, the youngest, though hitherto best beloved, and now before her eyes the rich and present hire of a little easy soothing, the danger also, and the loss likely to betide plain dealing, yet moves not from the solid purpose of a sincere and virtuous answer. 'Father,' saith she, 'my love towards you, is as my duty bids; what should a father seek, what can a child promise more? they who pretend beyond this, flatter.' When the old man, sorry to hear this, and wishing her to recal those words, persisted asking, with a loyal sadness at her father's infirmity, but something on the sudden, harsh, and glancing rather at her sisters, than speaking her own mind, 'Two ways only,' saith she, 'I have to answer what you require me; the former, your command is, I should recant; accept then this other which is left me; look how much you have, so much is your value, and so much I love you.' 'Then hear thou,' quoth Lear now all in passion, 'what thy ingratitude hath gained thee; because thou hast not reverenced thy aged father equal to thy sisters, part in my kingdom, or what else is mine, reckon to have none.' And without delay, gives in marriage his other daughters, Gonorill to Maglaunus, duke of Albania; Regan to Henninus, duke of Cornwall; with them in present half his kingdom; the rest to follow at his death. In the mean while, fame was not sparing to divulge the wisdom and other graces of Cordelia, insomuch that Aganippus, a great king in Gaul, (however he came by his Greek name), seeks her to wife, and nothing altered at the loss of her dowry, receives her gladly in such manner as she was sent him. After this, king Lear, more and more drooping with years, became an easy prey to his daughters and their husbands, who now by daily encroachment had seized the whole kingdom into their hands: and the old king is put to sojourn with his eldest daughter, attended only by threescore knights. But they in a short while grudged at, as too numerous and disorderly for continual guests, are reduced to thirty. Not brooking that affront, the old king betakes him to his second daughter: but there also discord soon arising between the servants of differing masters in one family, five only are suffered to attend him. Then back again he returns to the other, hoping that she, his eldest, could not but have more pity on his gray hairs: but she now refuses to admit him, unless he be content with one only of his followers. At last, the remembrance of his youngest, Cordelia, comes to his thoughts; and now acknowledging how true her words had been, though with little hope from whom he had so injured, be it but to pay her the last recompence she can have from him, his confession of her wise forewarning, that so perhaps his misery, the proof and experiment of her wisdom, might something soften her, he takes his journey into France. Now might be seen a difference between the silent or down-right spoken affection of some children to their parents, and the talkative obsequiousness of others, while the hope of inheritance over-acts them, and on the tongue's end enlarges their duty. Cor-

delia, out of mere love, without the suspicion of expected reward, at the message only of her father in distress, pours forth true filial tears. And not enduring either that her own, or any other eye should see him in such forlorn condition as his messenger declared, discreetly appoints one of her trusted servants, first to convey him privately toward some good sea town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, furnish him with such attendance and state, as beseemed his dignity. That then, as from his first landing, he might send word of his arrival to her husband Aganippus. Which done, with all mature and requisite contrivance, Cordelia, with the king her husband, and all the barony of his realm, who then first had news of his passing the sea, go out to meet him; and after all honourable and joyful entertainment, Aganippus, as to his wife's father and his royal guest, surrenders him, during his abode there, the power and disposal of his whole dominion: permitting his wife Cordelia to go with an army, and set her father upon his throne. Wherein her piety so prospered, as that she vanquished her impious sisters with those dukes; and Lear again, as saith the story, three years obtained the crown. To whom dying, Cordelia, with all regal solemnities, gave burial in the town of Leicester. And then, as right heir succeeding, and her husband dead, ruled the land five years in peace: until Marganus and Cunedagius, her two sisters' sons, not bearing that a kingdom should be governed by a woman, in the unseasonablest time to raise that quarrel against a woman so worthy, make war against her, depose her, and imprison her; of which impatient, and now long unexercised to suffer, she there, as is related, killed herself."

We omit a great deal of what follows, concluding that our readers will not be much interested to know that "Cunedagius govern'd with much praise many years, about the time that Rome was built;" or that he was succeeded by "Rivallo his son, wise also and fortunate; save what they tell us of three daies raining blood, and swarmes of stinging flies, whereof men dy'd." We pass over the story of Ferrex and Porrex, as sufficiently known; and the quarrels and reconciliation of Brennus and Belinus, afterwards the conquerors of Gaul and Italy, contain nothing interesting. The following is the passage on which Wordsworth founded his "Artegal and Elidure."

"Gorbonian, the eldest of his five sons, than whom a juster man lived not in his age, was a great builder of temples, and gave to all what was their due; to his gods, devout worship; to men of desert, honour and preferment; to the commons, encouragement in their labours and trades, defence and protection from injuries and oppressions, so that the land flourished above her neighbours; violence and wrong seldom was heard of. His death was a general loss: he was buried in Trinovant. Archigallo, the second brother, followed not his example; but depressed the ancient nobility, and by peeling the wealthier sort, stuffed his treasury, and took the right way to be de-

posed. Elidure, the next brother, surnamed the Pious, was set up in his place; a mind so noble, and so moderate, as almost is incredible to have been ever found. For having held the sceptre five years, hunting one day in the forest of Calater, he chanced to meet his deposed brother, wandering in mean condition, who had been long in vain beyond the seas, importuning foreign aids to his restorement; and was now in a poor habit, with only ten followers, privately returned to find subsistence among his secret friends. At the unexpected sight of him, Elidure himself, also then but thinly accompanied, runs to him with open arms; and after many dear and sincere welcomings, conveys him to the city Alclud; there hides him in his own bed-chamber. Afterwards faining himself sick, summons all his peers as about greatest affairs; where admitting them one by one, as if his weakness endured not the disturbance of more at once, causes them willing, or unwilling, once more to swear allegiance to Archigallo. Whom, after reconciliation made on all sides, he leads to York; and from his own head, places the crown on the head of his brother. Who thenceforth, vice itself dissolving in him, and forgetting her firmest hold with the admiration of a deed so heroic, became a true converted man; ruled worthily ten years, died, and was buried in Caerleir. Thus was a brother saved by a brother, to whom love of a crown, the thing that so often dazzles and vitiates mortal men, for which thousands of nearest blood have destroyed each other, was, in respect of brotherly dearness, a contemptible thing."

The rest of the book is little more than a catalogue of names. "By this time," says our author, "like one who had set out on his way by night, and travail'd through a region of smooth or idle dreams, our history now arrives on the confines, where day-light and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at a far distance, true colours and shapes." The second book, accordingly, begins as follows:

"I am now to write of what befell the Britons from fifty-three years before the birth of our Saviour, when first the Romans came in, till the decay and ceasing of that empire; a story of much truth, and for the first hundred years and somewhat more, collected without much labour. So many and so prudent were the writers, which those two, the civilest and the wisest of European nations, both Italy and Greece, afforded to the actions of that puissant city. For worthy deeds are not often destitute of worthy relaters: as by a certain fate, great acts and great eloquence have most commonly gone hand in hand, equaling and honouring each other in the same ages. 'Tis true, that in obscurest times, by shallow and unskilful writers, the indistinct noise of many batles and devastations of many kingdoms overrun and lost, hath come to our ears. For what wonder, if in all ages, ambition, and the love of rapine, hath stirred up greedy and violent men to bold attempts in wasting and ruining wars, which, to posterity, have left the work of wild beasts and destroyers, rather than the deeds and

monuments of men and conquerors? But he, whose just and true valour uses the necessity of war and dominion, not to destroy but to prevent destruction, to bring in liberty against tyrants, law and civility among barbarous nations, knowing that when he conquers all things else, he cannot conquer time or detraction, wisely conscious of this his want, as well as of his worth, not to be forgotten or concealed, honours and hath recourse to the aid of eloquence, his friendliest and best supply; by whose immortal record, his noble deeds, which else were transitory, becoming fixed and durable against the force of years and generations, he fails not to continue through all posterity, over envy, death, and time, also victorious. Therefore, when the esteem of science and liberal study, waxes low in the common wealth, we may presume, that also there all civil virtue and worthy action is grown as low to a decline: and then eloquence, as it were consorted in the same destiny, with the decrease and fall of virtue, corrupts also and fades, at least resigns her office of relating, to illiterate and frivolous historians, such as the persons themselves both deserve and are best pleased with; whilst they want either the understanding to choose better, or the innocence to dare invite the examining and searching style of an intelligent and faithful writer, to the survey of their unsound exploits, better befriended by obscurity than fame."

The struggles between the Britons and Romans are related by our patriotic historian in a congenial spirit; we shall only, however, extract part of his account of the manners of the ancient Britons, for the sake of some characteristic observations it contains.

"But at Cæsar's coming hither, such likeliest were the Britons, as the writers of those times, and their own actions represent them, in courage and warlike readiness to take advantage by ambush or sudden onset, not inferior to the Romans, nor Cassibelan to Cæsar, in weapons, arms, and the skill of encamping, embattling, fortifying, overmatched; their weapons were a short spear and light target, a sword also by their side, their fight sometimes in chariots fanged at the axle with iron scythes, their bodies most part naked, only painted with woad in sundry figures, to seem terrible, as they thought; but pursued by enemies, not nice of their painting, to run into bogs, worse than wild Irish, up to the neck, and there to stay many days, holding a certain morsel in their mouths, no bigger than a bean, to suffice hunger: but that receipt, and the temperance it taught, is long since unknown among us: their towns and strong holds were spaces of ground fenced about with a ditch, and great trees felled overthwart each other; their buildings within were thatched houses for themselves and their cattle. In peace, the upland inhabitants, besides hunting, tended their flocks and herds, but with little skill of country affairs; the making of cheese they commonly knew not, wool or flax they spun not, gardening and planting many of them knew not; clothing they had none, but what the skins of beasts afforded them, and that

not always; yet gallantry they had, painting their own skins with several portraitures of beast, bird, or flower, ' A vanity which hath not yet left us, removed only from the skin to the skirt, behung now with as many coloured ribands and gewgaws.' "

The second book concludes with the separation of Britain from the Roman empire. This gives occasion to the following reflections, with which the third book opens.

" This third book having to tell of accidents, as various and exemplary as the intermission or change of government hath any where brought forth, may deserve attention more than common, and repay it with like benefit to them who can judiciously read: considering especially, that the late civil broils had cast us into a condition not much unlike to what the Britons then were in, when the imperial jurisdiction departing hence, left them to the sway of their own councils; which times, by comparing seriously with these later, and that confused anarchy with this interreign, we may be able from two such remarkable turns of state, producing like events among us, to raise a knowledge of ourselves both great and weighty, by judging hence what kind of men the Britons generally are in matters of so high enterprise, how by nature, industry, or custom, fitted to attempt or undergo matters of so main consequence: for if it be a high point of wisdom in every private man, much more is it in a nation to know itself; rather than be puffed up with vulgar flatteries and encomiums, for want of self-knowledge, to enterprise rashly and come off miserably in great undertakings. The Britons thus, as we heard, being left without protection from the empire, and the land in a manner emptied of all her youth, consumed in wars abroad, or not caring to return home, themselves through long subjection, servile in mind, slothful of body, and with the use of arms unacquainted, sustained but ill for many years the violence of those barbarous invaders, who now daily grew upon them. For although at first greedy of change, and to be thought the leading nation to freedom from the empire, they seemed a while to bestir them with a shew of diligence in their new affairs, some secretly aspiring to rule, others adoring the name of liberty, yet so soon as they felt by proof the weight of what it was to govern well themselves, and what was wanting within them, not stomach or the love of licence, but the wisdom, the virtue, the labour, to use and maintain true liberty, they soon remitted their heat, and shrunk more wretchedly under the burden of their own liberty, than before under a foreign yoke."

In the fourth book, the incident by which Edwin, king of Northumbria, is said to have been finally converted to the Christian religion, is thus related.

" But while he still deferred, and his deferring might seem now to have past the maturity of wisdom to a faulty lingering, Paulinus, by revelation, as was believed, coming to the knowledge of a secret,

which befell him strangely in the time of his troubles, on a certain day went in boldly to him, and laying his right hand on the head of the king, asked him if he remembered what that sign meant; the king trembling, and in a maze rising up, straight fell at his feet. 'Behold,' saith Paulinus, raising him from the ground, 'God hath delivered you from your enemies, and given you the kingdom, as you desired: perform now what long since you promised him, to receive his doctrine, which I now bring you, and the faith, which, if you accept, shall, to your temporal felicity, add eternal.' The promise claimed of him by Paulinus, how and wherefore made, though savouring much of legend, is thus related: Redwald, as we heard before, dazzled with the gold of Ethelfrid, or by his threatening overawed, having promised to yield up Edwin, one of his faithful companions, of which he had some few with him in the court of Redwald, that never shrunk from his adversity, about the first hour of night comes in haste to his chamber, and calling him forth for better secrecy, reveals to him his danger, offers him his aid to make escape; but that course not approved, as seeming dishonourable without more manifest cause to begin distrust towards one who had so long been his only refuge, the friend departs. Edwin, left alone without the palace gate, full of sadness and perplexed thoughts, discerns, about the dead of night, a man, neither by countenance nor by habit to him known, approaching towards him: who, after salutation, asked him, why at this hour, when all others were at rest, he alone so sadly sat waking on a cold stone? Edwin, not a little misdoubting who he might be, asked him again, 'what his sitting within doors, or without, concerned him to know?' To whom he again, 'Think not that who thou art, or why sitting here, or what danger hangs over thee, is to me unknown: But what would you promise to that man, whoever would befriend you out of all these troubles, and persuade Redwald to the like?' 'All that I am able,' answered Edwin. And he, 'What if the same man should promise to make you greater than any English king hath been before you?' 'I should not doubt,' quoth Edwin, 'to be answerably grateful.' 'And what, if to all this, he would inform you,' said the other, 'in a way to happiness, beyond what any of your ancestors hath known, would you hearken to his counsel?' Edwin, without stopping, promised he would. And the other, laying his right hand on Edwin's head, 'When this sign,' saith he, 'shall next befall thee, remember this time of night, and this discourse, to perform what thou hast promised;' and with these words disappearing, left Edwin much revived, but not less filled with wonder, who this unknown should be. When suddenly, the friend who had been gone all this while to listen further what was like to be decreed of Edwin, comes back, and joyfully bids him rise to his repose, for that the king's mind, though for a while drawn aside, was now fully resolved not only not to betray him, but to defend him against all enemies, as he had promised. This was said to be the cause why Edwin admonished by the bishop of a sign, which had befallen him so strangely, and as he thought so secretly, arose to him with that reverence and amazement, as to one sent from

heaven, to claim that promise of him which he perceived well was due to a Divine power, that had assisted him in his troubles."

Our author's patience, as may be supposed, fails him during the dry and endless recital of the obscure wars and petty negotiations of the heptarchy. "I am sensible," says he, "how wearisome it may likely be to read of so many bare and reasonless actions, so many names of kings one after another, acting little more than mute persons in a scene:—neither do I care to wrinkle the smoothness of history with rugged names of places unknown, better harp'd at in Camden, and other chorographers." The fifth book begins thus:

"The sum of things in this island, or the best part thereof, reduced now under the power of one man; and him, one of the worthiest, which, as far as can be found in good authors, was by none attained at any time here before, unless in fables; men might with some reason have expected from such union, peace and plenty, greatness, and the flourishing of all estates and degrees: but far the contrary fell out soon after; invasion, spoil, desolation, slaughter of many, slavery of the rest, by the forcible landing of a fierce nation. * * * * * * * Which invasion, perhaps, had the heptarchy stood divided as it was, had either not been attempted, or not uneasily resisted; while each prince and people, excited by their nearest concernments, had more industriously defended their own bounds, than depending on the neglect of a deputed governor, sent oft-times from the remote residence of a secure monarch. Though as it fell out in those troubles, the lesser kingdoms revolting from the West Saxon yoke, and not aiding each other, too much concerned with their own safety, it came to no better pass; while severally, they sought to repell the danger nigh at hand, rather than jointly to prevent it far off. But when God hath decreed servitude on a sinful nation, fitted by their own vices for no condition but servile, all estates of government are alike unable to avoid it. God had purposed to punish our instrumental punishers, though now Christians, by other heathen, according to his Divine retaliation; invasion for invasion, spoil for spoil, destruction for destruction. The Saxons were now full as wicked as the Britons were at their arrival, broken with luxury and sloth, either secular or superstitious; for laying aside the exercise of arms, and the study of all virtuous knowledge, some betook them to over-worldly or vicious practice, others to religious idleness and solitude, which brought forth nothing but vain and delusive visions; easily perceived such, by their commanding of things, either not belonging to the gospel, or utterly forbidden ceremonies, relics, monasteries, masses, idols, add to these ostentation of alms, got oft-times by rapine and oppression, or intermixed with violent and lustful deeds, sometimes prodigally bestowed as the expiation of cruelty and bloodshed. What longer suffering could there be, when religion itself grew so void of sincerity, and the greatest shews of purity were impured?"

The story of Canute and his courtiers is worth extraction, on account of the dignified plainness with which it is narrated.

"I must not omit one remarkable action done by him, as Huntingdon reports it, with great scene of circumstance and emphatical expression, to shew the small power of kings in respect of God; which, unless to court-parasites, needed no such laborious demonstration. He caused his royal seat to be set on the shore, while the tide was coming in; and with all the state that royalty could put into his countenance, said thus to the sea: 'Thou, sea, belongest to me, and the land whereon I sit, is mine; nor hath any one unpunished, resisted my commands: I charge thee come no further upon my land, neither presume to wet the feet of thy sovereign lord.' But the sea, as before, came rolling on, and without reverence, both wet and dashed him. Whereat the king quickly rising, wished all about him to behold and consider the weak and frivolous power of a king, and that none indeed deserved the name of a king, but he, whose eternal laws both heaven, earth, and sea, obey. A truth, so evident of itself, as I said before, that unless to shame his court-flatterers, who would not else be convinced, Canute needed not to have gone wet-shod home. The best is, from that time forth he never would wear a crown, esteeming earthly royalty contemptible and vain."

The sixth and last book, which conducts the history down to the Norman conquest, concludes in the usual strain; and with this we shall close our quotations.

"Thus, the English, while they agreed not about the choice of their native king, were constrained to take the yoke of an outlandish conqueror. With what minds, and by what course of life they had fitted themselves for this servitude, William of Malmesbury spares not to lay open. Not a few years before the Normans came, the clergy, though in Edward the Confessor's days, had lost all good literature and religion, scarce able to read and understand their Latin service: he was a miracle to others who knew his grammar. The monks went clad in fine stuffs, and made no difference what they eat; which, though in itself no fault, yet, to their consciences, was irreligious. The great men given to gluttony and dissolute life, made a prey of the common people, abusing their daughters whom they had in service, then turning them off to the stews; the meaner sort tippling together night and day, spent all they had in drunkenness, attended with other vices which effeminate men's minds. Whence it came to pass, that carried on with fury and rashness, more than any true fortitude or skill of war, they gave to William, their conqueror, so easy a conquest. Not but that some few of all sorts were much better among them, but such was the generality. And as the long suffering of God permits bad men to enjoy prosperous days with the good, so his severity oft times exempts not good men from their share in evil times with the bad.

"If these were the causes of such misery and thraldom to those our ancestors, with what better close can be concluded, than here, in fit season, to remember this age, in the midst of her security, to fear from like vices without amendment the revolution of like calamities."

ART. VI.—*Memoirs: containing the Lives of several Ladies of Great Britain. A History of Antiquities, Productions of Nature and Monuments of Art. Observations on the Christian Religion, as professed by the Established Church, and Dissenters of every Denomination. Remarks on the Writings of the greatest English Divines: with a variety of Disquisitions and Opinions relative to Criticism and Manners; and many extraordinary Actions.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* *London,* 1769.

Although as individuals we may have our own opinions on subjects of religion, in our character of Retrospective Reviewers we belong to no sect, we recognize no party. The system we profess, and the tenets we hold, are amalgamated in the philosophic spirit of retrospection—in that character we have no predilection for the theology of the church of England, the opinions of Methodism, the dogmas of Calvinism, or the notions of Unitarianism. Each of them, when it becomes necessary in the course of our labours, will meet with a candid statement of its principles, and if discussion should be unavoidable, it will be conducted with the calm and quiet temper which characterises spectators rather than partisans.—But both as individuals and reviewers we shall always, we trust, advocate the equal right of every man to promulgate and defend his own conscientious convictions, and controvert the opinions of those who are opposed to him. This is a maxim, which we believe few will dispute in theory—laid down as a general principle, without any direct practical application, it appears reasonable and just, and would probably be admitted by most persons without hesitation as an indisputable common-place notion; but when they are called upon to practise this principle—when they feel that it interferes with, and presses hard upon their own opinions—it is lamentably pared away and qualified, to suit their own ideas. Dissent from their opinion, is like the invasion of their private property—is regarded in the same light as an attack against the title of their estate; as if their opinions were a part of themselves, or they had a special property in truth, which gave them the sole right, as well as the power, to defend her against all adversaries. Truth is as much common property

as the air we breathe, or the sunshine we enjoy. The meanest living soul has an equal right to seek her divine countenance, to participate in her exalted blessings. And no man, however learned, however wise, has a right to assume that he has the sole knowledge of her, or arrogate to himself the exclusive enjoyment of her favours.

Although we are disposed to think that liberality towards adversaries in matters of opinion has become more diffused of late, than it was in the year 1755, when these *Memoirs* first made their appearance in the world, we are not quite sure that without some explanation like that contained in the preceding paragraphs, we might not be subjected, as well as their author, to the imputation of scepticism or infidelity. Those who accused our author of being an infidel, we should imagine could never have read his book, which contains the most ardent vindication of the authenticity of the scriptures.

The editor of the *General Biographical Dictionary* has, in addition to this charge, and with the same obliquity of mental vision, discovered that Mr. Amory was insane; and has not only abridged his life in the new edition of that work, but actually hesitated whether he should even record the name of the author of two of the most extraordinary productions of British intellect—namely, the one before us, and *The Life of John Buncle*. If a deep veneration for the *New Testament*, an intense conviction of its truth, and an incessant labour to spread abroad its glorious precepts and promises, constitute an infidel, then Mr. Amory was an infidel.—If a vivacious temperament, a social heart, great erudition, and acute reasoning powers, united in one, by sect a Unitarian, denote insanity, then, too, was Mr. Amory insane. —Insane, indeed! we would a thousand thousand times rather be gifted with the insanity that produced this book, than with such faculties as made the discovery of his being so. The same thing may be said, and is said, of every person who pursues an object with enthusiastic ardour. Was not this assertion founded on his theological opinions, or the manner in which he had promulgated and enforced them? Impressed with a deep conviction of what he conceived to be an important truth—a truth of vital consequence to the purity of that religion in which he was a sincere believer, and of which he was an eloquent and zealous defender, he kept his eye steadily fixed upon that mighty object, from which he never in reality turned aside; and when he did so in appearance, it was only for the purpose of re-introducing the all-engrossing topic with new attractions.

And attractive indeed he has made not only his religion, but his book, which abounds with the most kindly and social feelings, and which is distinguished by the most benign and Christian-like spirit. His bitterness towards the Athanasian

creed, and the vehemence with which he is carried along by the spirit of controversy, sometimes lead him to treat its professors, or the monks, as he calls the clergymen, with somewhat too little ceremony. But this is very seldom, and he is continually speaking in terms of the highest praise of those prelates, who were previously, or during his own time, ornaments of the established church and of human nature.

These *Memoirs* are, in fact, neither more nor less than a Unitarian romance; all the interlocutors, as well as the author himself, being zealous Unitarians. The design was evidently to diffuse the author's principles, and is as singular as its execution is entertaining. He has selected the female sex, of whom he appears to have been the most devoted admirer, as the chief medium of circulating them. Wherever fortune casts him, a storm drives him, or business calls him, in the north of Yorkshire, the fells of Westmoreland, the barren Hebrides, or elsewhere, he is sure to meet with rare specimens of feminine perfection,—all equally beautiful, charming, moral, and intellectual Christians; and, what is more to his satisfaction, all of them of the same sentiments in religion as himself. A small part only, however, of the ladies intended to have been celebrated, are introduced to us in these *Memoirs*, which the author originally intended should have extended to eight volumes. *The Life of John Buncle*, indeed, may be considered as in some measure a continuation of them; with this difference, that it contains much more of the author, and is written in a warmer spirit of gallantry.

The most important personage in this collection is Mrs. Marinda Benlow, whom the author casually meets in one of his wanderings in Westmoreland; then Miss Bruce, in whom he discovers the daughter of his old friend Jack Bruce. Of this lady, with an account of whom the *Memoirs* commence, he gives the following lively description.

"When I came up to the house, the first figure I saw was the lady whose story I am going to relate. She had the charms of an angel, but her dress was quite plain and clean, like a country maid. Her person appeared faultless, and of the middle size; between the disagreeable extremes: her face a sweet oval, and her complexion the brunette of the bright rich kind: her mouth, like a rose-bud, that is just beginning to blow, and a fugitive dimple, by fits, would lighten and disappear: the finest passions were always passing in her face; and in her long, even, chesnut eyes, there was a fluid fire, sufficient for half a dozen pair."

This lady was equally excellent as a musician, or a painter, a theologian, or mathematician—could with equal ease confute *Dr. Burnet's Objections to Locke's Essay on the Human Under-*

standing—or correct the Bishop of Cloyne, in a discussion of the principles of fluxions. The following is a very excellent description of her pictorial skill, which concludes with some striking moral reflexions. It is a picture of Arcadia.

"In the middle of this delightful country, there appears the monument of a beauty, who had been snatched away in her prime. Her statue lies on the tomb, after the manner of the ancients. There is this sepulchral inscription: 'And I was once an inhabitant of Arcadia.' The unexpected melancholy scene strikes powerfully some youths and virgins, who had not a thought of meeting with this object of sorrow, and as they gaze upon the image of the lovely maid, they seem to fall into the deepest reflections. The youngest of the shepherdesses pulls off a garland of flowers, and with a finger of her other hand points to the short inscription. She ponders with the most serious attention; and in every face a gloominess of grief may be discerned, through some remains of an expiring joy. They all appear very greatly affected, and seem to have many interesting thoughts of death, as they see it spares not even youth and beauty; and that even the happy climate of Arcadia can afford no sanctuary from the grave. The pointing shepherdess is opening her mouth to speak. You almost see the motion of her lips: and from them, by acting the witch of Endor's part, Mrs. Benlow, in my hearing, has made the following words proceed; pitching her voice on the picture, and keeping her own mouth and all her face as still and motionless during the time, as if it were of marble.

"'What a wink is life! We must all soon yield to the laws of corruption. Death is the common lot, and inevitable end, appointed equally for the first of men, and all his frail descendants. He is in swift pursuit; nor is there any art or method to withstand his power. In the gay and vigorous scenes of life, we form a thousand pleasing designs, and set before our eyes a variety of the finest prospects; but death comes stalking or unseen, and suddenly we sink into the cold grasp of this grim sovereign. See here the fair Arcadian. Read on the tomb of this sleeping beauty—'And I was once an inhabitant of Arcadia.' So certain is mortality. So uncertain the hour it may seize us. Death meets us full from every point of the compass. Nor is this all. It is a decision for eternity. As the employment of our time has been, we must be either everlastingly happy, or miserable: 'as the tree falls, so it lies.' Let the Arcadians then consider, and not pass all their precious hours in plays, and sports, and idleness; but devote a proper part of their time to religion. Let us deliberately consult for the future not only the matter of our duty, but the most acceptable and amiable manner of performing it: that our integrity and circumspection, our prudence and piety, may bear a suitable proportion to the condition of creatures, who are to appear before God's tribunal. This is the resolution of one Arcadian.'"

This and another picture, together with the intervention

of the author, procured Miss Bruce a husband, and raised her to the top of Fortune's Wheel.

"It was my wont sometimes, during my residence at Hali-farm, to take a walk to a little public house, that is famous for fine ale, and delightfully situated at the entrance of an ancient wood, by the side of a running stream, about two miles from this lady's door. Here, I sat, smoking a pipe under a vast oak tree, in the evening of a scorching day, and was revolving in my mind the various scenes of life, and different destinies of men, I had read of and seen, when a gentleman, on his journey, one of the handsomest young fellows I have beheld, rid up to me, and told me with much good humour in his face, that he supposed the ale was good by my sitting so contentedly over it, and that if I pleased he would call for a tankard, and blow a blast with me. Ever fond of my fellow-mortal, I gave him my hand and my tobacco-box in a moment, and in less than a quarter of an hour we were tipling, laughing, smoking, and telling stories, as if we had known one another from the beginning of our days. I soon found that he was a man of great fortune and uncommon understanding; that he had visited most of the courts of Europe, and had an extraordinary taste for sculpture, painting, medals, and music. He called to his man for his german flute, and played several pieces extremely fine. He then sung delightfully well. He shewed himself to be a perfect master in this fine art.

"Here, the daughter of my friend came full upon my mind, and I began to give Mr. Benlow a description of her person and her soul; that beside her intellectual capacity, she had a pencil equal to Coypel, Rubens, and Poussin, as appeared from some pictures to which she had just given the last hand; that in music she had few equals: she had no superior I was sure in the world. It was unspeakable pleasure to hear her on the violin. I then told him the condition she was in, and how she had lived in satisfactions to be envied, on her little charming farm, since death had robbed her of her father, the worthiest of men. The gentleman seemed quite astonished at the relation I had made. Is it possible? he cried; can there be such a woman, buried among those wild mountains—lost to the intellectual world! Come, I said, and see. At eight to-morrow morning, inquire for me at her door. I will introduce you to her as my friend."

What followed, the reader will easily guess; but their happiness was of short duration: Charles Benlow died.

We must also introduce our readers to another accomplished lady, whom the author met at Hali-farm.—Mrs. Schomberg, the wife of Dr. Schomberg, was, when our author first saw her there, about three and twenty years of age.

"She was tall, well shaped, and extremely handsome. Her eyes were large, black as night, and bright as diamonds. Her hair was of the same colour, and curled naturally in the most graceful manner. She has a charming mouth, and when she laughs or smiles, is beautiful as Lalage.

"This lady has a clear understanding and a sound judgement; has read the polite books, and is a delightful speaker. She has a large share of social wit, and with equal strength and propriety can express the whole series of the passions in comic characters. The pliantness of her disposition can raise and keep a pleasurable sensation, and give a succession of joys to a company. She has what Tertullian somewhere calls the vis colubrina, and in the most various representations, can make her action as bewitching as the discourse of the serpent who seduced the first woman. She can suit her face and person to any attitude, and so perfectly conform her words to her gesture, that she lifts a character at once into the loudest laughter. I have seen nothing like her even on the French stage, in the article of transition from passion to passion in comic life. She is, without all peradventure, the finest actress in the world, in comedy.

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"She is perfection itself, when she plays Moliere's Tartuff, or Cibber's Nonjuror. She likewise takes off Warburton to the greatest exactness; his very voice, and the mien of his visage, as he contemplates, and as he predicates; and when she brings him on with a bit of his Legation in his mouth, or some scraps of his controversy with Stebbing, or Tilliard, or Sykes, or Jackson, one cannot help screeching again with laughter. You see all the vanity and self-sufficiency of this gentleman in her face and manner, when she is drest as a parson, and then, like him, dictates his fancies, and pronounces all the world, except himself, crude writers. Gregory Nazianzen, a crude writer; Bayle, a crude writer; Spenser, a crude writer; and a thousand more besides them. I really believe, if the Doctor saw her at this work, he could not forbear laughing. She sets this cynic and his odd arguments, his raillery, scurrility, and abusive phrases, in so droll a light, that one must want sentiment, who is not pleasantly moved."

These and other ladies, accompanied by our author, undertake a visit to the Western Islands, in which they find various curiosities in nature, and antiquities in art, of which a faithful and detailed account is recorded in the journal of Mrs. Benlow, who, moreover, never describes any thing edible, without signifying how far it is agreeable to the palate. Whilst sailing about these islands, they are unexpectedly driven out to sea by a tremendous storm, and finally as far as the Cape de Verd Islands, on one of which they land. Here, too, our author finds something like Unitarians, although not Christian ones, in the persons of Abdalla the Governor, and Zulima his niece, a black Tombutian beauty, who are both converted by the charming Mrs. Benlow, and the latter of whom accompanies that zealous person to England. The following answer to Abdalla's objections to the Christian Religion, on account of its want of universality, is admirable.

"To this I answered in the following manner: Noble Abdalla, as

to God's not administering the remedy at all times, and to all persons; if the question could not be answered, it will not follow that revelation was not wanting, or, that it is the less useful to those vouchsafed. We find in fact, that it is of all things the most useful, and yet it might be fit, that God should not communicate himself alike and at all times to mankind. Though such fitness may not appear to us, yet we must allow it may be right so to act, unless our understandings are commensurate to the natures and relations of all things, and presume to say, that God can have no reasons for any particular œconomy of providence which lies concealed from our searches. This I believe you will grant. Let me add then, that supposing we can assign plausible reasons against bestowing upon some the great advantage of a particular revelation, and denying it to others, yet we ought to be very sure, that these reasons are at least a counterpoise to the evidence we have of God's having really communicated such a particular dispensation to some, before we determine against it. This modest caution becomes reasoners of our low rank. It is inexcusable rashness and presumption to decree peremptorily that a thing cannot be, when the evidence for the truth of the fact is vastly superior to the pretended reasons against the expediency of it. Let us not argue then against the truth of the Christian revelation from its imperfect promulgation; since the precepts of the gospel are incomparably the best in the world; the most divine morals, enforced with the most glorious rewards; since malice, cavilling, scepticism, and levity, have proved unsuccessful in their base attempts to disprove the facts of the gospel; and that it spread with a miraculous speed over a large part of the world, in spite of the rage and fierceness of men and devils; yea, still exists in its original splendor, in the reformed countries, though the evil one, at the head of an infernal popery, does all that cruelty and wickedness, in the hands of mighty sovereigns, can do, to extirpate the holy religion of Jesus.

"In the next place, it is carrying the necessity of revelation higher than is fit, to say that it is impossible for natural religion, without revelation, to discharge any part of duty in an acceptable manner; which is a supposition that renders it inconsistent with our common notion of the Parent of the universe, to imagine that he should make such revelation to some, and withhold it from others: for the truth of the case is, that Christianity is not a new religion, but is the old, uncorrupt religion of nature and reason, delivered and taught in the most rational and easy way; entirely freed from superstition and immorality, and enforced by the most gracious and powerful motives to render it effectual: therefore, in strict justice, God was not obliged to give a revelation to any. It could not be a debt, but a favour. The heathen, by the law of reason, has means sufficient to acquire the blessing of God, if he makes a right use of his understanding; though the gospel may exalt the upright Christian, and give him greater advantages for improving his rational powers. Express revelation must be more easy, suitable, and affecting than natural religion, even from the lips of the best human teacher: but if men will exert their human reason, and make it the rule of their life and actions, to the utmost of

their capacity and ability, they will not in the solemn day of judgement be rejected, because they did not belong to the visible kingdom of God in this world, but will, according to their virtue and works, be accepted and received into the kingdom of glory. This is not only the report of common sense, the scriptures say it in many places. Our divine Lord, in particular, in the gospel tells us, (speaking of a Roman officer, who was a heathen) that he did not find so great faith as that heathen professed in some discourse he had with Jesus, no not in Israel, the peculiar people and kingdom of God: and thereupon adds, I say unto you, many heathen, who are not the children of the kingdom of God in this world, shall, in the last day, come from the east and west, from all parts of the globe, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven. An apostle likewise declares, that God is no respecter of persons; and that in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.

"The consequence is, that since a well-disposed mind, and a right use of human reason, can save the heathen; (and without a good disposition and due use of reason, the gospel is not sufficient for salvation) since virtuous heathens shall be eternally saved, and wicked Christians will not be partially favoured, for being in this life members of Christ's visible church, but will be more severely punished for sinning under the advantages and benefits of revealed religion; since the virtuous who have been brought into the Christian church, and the virtuous who are out of the church, and have not heard of Christ, are both to obtain the divine favour at present, and everlasting happiness hereafter, by the grace of God in Christ: in short, since revelation is no more than a great blessing to us; and does no injury to the heathen world, because where-ever rational nature is, there true religion may in fact be, and the errors and impieties of all heathens are as much contrary to reason, and owing to an undue use of it, as the errors and impieties of Christians are contrary to scripture, and owing to an undue use of it; then we cannot impeach the common parent for the want of universality in the propagation of Christianity. He bestows the glorious blessing, where his wisdom sees it proper; that wisdom which comprehends the eternal relations or fitnesses of all things, whilst human knowledge is confined to some few instances; and by the blessing we are enlightened and directed; are plainly taught to worship one universal Lord, and enabled to purge our minds from anger, wrath, malice, envy, and every selfish, turbulent, unsocial passion; and to cultivate in our breasts, and exercise in our conversation, the kind, courteous, humble, inoffensive, benevolent spirit of the gospel: we are raised by the heavenly doctrine above the best and worst of this world: we are engaged to all chearful obedience to the divine will, and with a Christian dignity, and elevation of soul, can fix our affections and regards upon an everlasting inheritance, a crown of glory, that is laid up for us in heaven. But still, the heathen is not destitute and forsaken. By nature alone, that reason and understanding, which is the gift of God to all men, and the inspiration of the Almighty, he is enabled to fulfil the law that providence has

placed him under. He may, like you, noble Abdalla, be a sincerely virtuous, honest, sober, kind, good, and benevolent man.

"But still I want to know, (the royal Moor replied) why the common Father of his creatures should make some happier by revelation than it is possible for others to be by nature. Tell me, Mrs. Benlow, do not the same reasons which shew it to be necessary for the people of Europe, shew it to be necessary for the people of Africa.—Why should the Europeans be blessed with an aid so extraordinary, that none of them can miss the realms of glory, unless they wilfully wink hard against the light of the gospel, and are determined to sink to hell, rather than renounce the tumultuous pleasures of this world; and the poor Africans have reason only to trust to, which is but very weak in many of them? Should not the common Parent let all his children know what was for their common good?

"To this I answered, that there may be reasons of providence unknown to us, which make a different method more fit and proper, and we must resolve the revealed favour, as well as many others, into the determination of infinite wisdom. We have no knowledge of the whole scheme, order, and state of things; and, beside, though the happiness of man is one end of all the dispensations of divine providence, yet we must not suppose, that mere happiness is the end; but happiness under some certain posture, order, and situation of being. I think for myself, that this is evident from the different order of beings that are in the world, and the different degrees of happiness allotted to creatures of the same species. We see even in respect of the law of nature, that some understand much more of it than others (considering the circumstances in which they are placed) can know. The goodness of the Deity, as I imagine, inclines him to communicate some degree of happiness to all his children, and prevents him from making any of them miserable without their own fault. But the divine goodness may give being to a variety of creatures, and make some more, others less perfect in knowledge; and that, according to the different degrees of their understandings, they shall be more or less perfect in their wills. I see no inconsistency in this. Supreme wisdom best knows what measure of natural capacity for happiness, or what number of additional advantages, every particular creature should enjoy. In creating, God dealt out happiness gradually and unequally to his creatures. In restoring we must allow him, if he pleases, to pursue the same measures. He is the undoubted master of his own favours; yet he cannot act in an arbitrary manner. In his own infinite mind he has most certainly reasons for this different conduct.

"But nevertheless, there is no cause to complain. A heathen, in any part of the world, may be an accepted believer in the sight of God. He may by his reason, rightly and duly used, believe that God is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. The whole difference between us is what the apostle Paul tells us. The living God is the Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe.

The observations of Miss West, on sudden death and deathbed repentance, are not only forcible but beautiful.

" My dear, (Miss West replied) you have understanding enough, young as you are, to answer this question yourself, and therefore I shall only say, to oblige you with my notion upon this article, that we cannot here see the reasons why the oppressor and destroyer are often suffered to enjoy an envied power and glory to extreme old age;—and the benevolent and pious frequently live in misery, and often perish in a sad manner, like good John Crump, the gardener; yet hereafter we shall be satisfied it was for the wisest reasons; and we are now sure, that a day of judgement is a sufficient apology for providence. We shall then discern betwixt the righteous and the wicked. And as to John Crump's sudden death, after doing us such friendly offices, if he passed that way in an instant to the lightsome fields of Hades, or the boundless realms of glory, which I suppose was his case, then he had no cause to complain of the misfortune. And it is farther my opinion, that terrible as his death may seem to sense, yet it is preferable to the way many good people expire on beds of down, in the finest houses. I have known several of my acquaintance in the most excruciating torments for several days before they could die: torments beyond any thing an inquisition could lay on them. And what signifies accidental, speedy death of any kind, by sea or land, in respect of such continued grievous misery in dying. The thing is, we must all die, and God knows best which is the fittest way for his servants. Our business is to say, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, and we are sure of being for ever happy, in whatever way the passage is opened for us to immortality. No way or manner of dying can be joyous to human nature. It is a cup that all would desire might pass from them; but since it is the great law of nature, and that all must taste it, though the ingredients are not to all equally bitter and offensive, I am sure for myself, that I had rather perish at sea, or be swallowed up at once, as John Crump was, than lie for many days, as an excellent lady of my acquaintance lately did, in the excruciating torments of that most dreadful distemper, a *miserere*. And I knew a young gentleman of very good morals, who was seized with so intolerable a headache, that after men had stood for eight-and-forty hours squeezing his burning head with wet napkins, and he could find no ease by any means, he snatched up a pistol, and shot himself. Considering these things, and various other almost unbearable disorders, what we call a violent or unnatural death is not so great an evil as it is generally supposed. Sudden death, in an easy way at least, I think we ought to desire, and how people came to think of praying to be delivered from such a good manner of dying, is to me very surprising. May it be my fate to look through an easy sudden death to a glorious eternity: Nay, let it be a little rough, rather than not sudden.

" I know, my dear, (continued Miss West, speaking to little Miss Howel,) it is said, that Christianity makes repentance necessary to salvation, and a sudden death, soft or hard, interrupts it.—It does so in the case of evil people: but the good can never need that repentance in order to salvation, which it is in the power of sudden death to intercept. For true repentance consists not in single acts, upon particular occasions, but in an habitual change of mind, and heart,

and frame, and life. This must be the character of the righteous, and such a character needs no such repentance as a sudden death can intercept; whether it happens by slipping the breath in a moment, with ease, or by a fall, or in a salt wave.

"In truth, Miss, a death-bed repentance is good for nothing. We must so live as to have all things ready for the great journey; if we expect a comfortable passage, and a welcome reception. The true Christian's case is a continued operation; there must be nothing to seek any minute of our lives. We must hasten as for life and soul to obtain that holiness without which no one shall see the Lord; and when this is done, we are always ready, with a heavenly easiness, with support, courage, and resignation, to pass through the gate of any sudden death, to the regions of eternity and day. What you say, Miss West, (the young creature replied), is just and beautiful, and I shall hereafter for ever pray, while I am in this world, that I may never be worn away like a stone by a continual dropping; but may, in the twinkling of an eye, depart; smoothly, I would choose, or let it be a rough way, as I design to comply with the whole method of salvation, and am sensible it consists in a change of heart and life, true faith in Christ, firm resolutions, and persevering obedience. But what then, madam, must become of the bulk of mankind, who live, I am told, so as to want a late repentance? Will this avail them nothing? You seem to think the late repentance of a sinner is of no moment at all.

"I do so, my dear, (Miss West answered,) a death-bed repentance, the Bible, I am sure, declares worthless: and reason, so far as I know, can say nothing for it. Nor is this so severe a maxim as some may imagine, but a doctrine that excites the good to duty. It ought to awaken the sinner, and warn him to flee from the wrath to come. Since this is the case, the virtuous will make their whole lives one constant endeavour after further improvements, and strain every nerve to reach that perfection of holiness, which is the foundation of perfect happiness. And if the vicious will not take counsel, and betimes reform, it is madness to think of retrieving the misery of an ill-spent life by a few late lamentations, as the nature and design of religion must exclude any such hope."

The shortest accounts of one of our author's adventures will not, we think, be unamusing. It is extracted from the dedication, and is a very animated little narrative.

"As I travelled once in the month of September, over a wild part of Yorkshire, and fancied in the afternoon that I was near the place I intended to rest at, it appeared, from a great water we came to, that we had for half a day being going wrong, and were many a mile from any village. This was vexatious; but what was worse, the winds began to blow outrageously, the clouds gathered, and, as the evening advanced, the rain came down like water-spouts from the heavens. All the good that offered was the ruins of a nunnery, within a few yards of the water, and among the walls, once sacred to devo-

tion, a part of an arch that was enough to shelter us and our beasts from the floods and tempest. Into this we entered, the horses, and Moses, and his master, and for some hours were right glad to be so lodged. But, at last, the storm and rain were quite over, we saw the fair rising moon hang up her ready lamp, and with mild lustre drive back the hovering shades. Out then I came from the cavern, and as I walked for a while on the banks of the fine lake, I saw a handsome little boat, with two oars, in a creek; and concluded very justly, that there must be some habitation not far from one side or other of the water. Into the boat therefore we went, having secured our horses, and began to row round, the better to discover. Two hours we were at it as hard as we could labour, and then came to the bottom of a garden, which had a flight of stairs leading up to it. These I ascended. I walked on, and, at the farther end of the fine improved spot, came to a mansion. I immediately knocked at a door, sent in my story to the lady of the house, as there was no master, and in a few minutes was shewn into a parlour. I continued alone about a quarter of an hour, and then entered a lady, who struck me into amazement. She was a beauty, of whom I had been passionately fond when she was fourteen and I sixteen years of age. I saw her first in a French family of distinction, where my father had lodged me for the same reason as her parents had placed her there; that is, for the sake of the purity of the French tongue; and as she had a rational generosity of heart, and an understanding that was surprisingly luminous for her years; could construe an Ode of Horace in a manner the most delightful, and read a chapter in the Greek Testament with great ease every morning; she soon became my heart's fond idol; she appeared in my eyes as something more than mortal. I thought her a divinity. Books furnished us with an occasion of being often together, and we fancied the time was happily spent. But at once she disappeared. As she had a vast fortune, and as there was a suspicion of an *amour*, she was snatched away in a moment, and for twenty years from the afternoon she vanished, I could not see her or hear of her: whether living or dead, I knew not till the night I am speaking of, that I saw come into the room, the lovely Julia Desborough transformed into Mrs. Mort. Our mutual surprize was vastly great. We could not speak for some time. We knew each other as well as if it had been but an hour ago we parted, so strong was the impression made. She was still divinely fair; but I wondered she could remember me so well, as time and many shaking rubs had altered me very greatly for the worse. See how strangely things are brought about! Miss Desborough was removed all the way to Italy, kept many years abroad that she might never see me more, and in the character of Mrs. Mort, by accident, I found her in solitude in the same country I lived in, and still my friend. This lady told me, she had buried an admirable husband a few years ago, and, as she never had any liking to the world, she devoted her time to books, her old favorites, the education of her daughter, and the salvation of her soul. Miss Mort and she lived like two friends. They read and spun some hours of their time every day away. They had a few agreeable neighbours, and from the lake and cultivation of

their gardens derived a variety of successive pleasures. They had no relish for the tumultuous pleasures of the town; but in the charms of letters and religion, the philosophy of flowers, the converse of their neighbours, a linen manufactory, and their rural situation, were as happy as their wishes could rise to in this hemisphere. All this to me was like a vision. I wondered, I admired. Is this Miss Desborough with whom I was wont to pass so many hours in reading *Milton* to her, or *Telemaque*, or *L'Avare de Moliere?* What a fleeting scene is life! But a little while, and we go on to another world. Fortunate are they who are fit for the remove, who have a clear conception of the precariousness and vanity of all human things, and by virtue and piety so strive to act what is fairest and most laudable, and so pass becomingly through this life, that they may in the next obtain the blessed and immortal abodes prepared for those who can give up their account with joy."

We have now, we think, given sufficient extracts from these *Memoirs*, to enable the reader to judge of the soundness both of the author's head and heart. With some of his peculiarities we cannot become perfectly acquainted, without a reference to the work itself; the most remarkable of which is the skilful combination of theological disquisition with the most lively sallies of a playful imagination: a little history or a romantic adventure blossoms in the midst of a Discussion on the Origin of Evil, or a Question in Fluxions. He controverts the dogmas of differing sects—describes the tones of a flute or a violin—with the same ardour and the same vivacity. And all this in the most agreeable and easy manner. Even in the vehemence of controversy, in which he sometimes oversteps the bounds of temperate language, we cannot help observing the kindness of his heart and the sodality of his disposition. But notwithstanding the facility with which he passes on from grave reasoning to gay description, he never loses sight of his great object, which he only quits to return to it with increased earnestness, and which seems to have lighted up in his breast a flame, glowing with an intense heat, which death alone could extinguish.

The accomplished females, to whom our lively author introduces us, are not of a common description, and they are still less common in acquirements than in talents. He has estimated the former, not according to the general standard of female qualifications, but according to one or two instances of rarely gifted women. It is not, for instance, a usual thing to find ladies solving problems in fluxions to prove Bishop Berkley wrong and Sir Isaac Newton right; or pointing out the errors of such writers as Chubb; but yet there is nothing either impossible or ridiculous in it. He has, however, adorned them with more feminine, more delightful, and more useful ac-

complishments, and with the exception of the slight colour of pedantry with which he has tinged some of their characters, they are fine specimens of moral and intellectual women. For ourselves we can say, with truth, that when we rise from the perusal of their discourses we feel ourselves better for it, and are thankful for the opportunity we have met with of forming an acquaintance with an author who is, at the same time, a deep scholar and a good gentleman.

ART. VII.—*The History of Antonio and Mellida, a Tragedy. Written by* John Marston. *London,* 4*to.* 1602.

Antonio's Revenge. The Second Part of the History of Antonio and Mellida. Written by John Marston. *London,* 4*to.* 1602.

The Malcontent, augmented by J. Marston, *with the Additions played by the King's Majesty's Servants. Written by* John Webster. *London,* 4*to.* 1604.

The Dutch Courtezan, as it hath been divers times presented at the Blacke Fryars by the Children of the Queene's Majestie's Revels. Written by John Marston. *London,* 4*to.* 1605.

The Wonder of Women, or the Tragedie of Sophonisba, as it hath been sundry times acted at the Blacke Fryers. London, 4*to.* 1606.

Parasitaster, or the Fawne, as it hath been divers times presented at the Blacke Fryars, by the Children of the Queene's Majestie's Revels. Written by John Marston. *London,* 4*to.* 1606.

What you Will. By John Marston. *London,* 4*to.* 1607.

The Insatiate Countess. Written by John Marston. *London,* 4*to.* 1613.

Fame seems to lose half its value by being annexed to a name only, unaccompanied with a knowledge of the biography of its owner, of the means by which he gained the difficult ascent to eminence, of the circumstances of his progress, of the obstructions he met with, and the manner in which they were overcome. There is no substance in a mere name upon which we can fix our admiration—it is a shadow, a nonentity—it might as well be Monsier Kinsayder as John Marston, or the converse. When Fame was preparing with a mighty voice to sound forth Marston's praise, he modestly laid his hand on the trumpet and

stopped her before she could announce more than John Marston. "I have ever more endeavoured," says he, "to know myselfe, than to be known of others, and rather to be impartially beloved of all, than factiously to be admired of a few; yet so powerfully have I been enticed with the delights of poetry, and (I must ingenuously confesse) above better desert, so fortunate in these stage-pleasings, that (let my resolutions be never so fixed, to call mine eyes unto myselfe), I much feare that most lamentable death of him:

> Qui nimis notus omnibus,
> Ignotus moritur sibi.—*Seneca.*

But since the over-vehement pursuite of these delights hath been the sicknesse of my youth, and now is growne to be the vice of my firmer age, since to satisfie others I neglecte myselfe, let it be the curtesie of my peruser rather to pitie myselfe-hindring labours than to malice me, and let him be pleased to be my reader and not my interpreter."

The notices of his life are so scanty, that it is not worth while to transfer them to this place; and we shall therefore immediately proceed to the discussion of his character as a writer, illustrated with quotations, in our usual manner.

Marston favoured the world with the eight plays, whose titles are prefixed to this article. Of these, three are tragedies, and the rest comedies, or tragi-comedies. In his youth, he began with being a bitter biting satirist in "sporting merriment," as he expresses it in his *Scourge of Villainy*,* and ended with being one in reality in his old age. His early efforts, together with the satirical reflections which were passed upon him, appear to have given a decided character to his mind, and we accordingly find those passages, particularly in his comedies, which are written with most force, are caustic reflections on the follies and vices of man, and his favourite characters indignant censurers of manners, as Feliche in *Antonio and Mellida*, Lamfatho in *What you Will*, Hercules in the *Parasitaster*, and Mahoole in the *Malcontent*. There is, indeed, a striking resemblance in many of his comic characters, which continually remind one of the author's propensity to satirical invective. Although little of real passion is to be found in the plays of Marston, there is a vigour, an apparent earnestness, both in his thoughts and language, which well supplies the place of the more genuine feelings of nature. He wants that delicacy of perception, that absorption of his own consciousness in the feelings

* Published 1599.

of his character, without which, true passion cannot be delineated. He never appears to lose himself sufficiently in the scenes which he depicts, we see too much of Marston, and too little of his heroes. This same propensity has given a coarseness to some of his characters, and an indelicacy, nay grossness of expression to his language, which is, in our idea, totally irreconcileable with the eulogium pronounced by his bookseller: "That he was free from all obscene speeches, which is the chief cause that makes plays to be so odious unto most men: that he abhorred such writers and their works, and professed himself an enemy to all such as stuffed their scenes with ribaldry, and larded their lines with scurrilous taunts and jests: so that whatsoever, even in the spring of his years, he presented upon the private and public theatre, in his autumn and declining age, he needed not to be ashamed of." Indeed, in his satires, he professes to hate the obscurity of allusion. "To note vices," says he, in his address to those that seem judicial perusers, "so that no man can understand them, is as fond as the French execution in picture."

It was this broad manner of expression which exposed him to the severe but not unjust censures of the author of *The Return from Parnassus*,* who satirizes him under the name of Monsier Kinsayder, under which name he published his *Scourge of Villainy*:

> "Tut, what cares he for modest, close-couch'd terms,
> Cleanly to gird our looser libertines.
> Give him plain naked words, stripp'd from their shirts,
> That might beseem plain dealing Aretine."

His first, as well as his best play, is *The History of Antonio and Mellida*, of the plot of which, the following is a brief abstract.

Andrugio, duke of Genoa, is defeated at sea by Piero, duke of Venice, formerly his rival, and now his bitter enemy, who offers a large reward, and his choicest love, to any one who will bring him Andrugio's head. He also compels the Genevese, as the price of peace, to banish their duke and his son Antonio, upon pain of death. Both are cast upon "the Venice marsh." Antonio, urged by his passion for Mellida, the daughter of Piero, appears at court in the dress of an Amazon, where he was well received, and might have been secure, if a letter, addressed to Mellida, planning their flight, had not fallen into Piero's hands, and obliged Antonio to make a

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* Published 1606.

precipitate escape. Andrugio, weary of lurking about, resolves to discover himself to Piero, and claim the offered reward.—Antonio is at the same time feigned to be dead—Piero is astonished at, and apparently overcome by, the magnanimity of his rival.—The princely foes are to all seeming reconciled, and the hand of the fair Mellida given to Antonio.

This, upon the whole, is an excellent play—the design is simple—the passions of that description which the author could manage—and the plot conducted without embarrassment or extravagance in situation or language.

When Antonio first beholds Mellida after his arrival at Venice, he exclaims with intense eagerness,

" *Anto.* Come down; she comes like—O, no simile
Is precious, choice, or elegant enough
To illustrate her descent: leap heart, she comes,
She comes: smile heaven, and softest southern wind
Kiss her cheek gently with perfumed breath.
She comes: creation's purity, admir'd,
Ador'd, amazing rarity, she comes.
O now, Antonio, press thy spirit forth
In following passion, knit thy senses close,
Heap up thy powers, double all thy man.

Enter *Mellida.*

She comes. O how her eyes dart wonder on my heart!
Mount blood, soul to my lips taste Hebe's cup."

The following scene between Andrugio and his attendant, after their defeat, is, perhaps, the finest Marston has written: it is earnest, noble, princely.

" *And.* Is not yon gleam the shuddering morn, that flakes
With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?
Luc. I think it is, so please your excellence.
And. Away! I have no excellence to please.
Prithee observe the custom of the world,
That only flatters greatness, state exalts;
And please my excellence! Oh, Lucio,
Thou hast been ever held respected, dear,
Even precious to Andrugio's inmost love.
Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giv'st not faith
That I am wretched; oh, read that, read that.
[*Gives him a letter.*
My thoughts are fix'd in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal,
That eats her children, should not have eyes and ears.

Philosophy maintains that Nature's wise,
And forms no useless or imperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
For earthly dirt makes all things, makes the man,
Moulds me up honour; and, like a cunning Dutchman,
Paints me a puppet even with seeming breath,
And gives a sot appearance of a soul.
Go to, go to; thou liest, philosophy;
Nature forms things imperfect, useless, vain.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and ears?
That she might see desert, and hear men's plaints:
That when a soul is splitted, sunk with grief,
He might fall thus upon the breast of earth,
[*He throws himself on the ground.*
And in her ear, hallow his misery,
Exclaiming thus: Oh, thou all-bearing earth,
Which men do gape for, till thou cramm'st their mouths,
And choak'st their throats with dust: open thy breast,
And let me sink into thee. Look who knocks;
Andrugio calls. But, oh! she's deaf and blind.
A wretch but lean relief on earth can find.

Luc. Sweet lord, abandon passion, and disarm.
Since, by the fortune of the tumbling sea,
We are roll'd up upon the Venice marsh,
Let's clip all fortune, lest more low'ring fate—

And. More low'ring fate! Oh, Lucio, choke that breath.
Now I defy chance. Fortune's brow hath frown'd,
Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend:
Her venom's spit. Alas! what country rests,
What son, what comfort that she can deprive?
Triumphs not Venice in my overthrow?
Gapes not my native country for my blood?
Lies not my son tomb'd in the swelling main?
And is more low'ring fate? There's nothing left
Unto Andrugio, but Andrugio:
And that nor mischief, force, distress, nor hell can take.
Fortune my fortunes, not my mind shall shake.

Luc. Spoke like yourself: but give me leave, my lord,
To wish your safety. If you are but seen,
Your arms display you; therefore put them off,
And take——

And. Wouldst have me go unarm'd among my foes?
Being besieg'd by passion, entering lists
To combat with despair and mighty grief;
My soul beleaguer'd with the crushing strength

Of sharp impatience. Ah, Lucio, go unarm'd?
Come soul, resume the valour of thy birth;
Myself, myself, will dare all opposites:
I'll muster forces, an unvanquish'd power;
Cornets of horse shall press th' ungrateful earth,
This hollow wombed mass shall inly groan,
And murmur to sustain the weight of arms:
Ghastly amazement, with upstarted hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamour with a sound of death.
Luc. Peace, good my lord, your speech is all too light.
Alas! survey your fortunes, look what's left
Of all your forces, and your utmost hopes,
A weak old man, a page, and your poor self.
And. Andrugio lives, and a fair cause of arms;
Why that's an army all invincible.
He, who hath that, hath a battalion royal,
Armour of proof, huge troops of barbed steeds,
Main squares of pikes, millions of arquebuse.
Oh, a fair cause stands firm, and will abide;
Legions of angels fight upon her side."

After the discovery of Antonio's plan of escape, Mellida flies in the disguise of a page. The meeting of Andrugio and his son, after this event, causes the ensuing dialogue.

"*Ant.* I were not worthy of Andrugio's blood,
If I denied my name's Antonio.
And. I were not worthy to be call'd thy father,
If I denied my name, Andrugio.
And dost thou live? Oh, let me kiss thy cheek,
And dew thy brow with trickling drops of joy.
Now heaven's will be done, for I have liv'd
To see my joy, my son Antonio.
Give me thy hand; now Fortune do thy worst,
His blood, that lapp'd thy spirit in the womb,
Thus (in his love) will make his arms thy tomb.
Ant. Bless not the body with your twining arms,
Which is accurs'd of heaven. Oh, what black sin
Hath been committed by our ancient house,
Whose scalding vengeance lights upon our heads,
That thus the world and fortune casts us out,
As loathed objects, ruin's branded slaves?
And. Do not expostulate the heavens' will:
But, oh, remember to forget thyself;
Forget remembrance what thou once hast been.

Come, creep with me from out this open air.
Even trees have tongues, and will betray our life.
I am a raising of our house, my boy,
Which fortune will not envy, 'tis so mean,
And (like the world) all dirt; there shalt thou rip
The inwards of thy fortunes, in mine ears,
Whilst I sit weeping, blind with passion's tears:
Then I'll begin, and we'll such order keep,
That one shall still tell griefs, the other weep. [*Exit.*

Ant. I'll follow you.—Boy, prithee stay a little.
Thou hast had a good voice, if this cold marsh,
Wherein we lurk, have not corrupted it.

Enter Mellida, *standing out of sight in her Page's suit.*

I prithee sing; but, sirrah, mark you me,
Let each note breathe the heart of passion,
The sad extracture of extremest grief.
Make me a strain speak groaning like a bell,
That tolls departing souls.
Breathe me a point that may enforce me weep,
To wring my hands, to break my cursed breast,
Rave and exclaim, lie groveling on the earth,
Straight start up frantic, crying, Mellida.
Sing but, *Antonio hath lost Mellida,*
And thou shalt see me (like a man possess'd)
Howl out such passion, that even this brinish marsh
Will squeeze out tears from out his spungy cheeks,
The rocks even groan, and—
Prithee, prithee sing,
Or I shall ne'er have done when I am in.
'Tis harder for me end, than to begin.
[*The Boy runs a note, Antonio breaks it.*
For look thee, boy, my grief that hath no end,
I may begin to plain, but—prithee sing."

The banished duke explains what it is to be a king, in some forcible lines.

"Why, man, I never was a prince till now.
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tipstaffs, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
Troops of pied butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness' summer, that confirm a prince:
'Tis not the unsavoury breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping with confused din,
That makes a prince. No, Lucio, he's a king,

A true right king, that dares do ought, save wrong,
Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust;
Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs
Of spungy sycophants: who stands unmov'd,
Despite the justling of opinion:
Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng
That strive to press his quiet out of him:
Who sits upon Jove's footstool, as I do,
Adoring, not affecting, majesty:
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crown
Of clear content: this, Lucio, is a king.
And of this empire, every man's possess'd,
That's worth his soul."

Andrugio discovers himself to Piero.

" Then here, Piero, is Andrugio's head,
Royally casked in a helm of steel:
Give me thy love, and take it. My dauntless soul
Hath that unbounded vigour in his spirits,
That it can bear more rank indignity,
With less impatience, than thy canker'd hate
Can sting and venom his untainted worth,
With the most vip'rous sound of malice. Strike,
Oh, let no glimpse of honour light thy thoughts,
If there be any heat of royal breath
Creeping in thy veins, oh, stifle it.
Be still thyself, bloody and treacherous:
Fame not thy house with an admired act
Of princely pity. Piero, I am come
To soil thy house with an eternal blot
Of savage cruelty; strike, or bid me strike.
I pray my death, that thy ne'er dying shame
Might live immortal to posterity.
Come, be a princely hangman, stop my breath.
Oh, dread thou shame, no more than I dread death."

Feliche, being asked if he envies not the court, says:

" I wonder it doth not envy me.
Why, man, I have been borne upon the spirit's wings,
The soul's swift Pegasus, the phantasy;
And from the height of contemplation,
Have view'd the feeble joints men totter on.
I envy none; but hate, or pity all.
For when I view, with an intentive thought,

That creature fair, but proud ; him rich, but sot ;
The other witty, but unmeasured arrogant ;
Him great, yet boundless in ambition ;
Him high-born, but of base life ; t'other fear'd,
Yet feared fears, and fears most to be most loved ;
Him wise, but made a fool for public use ;
The other learn'd but self-opinionate.
When I discourse all these, and see myself
Nor fair, nor rich, nor witty, great, nor fear'd ;
Yet amply suited with all full content :
Lord, how I clap my hands, and smooth my brow,
Rubbing my quiet bosom, tossing up
A grateful spirit to Omnipotence !"

In *Antonio's Revenge*, we find that the reconciliation, at the conclusion of the last play, was altogether feigned on the part of Piero, who, at the feast which followed, infused poison in the cup in which he drank to the health of Andrugio, and caused his death. He next lays a scheme to entrap Antonio, and the first step he takes towards it is a false accusation against his own daughter's chastity, and the murder of Feliche as the pretended offender. He is finally caught in his own net, and is slain with most exquisite cruelty by Antonio and his friends.

We never read a prologue which, in tragic pomp and solemnity, equalled the one prefixed to this second part of *Antonio and Mellida*.

" The rawish dank of clumsy winter cramps
The fluent summer's vein : and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numb'd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves,
From the naked shudd'ring branch ; and peels the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects :
O now, methinks, a sullen tragic scene
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.
May we be happy in our weak devoir,
And all part pleased in most wish'd content :
But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget
So blest an issue. Therefore, we proclaim
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Incapable of weighty passion,
(As from his birth, being hugged in the arms,
And nuzzled twixt the breasts of happiness,)
Who winks, and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are,

Who would not know what men must be; let such
Hurry amain from our black-visag'd shows:
We shall affright their eyes: But if a breast
Nail'd to the earth with grief; if any heart
Pierc'd thro' with anguish, pant within this ring:
If there be any blood, whose heat is choak'd
And stifled with true sense of misery:
If ought of these strains fill this concert up,
They arrive most welcome. O that our power
Could lackey, or keep wing with our desires;
That, with unused pace of style and sense,
We might weigh massy in judicious scale.
Yet here's the prop that doth support our hopes;
When our scenes faulter, or invention halts,
Your favour will give crutches to our faults."

Antonio is informed of the death of his father, and the slanderous accusation of Mellida.

"*Ant.* My father dead, my love attaint of lust:
That's a large lie, as vast as spacious hell:
Poor guiltless lady. O accursed lie.
What, whom, whether, which shall I first lament?
A dead father, a dishonour'd wife. Stand.
Methinks I feel the frame of nature shake.
Crack not the joints of earth to bear my woes?
Alb. Sweet prince, be patient.
Ant. 'Slid, sir, I will not, in despite of thee.
Patience is slave to fools: a chain that's fix't
Only to posts, and senseless log-like dolts.
Alb. 'Tis reason's glory to command affects.
Ant. Lies thy cold father dead, his glossed eyes
New closed up by thy sad mother's hands?
Hast thou a love as spotless as the brow
Of clearest heaven, blurr'd with false defames?
Are thy moist entrails crumpled up with grief
Of parching mischiefs? Tell me, does thy heart
With punching anguish spur thy galled ribs?
Then come, and let's sit and weep, and wreath our arms:
I'll hear thy counsel.
Alb. Take comfort—
Ant. Confusion to all comfort: I defie it.
Comfort's a parasite, a flattering jack,
And melts resolv'd despair. O boundless woe,
If there be any black grief yet unknown,
If there be any horror yet unfelt,

Unthought of mischief in thy fiend-like power,
Dash it upon my miserable head.
Make me more wretch, more cursed if thou canst,
O, now my fate is more than I could fear:
My woes more weighty than my soul can bear."

Antonio visits the vault in which the body of his father is placed.

"I purify the air with odorous fume.
Graves, vaults, and tombs, groan not to bear my weight.
Cold flesh, bleak trunks, wrapt in your half-rot shrouds,
I press you softly with a tender foot.
Most honour'd sepulchre, vouchsafe a wretch
Leave to weep o'er thee. Tomb, I'll not be long
Ere I creep in thee, and with bloodless lips
Kiss my cold father's cheek. I prythee, grave,
Provide soft mould to wrap my carcase in.
Thou royal spirit of Andrugio, where'er thou hoverest,
(Airy intellect) I heave up tapers to thee (view thy son),
In celebration of due obsequies.
Once every night I'll dew thy funeral hearse
With my religious tears.
O blessed father of a cursed son,
Thou diedst most happy, since thou livedst not
To see thy son most wretched, and thy wife
Pursued by him that seeks my guiltless blood.
O, in what orb thy mighty spirit soars;
Stoop and beat down this rising fog of shame,
That strives to blur thy blood, and girt defame
About my innocent and spotless brows."

The account of Mellida's death is exceedingly beautiful. The fool is Antonio in disguise.

"Being laid upon her bed, she grasp'd my hand,
And kissing it, spake thus: Thou very poor,
Why dost not weep? The jewel of thy brow,
The rich adornment that enchas'd thy breast,
Is lost; thy son, my love, is lost, is dead.
And do I live to say Antonio's dead?
And have I liv'd to see his virtues blurr'd
With guiltless blots? O world thou art too subtle
For honest natures to converse withal:
Therefore I'll leave thee; farewell, mart of woe,
I fly to clip my love, Antonio.

With that her head sunk down upon her breast;
Her cheek chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest;
Until my fool, that crept unto the bed,
Screech'd out so loud, that he brought back her soul,
Call'd her again, that her bright eyes 'gan ope,
And star'd upon him: he, audacious fool,
Dar'd kiss her hand, wish'd her soft rest, lov'd bride;
She fumbled out thanks good, and so she died."

His two other tragedies, *Sophonisba* and *The Insatiate Countess*, are vastly inferior to *Antonio and Mellida*. In the former, there is little worthy of notice. We shall, however, make two short extracts from it. There is a striking description of the witch Erictho's cave.

"There once a charnel house, now a vast cave,
Over whose brow a pale and untrod grove
Throws out her heavy shade, the mouth thick arms
Of darksome yew, (sun proof,) for ever chokes;
Within rest barren darkness, fruitless drought
Pines in eternal night; the steam of hell
Yields not so lazy air."

The inhabitant of this appalling abode is drawn in a manner as horrid and as disgusting as can well be conceived.

"A loathsome yellow leanness spreads her face,
A heavy hell-like paleness loads her cheeks
Unknown to a clear heaven; but if dark winds,
Or thick black clouds drive back the blinded stars,
When her deep magic makes forc'd heaven quake,
And thunder, spite of Jove: Erictho then
From naked graves stalks out, heaves proud her head,
With long uncomb'd hair loaden, and strives to snatch
The night's quick sulphur; then she bursts up tombs
From half rot sear-cloths, then she scrapes dry gums
For her black rites: but when she finds a corse
But newly grav'd, whose entrails are not turn'd
To slimy filth, with greedy havock then
She makes fierce spoil; and swells with wicked triumph
To bury her lean knuckles in his eyes:
Then doth she gnaw the pale and o'ergrown nails
From his dry hand; but if she find some life
Yet lurking close, she bites his gelid lips,
And sticking her black tongue in his dry throat,
She breathes dire murmurs, which enforce him bear
Her baneful secrets to the spirits of horror."

The tragedy of the *Insatiate Countess* is not only worthless, but disgusting. There is, however, one touching passage, which we shall extract. Isabella, the insatiate Countess, after yielding to an inordinate indulgence of her passion, is brought to punishment. Duke Robert appears on the scaffold, in the habit of a friar, to take his leave of her.

" Bear record, all you blessed saints in heaven,
I come not to torment thee in thy death;
For, of himself, he's terrible enough.
But call to mind a lady like yourself,
And think how ill in such a beauteous soul,
Upon the instant morrow of her nuptials,
Apostacy and wild revolt would shew.
Withal imagine, that she had a lord
Jealous the air should ravish her chaste looks;
Doting, like the Creator in his models,
Who views them every minute and with care
Mixt in his fear of their obedience to him.
Suppose she sung through famous Italy,
More common than the looser songs of Petrarch,
To every several Zany's instrument:
And he, poor wretch, hoping some better fate
Might call her back from her adulterate purpose,
Lives in obscure and almost unknown life;
Till hearing that she is condemn'd to die,
For he once lov'd her, lends his pined corpse
Motion to bring him to her stage of honour,
Where, drown'd in woe at her so dismal chance,
He clasps her: thus he falls into a trance."

The comedy of *What you Will* is after the author's own heart. In it he has poured out the whole bitterness of his satirical spirit. Quadratus and Lampatho rival each other in the asperity of their invective. Every man rails at his neighbour. In short, there is nothing but railing from beginning to end. There are two passages which are more particularly worth extracting, and which we shall accordingly present to our readers' notice. Lampatho, an indigent scholar, describes his laborious life, and the vanity of scholastic learning, in a manner the most forcible, and illustrated by an illusion the most impressive.

" *Lam.* In heaven's handy-work there's nought,
None more vile, accursed, reprobate to bliss

Than man, 'mong men a scholar most.
Things only fleshly sensitive, an ox or horse,
They live, and eat, and sleep, and drink, and die;
And are not touch'd with recollections
Of things o'erpast, or stagger'd infant doubts
Of things succeeding: but leave the manly beasts,
And give but pence a-piece to have a sight
Of beastly man now——

Sim. (From within.) What so, Lampatho! good truth I will not pay your ordinary if you come not.

Lam. Dost hear that voice? I'll make a parrot now
As good a man as he in fourteen nights;
I never heard him vent a syllable
Of his own creating since I knew the use
Of eyes and ears. Well, he's perfect bless'd,
Because a perfect beast. I'll 'gage my heart
He knows no difference essential
'Twixt my dog and him. The whoreson sot is bless'd,
Is rich in ignorance, makes fair usance on't,
And every day augments his barbarism;
So love me Calmness, I do envy him for't.
I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflour in quotations
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt the more I learnt to doubt,
Knowledge and wit, faith's foes, turn faith about.

Sim. (From within.) Nay, come, good Signior, I stay all the gentlemen here, I wou'd fain give my pretty page a pudding-pie.

Lam. Honest Epicure.
Nay mark, list! Delight, Delight, my spaniel, slept, whilst I baus'd leaves,
Toss'd o'er the dunces, por'd on the old print
Of titled words, and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, 'bated my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins, and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of antic Donate, still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I, first *an sit anima*,
Then, an it were mortal; oh, hold, hold,
At that they are at brain buffets; fell by the ears,
Amain, pell-mell together; still my spaniel slept.
Then whether 'twere corporeal, local, fix'd,

Extraduce; but whether 't had free will
Or no, O philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propp'd,
I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part;
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pried,
Stuff'd noting books, and still my spaniel slept.
At length he wak'd, and yawn'd, and by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

Sim. (*From within.*) Delicate good Lampatho, come away,
I assure you I'll give but two-pence more.

Lam. How 'twas created, how the soul exists;
One talks of motes, the soul was made of motes;
Another fire, t'other light, a third of star-like nature;
Hippo, water; Anaximenes, air;
Aristoxenus, music; Critias, I know not what;
A company of odd Phrenetici
Did eat my youth; and when I crept abroad,
Finding my numbness in this nimble age,
I fell a railing; but now soft and slow,
I know, I know nought, but I nought do know;
What shall I do, what plot, what course pursue?"

There are some thoughts on conjugal love, expressed in a pure and beautiful strain.

" If love be holy, if that mystery
Of co-united hearts be sacrament;
If the unbounded goodness have infus'd
A sacred ardour of a mutual love
Into our species; if those amorous joys,
Those sweets of life, those comforts even in death,
Spring from a cause above our reason's reach;
If that clear flame deduce its heat from heaven,
'Tis, like its cause, eternal; always one,
As is th' instiller of divinest love,
Unchang'd by time, immortal, maugre death.
But, oh, 'tis grown a figment; love a jest;
A comic posey; the soul of man is rotten,
Even to the core, no sound affection.
Our love is hollow, vaulted, stands on props
Of circumstance, profit, or ambitious hopes."

In addition to these two extracts, we think that the following song will not be unacceptable, as a specimen of our author's lyrical powers.

" Music, tobacco, sack, and sleep,
The tide of sorrow backward keep.
If thou art sad at other's fate,
Rivo! drink deep, give care the mate.

On us the end of time is come,
Fond fear of that we cannot shun;
Whilst quickest sense doth freshly last,
Clip time about, hug pleasure fast.

The Sisters ravel out our twine,
He that knows little 's most divine.
Error deludes; who'll beat this hence,
Nought's known but by exterior sense.

Let glory blazon others' deed,
My blood than breath craves better meed.
Let twatling Fame cheat others' rest,
I am no dish for Rumour's feast.

Let honour others' hope abuse,
I'll nothing have, so nought will lose;
I'll strive to be nor great nor small,
To live nor die, fate helpeth all.
When I can breathe no longer, then
Heaven take all; there put amen."

His next play, *The Dutch Courtezan,* does not possess much excellence, or excite much interest. It was, however, revived by Mrs. Behn, under the title of the *Match in Newgate.* The only part we can extract is as follows, and is in the ardent, earnest style of Marston.

" Still? my vow is up above me, and like time
Irrevocable. I am sworn all yours,
No beauty shall untwine our arms, no face
In my eyes can or shall seem fair,
And would to God only to me you might
Seem only fair; let others disesteem
Your matchless graces, so might I safer seem;
Envy I covet not, far, far be all ostent,
Vain boasts of beauties: soft joys and the rest,
He that is wise, pants on a private breast;
So could I live, in desert most unknown;
Yourself to me enough were populous,
Your eyes shall be my joys, my wine that still
Shall drown my often cares, your only voice

Shall cast a slumber on my list'ning sense,
You, with soft lip, shall only ope mine eyes,
And suck their lids asunder, only you
Shall make me wish to live, and not fear death,
So, on your cheeks I might yield latest breath;
O he that thus may live, and thus shall die,
May well be envied of a deity."

The *Parasitaster*, or *The Fawne*, is an amusing and pleasant comedy. The author declaims in his peculiar vein against the flatteries of the little and the follies of the great.—Hercules, the disguised Duke of Ferrara, makes the following soliloquy on flattery.

Her. I never knew, till now, how old I was;
By him by whom we are, I think a Prince
Whose tender sufferance never felt a gust
Of bolder breathings, but still liv'd gently fann'd
With the soft gales of his own flatterers' lips,
Shall never know his own complexion.
Dear sleep and lust, I thank you; but for you,
Mortal till now, I scarce had known myself.
Thou grateful poison, sleep, mischief, flattery,
Thou dreamful slumber (that doth fall on Kings
As soft and soon as their first holy oil,)
Be thou for ever damn'd; I now repent
Severe indictions to some sharp stiles;
Freeness, so't grow not to licentiousness,
Is grateful to just states. Most spotless kingdom,
And men, O happy, born under good stars,
Where what is honest you may freely think,
Speak what you think, and write what you do speak,
Not bound to servile soothings. But since our rank
Hath ever been afflicted with these flies
(That blow corruption on the sweetest virtues,)
I will revenge us all upon you all;
With the same stratagem we still are caught,
Flattery itself; and sure all know the sharpness
Of reprehensive language is even blunted
To full contempt, since vice is now term'd fashion,
And most are grown to ill even with defence,
I vow to waste this most prodigious heat
That falls into my age, like scorching flames
In depth of numb'd December, in flattering all
In all of their extremest viciousness,

Till in their own lov'd race they fall most lame,
And meet full but the close of Vice's shame."

The *Malecontent* appears, from the title, to have been originally written by Webster, and afterwards augmented by Marston. The latter, however, dedicated it to Ben Jonson, and in the preface treats it as his own. The hand of Marston is manifest in some of the scenes, and the character of the Malecontent, or rather his assumed character, is precisely in Marston's manner. It is, upon the whole, a tolerably good comedy. The comedy of *Eastward Hoe*, in which he joined Chapman and Jonson, will be discussed in our article on Chapman's joint Plays.

We have selected a few of the more delicate and retired beauties of Marston's dramas, to serve as a desert to the more substantial matters which have preceded.

Of content.

* * * " O, calm-hush'd, rich content!
Is there a being blessedness without thee?
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou dost rest!
Nectar to life, thou sweet ambrosian feast."

Of death.

" He's a good fellow, and keeps open house:
A thousand thousand ways lead to his gate,
To his wide-mouthed porch: when niggard life
Hath but one little, little wicket through.
We wring ourselves into this wretched world,
To pule, and weep, exclaim, to curse and rail,
To fret, and ban the fates, and strike the earth,
As I do now."

Of the body after death.

* * * " As having clasp'd a rose
Within my palm, the rose being ta'en away,
My hand retains a little breath of sweet:
So may man's trunk, his spirit slipp'd away,
Hold still a faint perfume of his sweet guest."

And, again; spoken by a father of his murdered son.

* * * " Look on those lips,
Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness,
Chaste modest speech, stealing from out his heart,
Had wont to rest itself, as loath to post

From out so fair an inn: look! look! they seem to stir,
And breathe defiance to black obloquy."

The break of day.

* * * "See, the dapple grey coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoops,
And chase it through the sky."

The fool's beatitude.

"Even in that, note a fool's beatitude:
He is not capable of passion,
Wanting the power of distinction,
He bears an unturn'd sail with every wind:
Blow east, blow west, he steers his course alike.
I never saw a fool lean: the chub-fac'd fop
Shines sleek with full cramm'd fat of happiness,
Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wizards' cheeks: who making curious search
For Nature's secrets, the first innating cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes
When they will zany men. Had heaven been kind,
Creating me an honest senseless dolt,
A good poor fool, I should want sense to feel
The stings of anguish shoot through every vein;
I should not know what 'twere to lose a father:
I should be dead of sense, to view defame
Blur my bright love; I could not thus run mad,
As one confounded in a maze of mischief,
Stagger'd, stark fell'd with bruising stroke of chance."

The fancy is described to be

"A function,
Even of the bright immortal part of man.
It is the common pass, the sacred door
Unto the privy chamber of the soul,
That barr'd, nought passeth past the baser court
Of outward sense; by it, th' inamorate
Most lively thinks he sees the absent beauties
Of his lov'd mistress.
By it we shape a new creation,
Of things as yet unborn, by it we feed
Our ravenous memory, our intention feast."

XUM

The genius of Marston was more suited to tragedy, with which he commenced his dramatic career, than to comedy, to which he afterwards applied himself. There is a declamatory boldness of tone—a rugged strait forward vehemence of manner—a clearness and precision of thought, which, combined with some (though not a very considerable) degree of imagination, enabled him to depict the more masculine passions with no little success. In the portraiture of love, that passion which manifests itself in such an infinite variety of forms, his mind led him to select the coarsest kind, which he described with a corresponding coarseness of expression. In the delineation of its lighter graces, its more delicate indications, and its more retired sufferings, he is much less successful. The scene, for instance, between Antonio and Mellida, in the prison of the latter, appears to us to be a failure, although, at the same time, it contains two or three touches of true feeling. The character of Sophonisba is somewhat attractive—there is an innocent fearlessness and boldness in the avowal of her feelings towards Massinissa, though a want of delicacy in the expression; and a devoted grandeur of soul in the sacrifice of her life to preserve the honour of her husband; which must find favour with the reader. The execution of the portrait is, however, vastly inferior to the conception of it. The tender and confiding passion of Belinda for Freewill, in the *Dutch Courtezan,* in spite of appearances being against him, is a beautiful moral picture amidst grossness and deformity. The expedient of Dulcimel, in the *Parasitaster,* not only to deceive the doting old coxcomb her father, but to make him the unwitting messenger of her wishes, and the contriver of their gratification, is pleasantly managed. The same sort of contrivance is resorted to in Moliere's *L'Ecole des Femmes.*

The greater part of Marston's male characters, in his comedies, are of the description to which we have before alluded. There is a want of invention in his situations, and of variety in his humour. His mind was too stubborn and unbending to accommodate itself to the various follies of his time, and to assume their shape and bearing. With strong notions of moral rectitude, he had not the slightest toleration for deviations from them, and no other resource for correcting or reforming them than to apply his satirical lash, and then he was happy—for in this his power laid, and he felt that it did.

ART. VIII.—*The Sacred Theory of the Earth: containing an Account of the Original of the Earth, and of all the General Changes which it hath already undergone, or is to undergo, till the Consummation of all Things. The two first Books concerning the Deluge, and concerning Paradise. The two Last Books concerning the Burning of the World, and concerning the New Heavens and New Earth.* Folio, 1691.

WHERE WAST THOU WHEN I LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE EARTH? DECLARE, IF THOU HAST UNDERSTANDING, WHO LAID THE MEASURES THEREOF, IF THOU KNOWEST; OR WHO HATH STRETCHED THE LINE UPON IT? WHEREUPON ARE THE FOUNDATIONS THEREOF FASTENED, OR WHO LAID THE CORNER-STONE THEREOF? WHEN THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER, AND ALL THE SONS OF GOD SHOUTED FOR JOY.

It is something like these magnificent questions which this book undertakes to answer and explain; and though the investigations of succeeding philosophers may have proved the system, in which these answers are conveyed, incorrect in particulars and untenable as a whole, yet the undying and embalming charms which imagination, liveliness of fancy, and eloquence of diction can bestow, will ever preserve it for the entertainment and instruction of posterity. They, who are indifferent to science, will find, in this *Theory of the Earth*, a philosophical romance which delights by its admirable contrivances, its vigorous language, its noble descriptions of the stupendous objects of nature, its new views of ages and of scenes, which, though they never rolled over this habitable globe, easily might, and which if they did not, one cannot help wishing they had. All that is grand and awful in mundane commotions, in a deluge, or in a conflagration, of a world, is here described, by a pencil that puts the picture before the eyes. Those blissful ages, when storms and winds, and changes of seasons, were unknown in a globe of perpetual spring, when centuries were as years, and the human frame rejoiced in the purity and pellucidness of the atmosphere, which fed instead of corroding it, are here not only presented to the imagination, but almost proved to the understanding. And with a pen of equal power, are sketched the close of the world, the moment when the foundations of the earth sink, its joints and ligatures burst asunder, the mountains melt, and the sea is evaporated.

Our readers will probably remember, that this book called forth the admiration of Addison, and that he dedicated one of the Spectators to it, and wrote a Latin ode in its praise. The Theory itself was originally published in Latin, and the

present work is a translation, or rather a recomposition, written with great spirit, though in the opinion of some, the author felt more at home, and expressed his ideas with greater freedom and richness, in the dead language, than in his vernacular tongue. Such as it is, however, we are confident our readers will receive pleasure from the account of it, which we shall proceed to give, after having said a few words concerning the writer himself.

Dr. Burnet was the Master of the Charter House, and must be distinguished from the celebrated Bishop of that name, whose contemporary he was. He was educated at Cambridge, and became a fellow of Christ College in that University. In standing, he was a good deal junior to Dr. Cudworth, the master of that college, but soon became signally attached to him, and formed one of a very high, but singular band of philosophers, who illuminated Cambridge at that time, with More and Cudworth at their head. After travelling with, successively, the sons of two of the most considerable noblemen of the time, and being universally admired for the depth of his learning, and the ingenuity and polish of his conversation, he became settled as the Master of the Charter-House. In this retreat, he gave birth to some publications, which met with a bigoted interpretation from some quarters, and raised a most unjust clamour of infidelity against as pious and sincere a believer, as ever adorned the ranks of Christianity. This cry is said, however, to have lost him the See of Canterbury.—The act of his life, however, for which we, as Englishmen and freemen, owe him most gratitude, is the resistance, which, in his station of Master of the Charter-House, he made to James II., who was attempting to force an individual on that establishment, without taking the oaths of abjuration. In spite of considerable opposition, he effectually succeeded in excluding him, under circumstances which would have appalled or corrupted almost any other man of his rank and station. He thus gave the *first* example of resistance to the wild and arbitrary schemes of that infatuated monarch, and prepared the way for the happy deliverance from his tyrannical attempts which soon after took place. Dr. Burnet had the more merit in this adherence to the constitution, for he had been distinguished with considerable marks of favour by Charles II., and might have been supposed in his gratitude to have lost sight of the cause of freedom. But Dr. Burnet knew precisely where loyalty ended and servility began, and thus set an example to all men, who spend their time in the retreats of learning and science, not to forget the duties of the man and the citizen in the pursuits of the scholar. But to return to the *Theory of the Earth*, which is his chief and most remarkable work, and highly deserving of our attention, though the manner in which it has been handled by the scientific reader, who only looked for truth

and philosophy, and found what modern discoveries enabled him to refute, treated the theory with some mixture of contempt, has of late thrown it into unmerited neglect.

It would be impossible, in an article of this compass, to touch upon all the subjects which this book embraces, or even to trace the author through the general arguments which he has used in defence of his hypothesis; nor is it indeed necessary; for while we confess the ingenuity and plausibility of his reasoning, we are very far indeed from being believers in its truth, and will not spend any time and space in refuting exploded errors. We shall, however, give some account of the theory, which is not only curious in itself, but will enable the reader to relish the beauties of the extracts in a more complete and satisfactory manner. We do not in this case, as in many others, aim at superseding the necessity of perusing the original work; but, on the contrary, are most desirous that it should again become, as it was once, an object of general attraction to all those who love lively and ingenious reasoning. It is at present only to be found in an unwieldy form; but were it published in a cheaper and more commodious volume, we cannot but feel confident that its piety, its eloquence, and its imagination would place it as a classical book by the side of *Paley's Natural Theology*.

In this theory, Burnet begins by laying it down, that Chaos was a dark fluid mass, composed of a mixture of every substance in the earth, without form or order. This contained the materials and ingredients of all bodies, and was in fact the elements of Air, Water, and Earth mingled together, without any order of higher or lower, heavier or lighter. When gravity began to act, the first change that would happen would be, that the heaviest parts would sink towards the centre, and the rest would float above. These heavier parts would by degrees harden and consolidate, and thus make the central nut of the Earth. The rest of the mass would also be divided by the action of gravity, into two orders of bodies, the one consisting of all kinds of liquids, the other volatile, like air. Thus the liquid mass would form a broad ring, encircling the central nut of solid matter, and over that would be another more expansive ring of air. The liquid ring would form for itself, by the separation of the watery and the oily parts, a cream which would swim on its surface.—And in the vast tracts of air, an immense number of the more light and active particles of matter would be floating about, but would at length sink and form a sediment. This sediment falling upon the oily and creamy surface of the watery ring, would soon incorporate with it, harden, and form a solid crust. For these particles, at first scattered over regions of air, which of course filled the space that the Chaos had occupied, and would consequently be of great extent when they fell

together, and came to be collected and amassed, would constitute a body of a very considerable thickness and solidity. That part of the air which still remained volatile, would form the atmosphere, and the crust of which we have been speaking, the habitable surface of the globe, and the bed of vegetation.—So that the earth would be formed something like an egg, where the yolk corresponds to the central body, the exterior crust to the shell, and the abyss of liquid which lies beneath to the white. This is the mere skeleton of the theory. It would be impossible for us to do more, than to allude to the variety of arguments, and the crowds of authorities he brings to support every part of it. One grand convenience of this system is, that it renders the difficulties relating to the deluge of very easy solution, though it is very true that this is only shifting the burthen upon the hypothesis. It will be readily seen, that should the action of any causes whatever impair the exterior rind of the earth, and cause it to give way, itself and all upon it must be precipitated into the liquid ring beneath. And this Burnet supposes actually to have taken place at the deluge, in consequence of the combined effects of the water below the rind, which sucked and exuded through it, and the heat of the sun which broke it into clefts and fissures. It would be idle here to insist upon the objections to all this arrangement; it has been already done by Keil, in his answer to this book, and is repeatedly done by every geological writer, who thinks it worth his notice.—We will only say to Burnet, in his own words, "This is to cut the knot, when we cannot loose it. They shew us the naked arm of Omnipotency; such arguments as these come like lightning, one does not know what armour to put on against them, for they pierce the more, the more they are resisted: we will not therefore oppose any thing to them that is hard and stubborn, but by a soft answer deaden their force by degrees." We will now proceed to our extracts, and first for the dedication to the king, which, like all Burnet's writings, is a fine mixture of playfulness and magnificence. This is the commencement.

"Sir,—New-found lands and countries accrue to the Prince, whose subject makes the first discovery; and having retrieved a world that had been lost for some thousands of years, out of the memory of man and the records of time, I thought it my duty to lay it at your Majesty's feet. It will not enlarge your dominions, it is past and gone; nor dare I say it will enlarge your thoughts; but I hope it may gratify your princely curiosity to read the description of it, and see the fate that attended it.

"We have still the broken materials of the first world, and walk upon its ruins; while it stood, there was the seat of Paradise, and the scenes of the golden age; when it fell, it made the deluge; and this unshapen earth we now inhabit, is the form it was found in when the

waters had retired and the dry land appeared. These things, Sir, I propose and presume to prove in the following treatise, which I willingly submit to your Majesty's judgement and censure; being very well satisfied, that if I had sought a patron in all the list of kings, your contemporaries, or in the roll of your nobles of either order, I could not have found a more competent judge in a speculation of this nature. Your Majesty's sagacity, and happy genius for natural history, for observations and remarks upon the earth, the heavens, and the sea, is a better preparation for inquiries of this kind, than all the dead learning of the schools."

But to come to the book itself. In this pleasing passage, the author betrays the peculiar disposition, which led him to spend his thoughts upon the early times of the world, to trace its birth, to watch its infancy. He has a parental feeling for the globe, and after the formation of his theory, always, we doubt not, viewed it with somewhat of the tender feelings of a father.

"Neither is it perhaps such an intricate thing as we imagine at first sight, to trace a Chaos into an habitable world; at least there is a particular pleasure to see things in their origin, and by what degrees and successive changes they rise into that order and state we see them in afterwards, when completed. I am sure, if ever we would view the paths of divine wisdom, in the works and in the conduct of nature, we must not only consider how things are, but how they came to be so. It is pleasant to look upon a tree in the summer, covered with its green leaves, decked with blossoms, or laden with fruit, and casting a pleasing shade under its spreading boughs; but to consider how this tree, with all its furniture, sprang from a little seed; how nature shaped it, and fed it, in its infancy and growth; added new parts, and still advanced it by little and little, 'till it came to this greatness and perfection; this, methinks, is another sort of pleasure, more rational, less common, and which is properly the contemplation of divine wisdom in the works of nature. So to view this earth, and this sublunary world, as it is now, complete, distinguished into the several orders of bodies of which it consists, every one perfect and admirable in its kind; this is truly delightful, and a very good entertainment of the mind: but to see all these in their first seeds, as I may so say; to take in pieces this frame of nature, and melt it down into its first principles; and then to observe how the divine wisdom wrought all these things out of confusion into order, and out of simplicity into that beautiful composition we now see them in; this, methinks, is another kind of joy, which pierceth the mind more deep, and is more satisfactory."

From the sketch we have given of the theory, it will be seen that it naturally follows, that the earth was plane and even; that there were no mountains, and no vast extents of water; such streams as did exist were made by a particular contrivance,

XUM

which shall be mentioned afterwards. He thus rejoices in the planeness and uniformity of the world he has just created, and quite chuckles over the facility with which, by its means, he can explain the deluge.

"In this smooth earth were the first scenes of the world, and the first generations of mankind; it had the beauty of youth and blooming nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a wrinkle, scar, or fracture in all its body; no rocks nor mountains, no hollow caves, nor gaping channels, but even and uniform all over. And the smoothness of the earth made the face of the heavens so too; the air was calm and serene; none of those tumultuary motions and conflicts of vapours, which the mountains and the winds cause in ours. 'Twas suited to a golden age, and to the first innocency of nature.

"All this you'll say is well, we are got into a pleasant world indeed, but what's this to the purpose? What appearance of a deluge here, where there is not so much as a sea, nor half so much water as we have in this earth? Or what appearance of mountains or caverns, or other irregularities of the earth, where all is level and united; so that instead of loosing the knot, this ties it the harder. You pretend to show us how the deluge was made, and you lock up all the waters within the womb of the earth, and set bars and doors, and a wall of impenetrable strength and thickness, to keep them there. And you pretend to show us the original of rocks and mountains, and caverns of the earth, and bring us to a wide and endless plain, smooth as the calm sea.

"This is all true, and yet we are not so far from the sight and discovery of those things as you imagine, draw but the curtain, and these scenes will appear, or something very like them."

He soon draws the curtain, and shews a sublime scene. The mode in which the deluge took place, is thus described:

"When the exterior earth was broke, and fell into the abyss, a good part of it was covered with water by the mere depth of the abyss it fell into, and those parts of it that were higher than the abyss was deep, and consequently would stand above it in a calm water, were notwithstanding reached and overtopped by the waves, during the agitation and violent commotion of the abyss. For it is not imaginable what the commotion of the abyss would be upon this dissolution of the earth, nor to what height its waves would be thrown when those prodigious fragments were tumbled down into it. Suppose a stone of ten thousand weight taken up into the air a mile or two, and then let fall into the middle of the ocean, I do not believe but that the dashing of the water upon that impression, would rise as high as a mountain. But suppose a mighty rock, or heap of rocks, to fall from that height, or a great island, or a great continent, these would expel the waters out of their places, with such a force and violence, as to fling them among the highest clouds.

"It is incredible to what height sometimes great stones and cinders will be thrown, at the eruptions of fiery mountains; and the

pressure of a great mass of earth falling into the abyss, though it be a force of another kind, could not but impel the water with so much strength, as would carry it up to a great height in the air; and to the top of any thing that lay in its way, any eminency, or high fragment whatsoever: and then rolling back again, it would sweep down with it whatsoever it rushed upon, woods, buildings, living creatures, and carry them all headlong into the great gulf. Sometimes a mass of water would be quite struck off and separate from the rest, and tossed through the air like a flying river; but the common motion of the waves was to climb up the hills, or inclined fragments, and then return into the vallies and deeps again, with a perpetual fluctuation going and coming, ascending and descending, till the violence of them being spent by degrees, they settled at last in the places allotted for them; where *bounds are set that they cannot pass over, that they return not again to cover the earth.*

"Neither is it to be wondered, that the great tumult of the waters, and the extremity of the deluge, lasted for some months; for besides, that the first shock and commotion of the abyss was extremely violent, from the general fall of the earth, there were ever and anon some secondary ruins, or some parts of the great ruin, that were not well settled, broke again, and made new commotions: and it was a considerable time before the great fragments that fell, and their lesser dependencies, could be so adjusted and fitted, as to rest in a firm and immoveable posture: for the props and stays whereby they leaned one upon another, or upon the bottom of the abyss, often failed, either by the incumbent weight, or the violent impulses of the water against them; and so renewed, or continued the disorder and confusion of the abyss. Besides, we are to observe, that these great fragments falling hollow, they enclosed and bore down with them under their concave surface a great deal of air; and while the water compassed these fragments, and overflowed them, the air could not readily get out of those prisons, but by degrees, as the earth and water above would give way; so as this would also hinder the settlement of the abyss, and the retiring of the water into those subterraneous channels, for some time. But at length, when this air had found a vent, and left its place to the water, and the ruins, both primary and secondary, were settled and fixed, then the waters of the abyss began to settle too, and the dry land to appear; first, the tops of the mountains, then the high grounds, then the plains, and the rest of the earth. And this gradual subsidency of the abyss (which Moses also hath particularly noted) and discovery of the several parts of the earth, would also take up a considerable time.

"Thus a new world appeared, or the earth put on its new form, and became divided into sea and land; and the abyss, which from several ages, even from the beginning of the world, had lain hid in the womb of the earth, was brought to light and discovered; the greatest part of it constituting our present ocean, and the rest filling the lower cavities of the earth: upon the land appeared the mountains and the hills, and the islands in the sea, and the rocks upon the shore. And so the Divine Providence, having prepared Nature for so great a

change, at one stroke dissolved the frame of the old world, and made us a new one out of its ruins, which we now inhabit since the deluge."

In another chapter he dwells upon the subject with still greater sublimity.

"Thus the flood came to its height; and it is not easy to represent to ourselves this strange scene of things, when the deluge was in its fury and extremity; when the earth was broken and swallowed up in the abyss, whose raging waters rose higher than the mountains, and filled the air with broken waves, with an universal mist, and with thick darkness, so as nature seemed to be in a second chaos; and upon this chaos rid the distressed ark, that bore the small remains of mankind. No sea was ever so tumultuous as this, nor is there any thing in present nature to be compared with the disorder of these waters; all the poetry, and all the hyperboles that are used in the description of storms and raging seas, were literally true in this, if not beneath it. The ark was really carried to the tops of the highest mountains, and into the places of the clouds, and thrown down again into the deepest gulphs; and to this very state of the deluge and of the ark, which was a type of the church in this world, David seems to have alluded in the name of the church, (Psal. xlii. 7.) 'Abyss calls upon abyss at the noise of thy cataracts or water-spouts; all thy waves and billows have gone over me.' It was no doubt an extraordinary and miraculous Providence, that could make a vessel so ill manned, live upon such a sea; that kept it from being dashed against the hills, or overwhelmed in the deeps. That abyss which had devoured and swallowed up whole forests of woods, cities, and provinces, nay the whole earth, when it had conquered all, and triumphed over all, could not destroy this single ship. I remember in the story of the Argonautics, (*Dion. Argonaut. l. i. v.* 47.) when Jason set out to fetch the golden fleece, the poet saith, all the Gods that day looked down from heaven to view the ship, and the nymphs stood upon the mountain-tops to see the noble youth of Thessaly pulling at the oars; we may with more reason suppose the good angels to have looked down upon this ship of Noah's; and that not out of curiosity, as idle spectators, but with a passionate concern for its safety and deliverance. A ship, whose cargo was no less than a whole world; that carried the fortune and hopes of all posterity, and if this had perished, the earth, for any thing we know, had been nothing but a desert, a great ruin, a dead heap of rubbish, from the deluge to the conflagration. But death and hell, the grave and destruction, have their bounds."

Our author, of course, attempts to shew that the present appearance of the earth confirms his theory, and indeed that it is the only mode of explaining its irregular surface and confused arrangement. This is very artfully and eloquently attempted in the following passage.

"Orators and philosophers treat nature after a very different manner; those represent her with all her graces and ornaments, and if

there be any thing that is not capable of that, they dissemble it, or pass it over slightly. But philosophers view nature with a more impartial eye, and without favour or prejudice give a just and free account, how they find all the parts of the universe, some more, some less perfect. And as to this earth in particular, if I was to describe it as an orator, I would suppose it a beautiful and regular globe; and not only so, but that the whole universe was made for its sake; that it was the darling and favourite of heaven; that the sun shined only to give it light, to ripen its fruit, and make fresh its flowers; and that the great concave of the firmament, and all the stars in their several orbs, were designed only for a spangled cabinet to keep this jewel in. This idea I would give of it as an orator; but a philosopher that overheard me, would either think me in jest, or very injudicious, if I took the earth for a body so regular in itself, or so considerable, if compared with the rest of the universe. This, he would say, is to make the great world like one of the heathen temples, a beautiful and magnificent structure, and of the richest materials, yet built only for a little brute idol, a dog, or a crocodile, or some deformed creature, placed in a corner of it.

"We must therefore be impartial where the truth requires it, and describe the earth as it is really in itself; and though it be handsome and regular enough to the eye in certain parts of it, single tracks and single regions; yet if we consider the whole surface of it, or the whole exterior region, it is as a broken and confused heap of bodies, placed in no order to one another, nor with any correspondency or regularity of parts: and such a body as the moon appears to us, when it is looked upon with a good glass, rude and ragged; as it is also represented in the modern maps of the moon; such a thing would the earth appear if it was seen from the moon. They are both in my judgement the image or picture of a great ruin, and have the true aspect of a world lying in its rubbish.

"Our earth is first divided into sea and land, without any regularity in the portions, either of the one or the other; in the sea lie the islands, scattered like limbs torn from the rest of the body; great rocks stand reared up in the waters; the promontories and capes shoot into the sea, and the sinus's and creeks on the other hand run as much into the land; and these without any order or uniformity. Upon the other part of our globe stand great heaps of earth or stone, which we call mountains; and if these were all placed together, they would take up a very considerable part of the dry land; in the rest of it are lesser hills, valleys, plains, lakes and marshes, sands and deserts, &c. and these also without any regular disposition. Then the inside of the earth, or inward parts of it, are generally broken or hollow, especially about the mountains and high lands, as also towards the shores of the sea, and among the rocks. How many holes and caverns, and strange subterraneous passages, do we see in many countries? And how many more may we easily imagine, that are unknown and unaccessible to us?

"This is the pourtraiture of our earth, drawn without flattery; and as oddly as it looks, it will not be at all surprising to one that hath considered the foregoing theory."

Burnet was no lover of the picturesque when it stood in the way of his philosophy, but he often betrays his real relish for it by the delight with which he dwells upon its wayward and irregular form. With what joy does he seem to grope his way through the dark recesses of the earth; its deep caves, and secret passages; its burrows, channels, clefts, and caverns, that never felt the comfort of one beam of light since the creation. A fret-worked grotto is a hermitage, to his mind, and he seems to think, there are no palaces like the glassy halls of the Nereids and Sea-maids, in the depths of the ocean:

"It would be very pleasant to read good descriptions of these subterraneous places, and of all the strange works of Nature there; how she furnisheth these dark neglected grottos; they have often a little brook runs murmuring through them, and the roof is commonly a kind of petrified earth or icy fret-work; proper enough for such rooms. But I should be pleased especially to view the sea-caves, or those hollow rocks that lie upon the sea, where the waves roll in a great way under ground, and wear the hard rock into as many odd shapes and figures as we see in the clouds. It is pleasant also to see a river, in the middle of its course, throw itself into the mouth of a cave, or an opening of the earth, and run under ground sometimes many miles; still pursuing its way through the dark pipes of the earth, till at last it find an outlet. There are many of these rivers taken notice of in history, in the several parts of the earth, as the Rhone in France, Guadiana in Spain, and several in Greece; Alpheus, Lycus, and Eracinus; then Niger in Africa, Tigris in Asia, &c. And I believe if we could turn Derwent, or any other river into one of the holes of the Peak, it would grope its way till it found an issue, it may be, in some other country. These subterraneous rivers that emerge again, shew us, that the holes of the earth are longer, and reach farther than we imagine, and if we could see into the ground, as we ride or walk, we should be affrighted to see so often waters or caverns under us."

Again:

"And thus much in general concerning subterraneous cavities, and concerning the hollow and broken frame of the earth. If I had now magic enough to show you at one view all the inside of the earth, which we have imperfectly described; if we could go under the roots of the mountains, and into the sides of the broken rocks; or could dive into the earth, with one of those rivers that sink under ground, and follow its course and all its windings till it rise again, or led us to the sea, we should have a much stronger and more effectual idea of the broken form of the earth, than any we can excite by these faint descriptions collected from reason. The Ancients, I remember, used to represent these hollow caves and subterraneous regions, in the nature of a World under-ground, and supposed it inhabited by the Nymphs, especially the Nymphs of the waters and the Sea-Goddesses: So Orpheus sung of old; and, in imitation of him, Virgil

hath made a description of those regions; feigning the nymph Cyrene, to send for her son to come down to her, and make her a visit in those shades where mortals were not admitted.

> Come lead the youth below, bring him to me,
> The Gods are pleas'd our mansions he should see;
> Straight she commands the floods to make him way,
> They open their wide bosom and obey;
> Soft is the path, and easy is his tread,
> A wat'ry arch bends o'er his dewy head;
> And as he goes, he wonders and looks round,
> To see this new-found kingdom under ground.
> The silent lakes in hollow caves he sees,
> And on their banks an echoing grove of trees;
> The fall of waters 'mongst the rocks below
> He hears, and sees the rivers how they flow:
> All the great rivers of the earth are there,
> Prepar'd, as in a womb, by Nature's care.
> Last, to his mother's bed-chamber he's brought,
> Where the high roof with pumice-stone is wrought, &c."
>
> *Virgil.*

It is a principal object with our author to prove the world as it at present exists—a mere heap of ruins. For this purpose he examines the different parts of its surface with much liveliness and ingenuity, and sometimes ascends into sublimity.

Of the ocean, he says—

"That vast and prodigious cavity that runs quite round the globe, and reacheth, for ought we know, from pole to pole, and in many places is unsearchably deep. When I present this great gulph to my imagination, emptied of all its waters, naked and gaping at the sun, stretching its jaws from one end of the earth to another, it appears to me the most ghastly thing in nature. What hands or instruments could work a trench in the body of the earth of this vastness, and lay mountains and rocks on the side of it, as ramparts to enclose it?"

Again—

"The shores and coasts of the sea are no way equal or uniform, but go in a line uncertainly crooked and broke; indented and jagged as a thing torn, as you may see in the maps of the coasts and the sea-charts; and yet there are innumerable more inequalities than are taken notice of in those draughts; for they only mark the greater promontories and bays; but there are besides those, a multitude of creeks and outlets, necks of land and angles, which break the evenness of the shore in all manner of ways. Then the height and level of the shore is as uncertain as the line of it; it is sometimes high and sometimes low, sometimes spread in sandy plains, as smooth as the sea itself, and of such an equal height with it, that the waves seem to have no

bounds, but the mere figure and convexity of the globe; in other places it is raised into banks and ramparts of earth, and in others it is walled in with rocks; and all this without any order that we can observe, or any other reason than that this is what might be expected in a ruin.

"As to the depth and soundings of the sea, they are under no rule nor equality, any more than the figures of the shores; shallows in some places, and gulphs in others; beds of sands sometimes, and sometimes rocks under water; as navigators have learned by a long and dangerous experience. And though we that are upon dry land, are not much concerned how the rocks and shelves lie in the sea, yet a poor shipwrecked mariner, when he hath run his vessel upon a rock in the middle of the channel, expostulates bitterly with nature, who it was that placed that rock there, and to what purpose? Was there not room enough, saith he, upon the land, or the shore, to lay your great stones, but they must be thrown into the middle of the sea, as it were in spite to navigation? The best apology that can be made for nature in this case, so far as I know, is to confess, that the whole business of the sea-channel is but a ruin, and in a ruin things tumble uncertainly, and commonly lie in confusion."

Again he speaks finely of the ocean when dried up, a spectre which seems to have haunted his imagination.

"But if we should suppose the ocean dry, and that we looked down from the top of some high cloud upon the empty shell, how horridly and barbarously would it look? And with what amazement should we see it under us like an open hell, or a wide bottomless pit? So deep, and hollow, and vast; so broken and confused, so every way deformed and monstrous. This would effectually awaken our imagination, and make us inquire and wonder how such a thing came in nature; from what causes, by what force or engines, could the earth be torn in this prodigious manner? Did they dig the sea with spades, and carry out the moulds in hand-baskets? Where are the entrails laid? And how did they cleave the rocks asunder? If as many pioneers as the army of Xerxes, had been at work ever since the beginning of the world, they could not have made a ditch of this greatness. According to the proportions taken before in the second chapter, the cavity or capacity of the sea-channel will amount to no less than 4639090 cubical miles. Nor is it the greatness only, but that wild and multifarious confusion which we see in the parts and fashion of it, that makes it strange and unaccountable; it is another chaos in its kind; who can paint the scenes of it? Gulphs, and precipices, and cataracts; pits within pits, and rocks under rocks, broken mountains and ragged islands, that look as if they had been countries pulled up by the roots, and planted in the sea."

He next proceeds to the mountains; the chapter on this subject opens solemnly and beautifully.

"We have been in the hollows of the earth, and the chambers of the deep, amongst the damps and steams of those lower regions; let us now go air ourselves on the tops of the mountains, where we shall

have a more free and large horizon, and quite another face of things will present itself to our observation.

"The greatest objects of nature are, methinks, the most pleasing to behold; and next to the great concave of the heavens, and those boundless regions where the stars inhabit, there is nothing that I look upon with more pleasure than the wide sea and the mountains of the earth. There is something august and stately in the air of these things, that inspires the mind with great thoughts and passions; we do naturally, upon such occasions, think of God and his greatness: and whatsoever hath but the shadow and appearance of INFINITE, as all things have that are too big for our comprehension, they fill and over-bear the mind with their excess, and cast it into a pleasing kind of stupor and admiration.

"And yet these mountains we are speaking of, to confess the truth, are nothing but great ruins; but such as show a certain magnificence in nature; as from old temples and broken amphitheatres of the Romans we collect the greatness of that people. But the grandeur of a nation is less sensible to those that never see the remains and monuments they have left, and those who never see the mountainous parts of the earth, scarce ever reflect upon the causes of them, or what power in nature could be sufficient to produce them.

* * * * *

"There is nothing doth more awaken our thoughts or excite our minds to inquire into the causes of such things, than the actual view of them; as I have had experience myself, when it was my fortune to cross the Alps and Apennine mountains; for the sight of those wild, vast, and indigested heaps of stones and earth, did so deeply strike my fancy, that I was not easy till I could give myself some tolerable account how that confusion came in nature."

He is very indignant at the notion which had been started, that the mountains of the earth had been caused by earthquakes in former ages, of which no record remains.

"Besides, when were these great earthquakes and disruptions, that did such great execution upon the body of the earth? was this before the flood or since? If before, then the old difficulty returns, how could there be a flood, if the earth was in this mountainous form before that time? This, I think, is demonstrated impossible in the second and third chapters. If since the flood, where were the waters of the earth before these earthquakes made a channel for them? Besides, where is the history or tradition that speaks of these strange things, and of this great change of the earth? hath any writ of the origin of the Alps? In what year of Rome, or what Olympiad, they were born? or how they grew from little ones? how the earth groaned when it brought them forth, when its bowels were torn by the ragged rocks? Do the chronicles of the nations mention these things, or ancient fame, or ancient fables? were they made all at once, or in successive ages? These causes continue still in nature; we have still earthquakes and subterraneous fires and waters, why should they not

still operate and have the same effects? We often hear of cities thrown down by earthquakes, or countries swallowed up, but whoever heard of a new chain of mountains made upon the earth, or a new channel made for the ocean? We do not read that there hath been so much as a new sinus of the sea ever since the memory of man; which is far more sensible than what they pretend. And things of this nature being both strange and sensible, excite admiration and great attention when they come to pass, and would certainly have been remembered or propagated in some way or other, if they had ever happened since the deluge. They have recorded the foundation of cities and monarchies, the appearance of blazing-stars, the eruptions of fiery mountains, the most remarkable earthquakes and inundations, the great eclipses or obscurations of the sun, and any thing that looked strange or prodigy-like, whether in the heavens or on earth, and these which would have been the greatest prodigies and greatest changes that ever happened in nature, would these have escaped all observation and memory of men? that's as incredible as the things themselves are."

It is an additional characteristic of the ancient world, according to the theory of Burnet, that the equator coincided with the ecliptic, and that the present inclination of these two orbits was caused by the commotions of the deluge. Consequently, in the primeval ages, there was no change of seasons, and a perpetual equinox to all the world. All parts of the year had one and the same face and temperament: there was no winter and summer, no seed-time nor harvest, but a constant temperature of the air and verdure of the earth. "Nor is there," says Burnet, "any wonder in the thing, the wonder is rather on our side, that the earth should stand and continue in the forced posture wherein it is now spinning yearly about an axis that doth not belong to the orbit of its motion; this, I say, is more strange, than that it once stood in a posture that was straight and regular; as we more justly admire the tower at Pisa, that stands crooked, than twenty other straight towers that are much higher." Hence it would appear, that the whole earth was a paradise, and that our first parents were placed in a particular part of it, more highly favoured than any other. In arranging this paradise, and disposing of the progenitors of mankind, Dr. Burnet seems to have been most puzzled by the scarcity of water. He could procure them every thing in profusion except water. This obstacle is overcome with his usual ingenuity. The constant proximity of the sun would make the torrid zone uninhabitable, while the poles would, in a great measure, be deprived of its genial rays. These two circumstances combined would drive the vapours and moisture, from the central parts of the earth, to the extremities, where they would be condensed, descend in rain, and form themselves into streams, which, owing to the

shape of the globe, would flow down to the equator, and gradually branch off and diminish till they approached it, where the power of the sun would again draw them up, again to be condensed, and again to flow from the regions of the poles. The beauty and serenity of this paradisiacal atmosphere would be exceedingly genial to the human frame, and readily gives a solution to the difficulty attached to the longevity of the antediluvians. The whole of this part is laboured with great care, and is perhaps the most curious portion of the book. We cannot, however, afford to go into it. One single view of the question we will extract, because it is short, and has the air of novelty.

"We are now so used to a short life, and to drop away after threescore or fourscore years, that when we compare our lives with those of the ante-diluvians, we think the wonder lies wholly on their side, why they lived so long; and so it doth, popularly speaking; but if we speak philosophically, the wonder lies rather on our side, why we live so little, or so short a time: for seeing our bodies are such machines as have a faculty of nourishing themselves, that is, of repairing their lost or decayed parts, so long as they have good nourishment to make use of, why should they not continue in good plight, and always the same? as a flame does, so long as it is supplied with fewel? And that we may the better see on whether side the wonder lies, and from what causes it proceeds, we will propose this problem to be examined, Why the frame or machine of an human body, or of another animal, having that construction of parts and those faculties which it hath, lasts so short a time? And though it fall into no disease, nor have any unnatural accident, within the space of eighty years, more or less, fatally and inevitably decays, dies and perisheth?

"That the state and difficulty of this question may the better appear, let us consider a man in the prime and vigour of his life, at the age of twenty or twenty-four years, of an healthful constitution, and all his vitals sound; let him be nourished with good food, use due exercise, and govern himself with moderation in all other things; the question is, why this body should not continue in the same plight, and in the same strength, for some ages? or, at least, why it should decay so soon, and so fast as we see it does? We do not wonder at things that happen daily, though the causes of them be never so hard to find out; we contract a certain familiarity with common events, and fancy we know as much of them as can be known, though in reality we know nothing of them but matter of fact; which the vulgar knows as well as the wise or the learned. We see daily instances of the shortness of man's life, how soon his race is run, and we do not wonder at it, because 'tis common; yet if we examine the composition of the body, it will be very hard to find any good reasons why the frame of it should decay so soon."

This part of the theory of the earth, which relates to its

creation, the deluge, and paradise, winds up with two fine chapters on the Author of Nature and Natural Providence. The littleness of man, when compared with the great Author of Nature, was never set forth with greater force than by Burnet. We would not wish to read the presumptuous and arrogant man a better lesson than these passages :

" We must not by any means admit or imagine, that all nature, and this great universe, was made only for the sake of man, the meanest of all intelligent creatures that we know of; nor that this little planet where we sojourn for a few days, is the only habitable part of the universe; these are thoughts so groundless and unreasonable in themselves, and also so derogatory to the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness of the first cause, that as they are absurd in reason, so they deserve far better to be marked and censured for heresies in religion, than many opinions that have been censured for such, in former ages. How is it possible, that it should enter into the thoughts of vain man, to believe himself the principal part of God's creation; or that all the rest was ordained for him, for his service or pleasure? Man, whose follies we laugh at every day, or else complain of them ; whose pleasures are vanity, and his passions stronger than his reason; who sees himself every way weak and impotent, hath no power over external nature, little over himself; cannot execute so much as his own good resolutions; mutable, irregular, prone to evil. Surely, if we made the least reflection upon ourselves with impartiality, we should be ashamed of such an arrogant thought. How few of these sons of men, for whom, they say, all things were made, are the sons of wisdom? how few find the paths of life? They spend a few days in folly and sin, and then go down to the regions of death and misery. And is it possible to believe, that all nature, and all Providence, are only, or principally, for their sake? Is it not a more reasonable character or conclusion which the prophet hath made, Surely every man is vanity? Man that comes into the world at the pleasure of another, and goes out by an hundred accidents; his birth and education generally determine his fate here, and neither of those are in his own power; his wit also is as uncertain as his fortune; he hath not the moulding of his own brain, however a knock on the head makes him a fool, stupid as the beasts of the field; and a little excess of passion or melancholy makes him worse, mad and frantic. In his best senses he is shallow, and of little understanding; and in nothing more blind and ignorant than in things sacred and divine; he falls down before a stock or a stone, and says, Thou art my God; he can believe nonsense and contradictions, and make it his religion to do so. And is this the great creature which God hath made by the might of his power, and for the honour of his majesty? upon whom all things must wait, to whom all things must be subservient? Methinks, we have noted weaknesses and follies enough in the nature of man ; this need not be added as the top and accomplishment, that with all these he is so vain as to think that all the rest of the world was made for his sake.

" And as due humility and the consideration of our own mean-

ness ought to secure us from any such vain opinion of ourselves, so the perfection of other beings ought to give us more respect and honour for them. With what face can we pretend, that creatures far superior to us, and more excellent both in nature and condition, should be made for our sake and service? How preposterous would it be to ascribe such a thing to our Maker, and how intolerable a vanity in us to affect it? We that are next to the brutes that perish, by a sacrilegious attempt would make ourselves more considerable than the highest dignities. It is thought to have been the crime of Lucifer, who was thrown down from heaven to hell, that he affected an equality with the Almighty; and to affect, to be next to the Almighty, is a crime next to that. We have no reason to believe but that there are, at least, many orders of beings above us, as there are ranks of creatures below us; there is a greater distance sure betwixt us and God Almighty, than there is betwixt us and the meanest worm; and yet we should take it very ill, if the worms of the earth should pretend that we were made for them. But to pass from the invisible world, to the visible and corporeal——

"Was that made only for our sake? King David was more wise, and more just both to God and man, in his eighth psalm; where he says, He wonders, when he considers the heavens, that the Maker of them could think on man. He truly supposes the celestial bodies, and the inhabitants of them, much more considerable than we are, and reckons up only terrestrial things as put in subjection to man. Can we then be so fond as to imagine all the corporeal universe made for our use? It is not the millioneth part of it that is known to us, much less useful; we can neither reach with our eye, nor our imagination, those armies of stars that lie far and deep in the boundless heavens. If we take a good glass, we discover innumerably more stars in the firmament than we can with our single eye; and yet, if you take a second glass, better than the first, that carries the sight to a greater distance, you see more still lying beyond the other; and a third glass, that pierceth further, still makes new discoveries of stars; and so forwards, indefinitely and inexhaustedly for any thing we know, according to the immensity of the divine nature and power. Who can reckon up the stars of the galaxy, or direct us in the use of them? and can we believe thatthose and all the rest were made for us? Of those few stars that we enjoy, or that are visible to the eye, there is not a tenth part that is really useful to man; and no doubt if the principal end of them had been our pleasure or conveniency, they would have been put in some better order in respect of the earth. They lie carelessly scattered, as if they had been sown in the heaven, like seed, by handfuls; and not by a skilful hand neither. What a beautiful hemisphere they would have made, if they had been placed in rank and order; if they had been all disposed into regular figures, and the little ones set with due regard to the greater, then all finished and made up into one fair piece or great composition, according to the rules of art and symmetry. What a surprising beauty this would have been to the inhabitants of the earth? What a lovely roof to our little world? This indeed might have given one some temptation to have thought that they had been all

made for us; but, lest any such vain imagination should now enter into our thoughts, Providence (besides more important reasons) seems on purpose to have left them under that negligence or disorder, which they appear unto us."

So much for the past: the remaining part of the book, which was a posterior publication, is occupied with anticipations of the future, the conflagration, and the millennium. In bringing these great events about, the theorist deals less in natural causes, and more frequently introduces the immediate agency of the Deity, and relies chiefly for his proofs upon prophecy and revelation, without attempting much confirmation from the world itself. The whole of this part of the work is composed with sublime views, and in a strain of delightful hope and confidence, which no one can join in without feeling himself a purer and a happier being, and more worthy of appearing on that great day, *when the Lord shall come with fire, and with his chariots, like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with flames of fire.* As the beauty of this book rather arises from the propriety and aptness of its appeals to Scripture, and from the spirit of the whole, it affords fewer passages for quotation. Some there are of great magnificence. We have as yet quoted none which can be compared with the grandeur of the following, which Addison calls a funeral sermon over the world.

"But 'tis not possible, from any station, to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth; for 'tis a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke, while it is consecrating, and none can enter into it. But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, and have a full view of it, in all its parts, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself. For fire and darkness are the two chief things by which that state, or that place, uses to be described; and they are both here mingled together, with all other ingredients that make that tophet that is prepared of old, (*Isa.* xxx.) Here are lakes of fire and brimstone; rivers of melted glowing matter; ten thousand volcanos vomiting flames all at once; thick darkness, and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes; mountains of earth thrown up into the air, and the heavens dropping down in lumps of fire. These things will all be literally true concerning that day, and that state of the earth. And if we suppose Beelzebub, and his apostate crew, in the midst of this fiery furnace, (and I know not where they can be else,) it will be hard to find any part of the universe, or any state of things, that answers to so many of the properties and characters of hell, as this which is now before us.

"But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath got an entire victory over all other bodies, and subdued every thing to

itself; the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth: For, when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor, like molten glass or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance every where from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world; how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Shew me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous: she glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is no where found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder, towards the north, stood the Riphæan hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. (*Rev.* xv. 3.) Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. Hallelujah."

If it be true, and we cannot doubt it, that the composition of this work filled the author with thoughts like the following, we hope it will be considered an additional reason for the perusal of it, and some recommendation and excuse for the length of this article.

"We dote upon this present world and the enjoyments of it: and it is not without pain, and fear, and reluctancy, that we are torn

from them, as if our hopes lay all within the compass of this life. Yet, I know not by what good fate my thoughts have been always fixed upon things to come, more than upon things present. These, I know, by certain experience, to be but trifles; and if there be nothing more considerable to come, the whole being of man is no better than a trifle. But there is room enough before us in that we call eternity, for great and noble scenes; and the mind of man feels itself lessened and straitened in this low and narrow state; wishes and waits to see something greater. And if it could discern another world a coming, on this side eternal life; a beginning glory, the best that earth can bear, it would be a kind of immortality to enjoy that prospect beforehand; to see, when this theatre is dissolved, where we shall act next, and what parts. What saints and heroes, if I may so say, will appear upon that stage; and with what lustre and excellency. How easy would it be, under a view of these futurities, to despise the little pomps and honours, and the momentary pleasures of a mortal life?"

What a glorious old age must that have been, which spent itself in the contemplation of the scenes which are set forth in this volume! What a preparation for leaving this world and entering on another, were these speculations upon all that has passed, and all that is to come, upon all that is stupendous in the Omnipotence of the Creator, and beautiful in his works! With what a placid composure would that man meet his end, whose last years had admitted him a spectator of the world in its birth, and whose last thoughts shot far into the depths of futurity, and beheld the time with rapture *when God shall dwell with his people, and shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.*

ART. IX.—*Letters of Sir Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, and Lord High Chancellor of England.* 4*to.* 1702. *folio* 1740. 8*vo.* 1819.

There is a considerable difference between books which are accessible to the hand, and those which are accessible to the mind. The mere body, that is, the print and paper of a book may be cheap and common as the air, while its contents, *i. e.* the soul, is very scarce, and only to be procured by great labour and research. We wish our readers to bear this distinction in mind, and not run away with a very idle error; that because a book happens to be in most libraries, in most bookshops, and is to be acquired by no great expenditure of the

purse, that it is unfit for our purposes. This is so far from being true, that we maintain, that in many instances the commonest books are the least known, and we could point out numerous instances of works, which, though in every body's hands, are in the minds of very few. The *Letters of Lord Bacon* nearly fill two bulky octavo volumes: they chiefly relate to matters of business, suits at law, cases of treason, the king's revenue, private advice to him and his favourite Buckingham, with numerous applications for advancement and consideration, both in his rise, during his elevation as chancellor, and after his fall; and are written in the style of the age, full, formal, and ponderous, but dignified, stately, and pregnant with images and allusions. Being, however, on the whole, little more amusing than state-papers, and rather adapted to the purposes of the historian than the general reader, we propose sifting out of them the fragments of gold which they contain, and thus, as usual, save the labour and time of those who wish for a royal road to knowledge. We have, moreover, a farther end in view. These letters are the most authentic materials for ascertaining the real character of this mighty man, concerning which, so many various opinions have been held, and which, to say the truth, presents so many various and contradictory views to the observer. To the discussion of the moral as well as intellectual character of this illustrious ornament of our country, we intend to devote some pages in a future number, and we consider that the body of extracts which we shall select in the present article, will form an excellent ground-work, and furnish apt materials for constructing a fair and equitable judgement of his virtues, his weakness, and his strength. The articles which we have as yet introduced on the *Works of Bacon,* were intended as an analysis of some of his greatest efforts, rather than a philosophical appreciation of his merits; rather as a stepping-stone to the student, than a broad and expansive view of all he did, all he caused to be done—the darkness in which he rose, the light which he beamed forth—the streams which flowed from his source—the extent of his capacity, the fertility of his genius, the elevation or the depression of his sentiments, the height, depth, and magnitude, of his invention. This must be the theme of a future paper. We turn at present to the compilation of the scattered passages which we find in his letters, and only premise that we shall bind ourselves by no arrangement, chronological or systematical, but introduce them as we happen to think of them, or turn to them. To some of our readers, we hope to furnish an agreeable table-talk; to others, to supply food for reflection, and the materials of wisdom.

In the course of these letters, the scene changes more than once. When Bacon was young, and was just making his voice

heard in parliament, we have groupés with Elizabeth, Burleigh, and Essex, in the fore-ground; and young Cecil, Lord Keeper Puckering, and Fulke Grevil, in the back. The scene soon changes to King James, and Somerset and Coke, and Northumberland, and Southampton. King James remains to the end a principal personage, and is meanwhile surrounded by Villiers, who rapidly becomes Viscount, then Earl, then Duke of Buckingham, and Salisbury, and Egerton; and their friend Bacon, now grown great in power. The scene again changes, and we have Bacon, old, poor, fallen and deserted, with the prince, afterwards Charles I., introduced upon the old king, and Buckingham still firm in favour with both father and son, nicely balancing between the "*sol orient* and occident." The curtain drops, and the cessation of the letters distinctly informs us what has taken place behind it.

But to begin with the beginning. We observe in the earlier letters a growing connexion between Bacon and Essex, which became very intimate and close, and ended with Essex's arraignment, and Bacon managing the trial against him as the queen's advocate.

"My Lord,

"I did almost conjecture by your silence and countenance a distaste in the course I imparted to your lordship touching mine own fortune; the care whereof in your lordship, as it is no news to me, so nevertheless the main effects and demonstrations past, are so far from dulling in me the sense of any new, as contrariwise every new refresheth the memory of many past. And for the free and loving advice your lordship hath given me, I cannot correspond to the same with greater duty, than by assuring your lordship, that I will not dispose of myself without your allowance, not only because it is the best wisdom in any man in his own matters, to rest in the wisdom of a friend (for who can by often looking in the glass discern and judge so well of his own favour as another with whom he converseth?) but also because my affection to your lordship hath made mine own contentment inseparable from your satisfaction."

In Bacon's youth, his tone is firmer and more independent than in the sycophantic times of James; and in his earliest essays in parliament, he spoke with a freedom which offended Elizabeth. The manliness of the following letter forms a lamentable contrast to those of an after date.

"To Sir John Puckering, Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal.

"My Lord,

"It is a great grief unto me, joined with marvel, that her majesty should retain an hard conceit of my speeches in parliament. It might please her sacred majesty to think what my end should be in those speeches, if it were not duty, and duty alone. I am not so simple, but I know the common beaten way to please. And whereas

popularity hath been objected, I muse what care I should take to please many, that take a course of life to deal with few. On the other side, her majesty's grace and particular favour towards me, hath been such, as I esteem no worldly thing above the comfort to enjoy it, except it be the conscience to deserve it. But if the not seconding of some particular person's opinion shall be presumption, and to differ upon the manner shall be to impeach the end; it shall teach my devotion not to exceed wishes, and those in silence. Yet notwithstanding, to speak vainly as in grief, it may be her majesty hath discouraged as good a heart, as ever looked toward her service, and as void of self-love. And so in more grief than I can well express, and much more than I can well dissemble, I leave your lordship, being as ever, your lordship's entirely devoted, &c."

In a letter to Essex, he thus speaks of this Sir John Puckering, whom he suspected of only pretending to serve him.

"And though it may seem strange, considering how much it importeth him to join straight with your lordship, in regard both of his enemies and of his ends; yet I do the less rest secure upon the conceit, because he is a man likely to trust so much to his art and finesse (as he, that is an excellent wherryman, who, you know, looketh towards the bridge, when he pulleth towards Westminster) that he will hope to serve his turn, and yet to preserve your lordship's good opinion."

We find striking traits of the temper of the Queen scattered over Essex's Letters. As for instance, Essex wished to persuade her to advance Bacon, with whom she was displeased, to be her solicitor.

"She said she was neither persuaded nor would hear of it till Easter, when she might advise with her council, who were now all absent; and therefore in passion bid me go to bed, if I would talk of nothing else. Wherefore in passion I went away, saying while I was with her, I could not but solicit for the cause and the man I so much affected; and therefore I would retire myself till I might be more graciously heard; and so we parted. To-morrow I will go hence of purpose, and on Thursday I will write an expostulating letter to her. That night or upon Friday morning I will be here again, and follow on the same course, stirring a discontentment in her, &c."

Again:

"I have now spoken with the queen, and I see no stay from obtaining a full resolution of that we desire. But the passion she is in by reason of the tales, that have been told her against Nicholas Clifford, with whom she is in such rage, for a matter, which I think you have heard of, doth put her infinitely out of quiet; and her passionate humour is nourished by some foolish women. Else I find nothing to distaste us, for she doth not contradict confidently; which they, that

know the minds of women, say is a sign of yielding. I will to-morrow take more time to deal with her, and will sweeten her with all the art I have to make benevolum auditorem."

Again, when pressed to appoint him.

"The queen's speech is after this sort. Why? I have made no solicitor. Hath any body carried a solicitor with him in his pocket? But he must have had it in his own time (as it were but yesterday's nomination) or else I must be thought to cast him away: then her majesty sweareth thus; "If I continue this manner, she will seek all England for a solicitor rather than take me. Yea, she will send for Heuston and Coventry to-morrow next," as if she would swear them both. Again she entereth into it, that "she never deals so with any as with me (in hoc erratum non est) she had pulled me over the bar (note the words, for they cannotbe her own) she hath used me in her greatest causes. But this is Essex; and she is more angry with him than with me." And such like speeches so strange, as I should lose myself in it, but that I have cast off the care of it. My conceit is, that I am the least part of mine own matter. But her Majesty would have a delay, and yet would not bear it herself. Therefore she giveth no way to me, and she perceiveth her council giveth no way to others; and so it sticketh as she would have it. But what the secret of it is, oculus aquilæ non penetravit. My lord continueth on kindly and wisely a course worthy to obtain a better effect than a delay, which to me is the most unwelcome condition."

Bacon bore the delay exceedingly ill. The disappointment seems to have depressed him more than befits the occasion, and affords the first instance of that despondency and faintness of heart, which always seized him in the moments of failure or apprehension of it.

"To the Earl of Essex.

"My Lord,

"I thank your lordship very much for your kind and comfortable letter, which I hope will be followed at hand with another of more assurance. And I must confess this very delay hath gone so near me, as it hath almost overthrown my health; for when I revolved the good memory of my father, the near degree of alliance I stand in to my lord treasurer, your lordship's so signalled and declared favour, the honourable testimony of so many counsellors, the commendations unlaboured, and in sort offered by my lords the judges, and the master of the rolls elect; that I was voiced with great expectation, and, though I say it myself, with the wishes of most men, to the higher place; that I am a man that the queen hath already done for; and that princes, especially her majesty, love to make an end where they begin; and then add hereunto the obscureness and many exceptions to my competitors: when I say I revolve all this, I cannot but conclude with myself, that no man ever read a more exquisite disgrace; and

therefore truly, my lord, I was determined, if her majesty reject me, this to do. My nature can take no evil ply; but I will, by God's assistance, with this disgrace of my fortune, and yet with that comfort of the good opinion of so many honourable and worthy persons, retire myself with a couple of men to Cambridge, and there spend my life in my studies and contemplations without looking back. I humbly pray your lordship to pardon me for troubling you with my melancholy. For the matter itself, I commend it to your love; only I pray you communicate afresh this day with my lord treasurer and Sir Robert Cecil; and if you esteem my fortune, remember the point of precedency. The objections to my competitors your lordship knoweth partly. I pray spare them not, not over the queen, but to the great ones, to shew your confidence, and to work their distrust."

The next extract shews the terms on which Essex treated the queen, and affords an instance of considerable shrewdness in her judgment of Bacon's talents.

Sir,

"I went yesterday to the queen through the galleries in the morning, afternoon, and at night. I had long speech with her of you, wherein I urged both of the point of your extraordinary sufficiency proved to me not only by your last argument, but by the opinion of all men I spake withal, and the point of mine own satisfaction, which, I protested, should be exceeding great, if, for all her unkindness and discomforts past, she should do this one thing for my sake. To the first she answered, that the greatness of your friends, as of my lord treasurer and myself, did make men give a more favourable testimony than else they would do, thinking thereby they pleased us. And that she did acknowledge you had a great wit, and an excellent gift of speech, and much other good learning. But in the law she rather thought you could make show to the uttermost of your knowledge, than that you were deep. To the second she said, she shewed her mislike to the suit, as well as I had done my affection in it; and that if there were a yielding, it was fitter to be of my side. I then added, that this was an answer, with which she might deny me all things, if she did not grant them at the first, which was not her manner to do. But her majesty had made me suffer and give way in many things else; which all I should bear, not only with patience, but with great contentment, if she would but grant my humble suit in this one. And for the pretence of the approbation given you upon partiality, that all the world, lawyers, judges, and all, could not be partial to you; for somewhat you were crossed for their own interest, and some for their friends; but yet all did yield to your merit. She did in this as she useth in all, went from a denial to a delay, and said, when the council were all here, she would think of it; and there was no haste in determining of the place. To which I answered, that my sad heart had need of hasty comfort; and therefore her majesty must pardon me, if I were hasty and importunate in it."

Previous to this, he had petitioned the queen, through his relative, Lord Treasurer Burleigh, for some place, that he might leave the study of the law, concerning which he uses a remarkable expression.

" It may please your good Lordship,

" I am to give you humble thanks for your favourable opinion, which, by Mr. Secretary's report, I find you conceive of me, for the obtaining of a good place, which some of my honourable friends have wished unto me *nec opinanti*. I will use no reason to persuade your lordship's mediation, but this, that your lordship, and my other friends, shall in this beg my life of the queen; for I see well the bar will be my bier, as I must and will use it, rather than my poor estate or reputation shall decay. But I stand indifferent whether God call me, or her majesty."

In supporting his claims to place, he seems to have been so importunate, or so free in his expression, as to offend the Lord Keeper Puckering, who perhaps was ready enough to seize upon the pretence. His constant friend, Essex, thus attempts to sooth him.

" My Lord,

" In my last conference with your lordship, I did entreat you both to forbear hurting of Mr. Fr. Bacon's cause, and to suspend your judgement of his mind towards your lordship, till I had spoken with him. I went since that time to Twickeham-park to confer with him, and had signified the effect of our conference by letter ere this, if I had not hoped to have met with your lordship, and so to have delivered it by speech. I told your lordship when I last saw you, that this manner of his was only a natural freedom and plainness, which he had used with me, and in my knowledge with some other of his best friends, than any want of reverence towards your lordship; and therefore I was more curious to look into the moving cause of his stile, than into the form of it: which now I find to be only a diffidence of your lordship's favour and love towards him, and no alienation of that dutiful mind which he hath borne towards your lordship."

It is probable, that Essex found his advantage in the connexion. For the high spirit and rash temper of this nobleman could not have found a more valuable guide than Bacon, whose calculating wisdom, shrewdness, and cunning, are most conspicuous throughout these volumes. He appears to have repaid the patronage of both Essex and of Buckingham by his shrewd counsels. We have letters written by him for Essex to send to the queen, and frequent papers of advice respecting the conduct of Buckingham. This is part of a letter of advice to Essex, which, with all the rest of it, and there is much more, is admirable.

"For the removing the impression of your nature to be *opiniastre* and not rulable; first and above all things I wish, that all matters past, which cannot be revoked, your lordship would turn altogether upon insatisfaction, and not upon your nature or proper disposition. This string you cannot upon every apt occasion harp upon too much. Next, whereas I have noted you to fly and avoid, in some respect justly, the resemblance or imitation of my lord of Leicester, and my lord Chancellor Hatton; yet I am persuaded, howsoever I wish your lordship as distant as you are from them in points of favour, integrity, magnanimity, and merit, that it will do you much good between the queen and you, to alledge them, as oft as you find occasion, for authors and patterns: for I do not know a readier mean to make her majesty think you are in your right way. Thirdly, when at any time your lordship upon occasion happen in speeches to do her majesty right, for there is no such matter as flattery amongst you all, I fear you handle it *magis in speciem adornatis verbis, quam ut sentire videaris.* So that a man may read formality in your countenance; whereas your lordship should do it familiarly, *et oratione fida.* Fourthly, your lordship should never be without some particulars afoot, which you should seem to pursue with earnestness and affection; and then let them fall, upon taking knowledge of her majesty's opposition and dislike. Of which, the weightiest sort may be, if your lordship offer to labour, in the behalf of some that you favour, for some of the places now void; choosing such a subject as you think her majesty is like to oppose unto: and if you will say that this is *conjunctum cum aliena injuria,* I will not answer, *Hæc non aliter constabunt;* but I say, commendation from so good a mouth doth not hurt a man, though you prevail not. A less weighty sort of particulars may be the pretence of some journeys, which at her majesty's request your lordship might relinquish: as if you would pretend a journey to see your living and estate towards Wales, or the like: for as for great foreign journeys of employment and service, it standeth not with your gravity to play or stratagem with them. And the lightest sort of particulars, which yet are not to be neglected, are in your habits, apparel, wearings, gestures, and the like."

The feuds which subsisted between Bacon and Sir Edward Coke are well known. These letters are constantly reminding us of them. Bacon seems generally to have had the advantage of his rival, and certainly never more so than in the following relation of a remarkable quarrel between them.

"A true remembrance of the abuse I received of Mr. Attorney General publicly in the exchequer the first day of term; for the truth whereof I refer myself to all that were present.

"I moved to have a reseizure of the lands of George More, a relapsed recusant, a fugitive, and a practising traitor; and shewed better matter for the queen against the discharge by plea, which is ever with a *salvo jure.* And this I did in as gentle and reasonable terms as might be.

" Mr. Attorney kindled at it, and said, ' Mr. Bacon, if you have any tooth against me, pluck it out; for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good.' I answered coldly in these very words; ' Mr. Attorney, I respect you: I fear you not: and the less you speak of your own greatness, the more I will think of it.'

" He replied, ' I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness towards you, who are less than little; less than the least;' and other such strange light terms he gave me, with that insulting, which cannot be expressed.

" Herewith stirred, yet I said no more but this: ' Mr. Attorney, do not depress me so far; for I have been your better, and may be again, when it please the queen.'

" With this he spake, neither I nor himself could tell what, as if he had been born attorney-general: and in the end bade me not meddle with the queen's business, but with mine own; and that I was unsworn, &c. I told him, sworn or unsworn was all one to an honest man; and that I ever set my service first, and myself second; and wished to God, that he would do the like.

" Then he said, it were good to clap a *cap. utlegatum* upon my back! To which I only said he could not; and that he was at a fault; for he hunted upon an old scent.

" He gave me a number of disgraceful words besides; which I answered with silence, and shewing that I was not moved with them."

On the accession of James, Bacon, in a letter to his cousin Robert, Lord Cecil, writes as if he had given up all ambitious views in his profession. The letters, however, which he put into the hands of almost every man who might have an opportunity of speaking of him to the king, appear to betray very different views. After declaring the state of his circumstances to Cecil, he says—

" For my purpose or course, I desire to meddle as little as I can in the King's causes, his majesty now abounding in council; and to follow my private thrift and practice, and to marry with some convenient advancement. For as for any ambition, I do assure your honour, mine is quenched. In the Queen's, my excellent mistress's time, the quorum was small: her service was a kind of freehold, and it was a more solemn time. All those points agreed with my nature and judgement. My ambition now I shall only put upon my pen, whereby I shall be able to maintain memory and merit of the times succeeding.

" Lastly, for this divulged and almost prostituted title of knighthood, I could without charge, by your honour's mean, be content to have it, both because of this late disgrace, and because I have three new knights in my mess in Gray's-Inn commons; and because I have found out an alderman's daughter, an handsome maiden, to my liking. So as if your honour will find the time, I will come to the court from Gorhambury, upon any warning."

This Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, Bacon seems to

have regarded with a very pure and deep feeling of hatred, which sometimes openly breaks out in his letters to him, and at others is disguised in a formal civility and courtesy of expression. The cause is said to be, that Bacon suspected him of doing ill offices with both Elizabeth and James, while he was pretending a great warmth of friendship. However this may be, Bacon's enmity seems to have lived after the death of its object, for he gives a very harsh and unworthy character of him to his master. This is one of his angry letters, which, however, is immediately followed by some of the greatest apparent cordiality and friendship.

"Sir,

"Your honour knoweth, my manner is, though it be not the wisest way, yet taking it for the honestest, to do as Alexander did by his physician, in drinking the medicine, and delivering the advertisement of suspicion: so I trust on, and yet do not smother what I hear. I do assure you, Sir, that by a wise friend of mine, and not factious towards your honour, I was told with asseveration, that your honour was bought by Mr. Coventry for two thousand angels; and that you wrought in a contrary spirit to my lord your father. And he said farther, that from your servants, from your lady, from some counsellors that have observed you in my business, he knew you wrought underhand with me: the truth of which tale I do not believe. You know the event will show, and God will right. But as I reject this report, though the strangeness of my case might make me credulous, so I admit a conceit, that the last messenger my lord and yourself used, dealt ill with your honours; and that word (speculation) which was in the Queen's mouth, rebounded from him as a commendation; for I am not ignorant of those little arts. Therefore, I pray, trust not him again in my matter. This was much to write; but I think my fortune will set me at liberty, who am weary of asserviling myself to every man's charity."

He thus writes to James, whose able and indefatigable treasurer Salisbury had been.

"Your majesty hath lost a great subject and a great servant. But if I should praise him in propriety, I should say, that he was a fit man to keep things from growing worse; but no very fit man to reduce things to be much better. For he loved to have the eyes of all Israel a little too much on himself, and to have all business still under the hammer; and, like clay in the hands of the potter, to mould it as he thought good; so that he was more *in operatione* than *in opere*. And though he had fine passages of action, yet the real conclusions came slowly on. So that although your majesty hath grave counsellors and worthy persons left; yet you do, as it were, turn a leaf, wherein if your majesty shall give a frame and constitution to matters, before you place the persons, in my simple opinion it were not amiss."

* * * * * *

"Your majesty may truly perceive, that, though I cannot challenge to myself either invention, or judgement, or elocution, or me-

thod, or any of those powers; yet my offering is care and observance: and as my good old mistress was wont to call me her watch-candle, because it pleased her to say, I did continually burn, and yet she suffered me to waste almost to nothing; so I must much more owe the like duty to your majesty, by whom my fortunes have been settled and raised. And so craving pardon, I rest your majesty's most humble servant devote,

"F. B."

In the two next remarkable letters to the King, Salisbury is again alluded to more bitterly than before.

"It may please your excellent Majesty,

"My principal end being to do your majesty service, I crave leave to make at this time to your majesty this most humble oblation of myself. I may truly say with the psalm, *Multum incola fuit anima mea;* for my life hath been conversant in things, wherein I take little pleasure. Your majesty may have heard somewhat, that my father was an honest man; and somewhat yet I may have been of myself, though not to make any true judgement by, because I have hitherto had only *potestatem verborum*, nor that neither. I was three of my young years bred with an ambassador in France, and since I have been an old truant in the school-house of your council-chamber, though on the second form; yet longer than any, that now sitteth, hath been in the head form. If your majesty find any aptness in me, or if you find any scarcity in others, whereby you may think it fit for your service to remove me to business of state, although I have a fair way before me for profit, and, by your majesty's grace and favour, for honour and advancement, and in a course less exposed to the blast of fortune; yet now that he is gone, *quo vivente virtutibus certissimum exitium*, I will be ready as a chessman to be, wherever your majesty's royal hand shall set me. Your majesty will bear me witness, I have not suddenly opened myself thus far. I have looked on upon others. I see the exceptions; I see the distractions; and I fear Tacitus will be a prophet, *magis alii homines, quam alii mores.* I know mine own heart; and I know not, whether God, that hath touched my heart with the affection, may not touch your royal heart to discern it. Howsoever, I shall go on honestly in mine ordinary course, and supply the rest in prayers for you."

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"The one is, that these cogitations of want do not any ways trouble or vex your mind. I remember, Moses saith of the land of promise, that it was not like the land of Egypt, that was watered with a river, but was watered with showers from heaven; whereby I gather, God preferreth sometimes uncertainties before certainties, because they teach a more immediate dependence upon his providence. Sure I am, *nil novi accidit vobis.* It is no new thing for the greatest kings to be in debt: and, if a man shall *parvis componere magna*, I have seen an Earl of Leicester, a chancellor Hatton, an earl of Essex, and an earl of Salisbury in debt; and, yet was it no manner of diminution to their power or greatness.

"My second prayer is, that your majesty, in respect of the hasty freeing of your state, would not descend to any means, or degree of means, which carrieth not a symmetry with your majesty and greatness. He is gone, from whom those courses did wholly flow. To have your wants and necessities in particular, as it were, hanged up in two tablets before the eyes of your lords and commons to be talked of for four months together: to have all your courses to help yourself in revenue or profit put into printed books, which were wont to be held *arcana imperii:* to have such worms of aldermen to lend for ten in the hundred upon good assurance, and with such **, as if it should save the bark of your fortune: to contract still where might be had the readiest payment, and not the best bargain: to stir a number of projects for your profit, and then to blast them, and leave your majesty nothing but the scandal of them: to pretend an even carriage between your majesty's rights and the ease of the people, and to satisfy neither. These courses and others the like, are gone with the deviser of them; which have turned your majesty to inestimable prejudice.

"I hope your majesty will pardon my liberty of writing. I know these things are *majora quam pro fortuna:* but they are *minora quam pro studio et voluntate.* I assure myself, your majesty taketh not me for one of a busy nature; for my state being free from all difficulties, and I having such a large field for contemplations, as I have partly, and shall much more make manifest to your majesty and the world, to occupy my thoughts, nothing could make me active, but love and affection. So praying my God to bless and favour your person and estate."

Among these letters we have all the private proceedings in the case of the Earl of Somerset's trial for the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury. No where is Bacon's cunning and management more conspicuous than in the papers, hints, and notes for the conduct of this case; but, at the same time, no where is the servility and obsequiousness of the lawyer more apparent. The King was in dreadful apprehension lest Somerset, on his trial, should make some disclosure, of what nature is not known; consequently, every manœuvre was employed to convict him without irritating him; take the following as a short specimen of Bacon's legal tactics.

"First, I shall read some passages of Overbury's letters, namely these: 'Is this the fruit of nine years love, common secrets, and common dangers?' In another letter: 'Do not drive me to extremity to do that, which you and I shall be sorry for.' In another letter: 'Can you forget him, between whom such secrets of all kinds have passed? &c.'

"Then will I produce Simcock, who deposeth from Weston's speech, that Somerset told Weston, that, if ever Overbury came out of prison, one of them must die for it.

"Then I will say what these secrets were. I mean not to enter into particulars, nor to charge him with disloyalty, because he stands

to be tried for his life upon another crime. But yet by some taste, that I shall give to the peers in general, they may conceive of what nature those secrets may be. Wherein I will take it for a thing notorious, that Overbury was a man, that always carried himself innocently, both towards the queen, and towards the late prince: that he was a man, that carried Somerset on in courses separate and opposite to the privy council: that he was a man of a nature fit to be an incendiary of a state: full of bitterness and wildness of speech and project: that he was thought also lately to govern Somerset, insomuch that in his own letters he vaunted, that from him proceeded Somerset's fortune, credit, and understanding.

"This course I mean to run in a kind of generality, putting the imputations rather upon Overbury than Somerset; and applying it, that such a nature was like to hatch dangerous secrets and practises."

A large space in these letters is filled with short notes from Buckingham to Lord Bacon when Chancellor, desiring him to show favour to different parties, whose suits were pending before him. It is much to be lamented that all these recommendations appear to have been attended to. There seems to have been no end to the obsequiousness of the Chancellor. The King's word was his law, and the King's favourite his tyrant. All love for the constitution, and for freedom, appears to have been extinct in him. He confesses he hates the word *people*. All right, save the divine right of his master, seems to have been, in his mind, a dream—a shadow. His care was to improve the King's revenues, which he attempted after the paltry and make-shift fashion of his sovereign; though, at the same time, in his writings he declares, that this is a mean plan of temporary expediency. But all his wisdom seems to have been in speculation—in action, he was like the most servile attendant about the Court, obsequious, timorous, dexterous, shifty, and corrupt.

The most meritorious point of his political life, is the attention which he bestowed on Ireland, and the wisdom with which he suggested the adoption of various plans for its amelioration. There are in these volumes several pages on this subject, which are dictated by the soundest policy.

It naturally follows, that many of these letters relate to his disgrace, and trial, and punishment, for taking bribes in his capacity of Judge of the Court of Chancery. This is the first letter in which we find it mentioned:

TO THE MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM.

"My very good Lord,

"Your Lordship spoke of purgatory. I am now in it; but my mind is in a calm; for my fortune is not my felicity. I know I have clean hands, and a clean heart; and, I hope, a clean house for friends

or servants. But Job himself, or whosoever was the justest judge, by such hunting for matters against him, as hath been used against me, may for a time seem foul, especially in a time, when greatness is the mark, and accusation is the game. And if this be to be a chancellor, I think, if the great seal lay upon Hounslow Heath, no body would take it up. But the king and your lordship will, I hope, put an end to these my straits, one way or other. And in troth, that which I fear most, is, lest continual attendance and business, together with these cares, and want of time to do my weak body right this spring, by diet and physic, will cast me down; and that it will be thought feigning, or fainting. But I hope in God, I shall hold out. God prosper you."

It is well known, that, on hearing of the investigation, he gave all up for lost, fell ill, and confessed the truth of all charges with some limitations and constructions. There is a paper on the subject of bribery, which contains some curious distinctions made in his own defence.

"There be three degrees, or cases, of bribery, charged, or supposed, in a judge:

"The first, of bargain, or contract, for reward to pervert justice.

"The second, where the judge conceives the cause to be at an end, by the information of the party, or otherwise, useth not such diligence, as he ought, to inquire of it. And the third, when the cause is really ended, and it is *sine fraude*, without relation to any precedent promise.

"Now, if I might see the particulars of my charge, I should deal plainly with your Majesty, in whether of these degrees every particular case falls.

"But for the first of them, I take myself to be as innocent, as any born upon St. Innocent's day, in my heart.

"For the second, I doubt, in some particulars I may be faulty.

"And for the last, I conceived it to be no fault; but therein I desire to be better informed, that I may be twice penitent, once for the fact, and again for the error. For I had rather be a briber, than a defender of bribes.

"I must likewise confess to your Majesty, that at new-years' tides, and likewise at my first coming in, which was, as it were, my wedding, I did not so precisely, as perhaps I ought, examine whether those that presented me, had causes before me, yea or no.

"And this is simply all, that I can say for the present, concerning my charge, until I may receive it more particularly. And all this while, I do not fly to that, as to say, that these things are *vitia temporis*, and not *vitia hominis*.

"For my fortune, *summa summorum* with me is, that I may not be made altogether unprofitable to do your Majesty service or honour. If your Majesty continue me as I am, I hope I shall be a new man, and shall reform things out of feeling, more than another can do out of example. If I cast part of my burden, I shall be more strong and

delivré to bear the rest. And, to tell your Majesty what my thoughts run upon, I think of writing a story of England, and of recompiling of your laws into a better digest."

There is, however, a very fine letter to the King, on this subject.

" It may please your most excellent Majesty,

" Time hath been when I have brought unto you *gemitum columbæ* from others, now I bring it from myself. I fly unto your Majesty with the wings of a dove, which once, within these seven days, I thought would have carried me a higher flight. When I enter into myself, I find not the materials of such a tempest as is come upon me: I have been, as your Majesty knoweth best, never author of any immoderate counsel, but always desired to have things carried *suavibus modis*. I have been no avaricious oppressor of the people. I have been no haughty, or intolerable, or hateful man, in my conversation or carriage: I have inherited no hatred from my father, but am a good patriot born. Whence should this be? For these are the things that use to raise dislikes abroad.

" For the house of commons, I began my credit there, and now it must be the place of the sepulture thereof; and yet this parliament, upon the message touching religion, the old love revived, and they said, I was the same man still, only honesty was turned into honour.

" For the upper house, even within these days, before these troubles, they seemed as to take me into their arms, finding in me ingenuity, which they took to be the true straight line of nobleness, without any crooks or angles.

" And for the briberies and gifts wherewith I am charged, when the books of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart, in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice; howsoever I may be frail, and partake of the abuses of the times.

" And therefore I am resolved, when I come to my answer, not to trick up my innocency, as I writ to the lords, by cavillations or voidances; but to speak to them the language that my heart speaketh to me, in excusing, extenuating, or ingenuously confessing; praying to God to give me the grace to see the bottom of my faults, and that no hardness of heart do steal upon me, under shew of more neatness of conscience, than is cause. But not to trouble your Majesty any longer, craving pardon for this long mourning letter; that which I thirst after, *as the hart after the streams*, is, that I may know, by my matchless friend that presenteth to you this letter, your Majesty's heart (which is an *abyssus* of goodness, as I am an *abyssus* of misery) towards me. I have been ever your man, and counted myself but an usufructuary of myself, the property being yours. And now, making myself an oblation to do with me as may best conduce to the honour of your justice, the honour of your mercy, and the use of your service, resting as clay in your Majesty's gracious hands."

To this subject the letters often recur; and, after this period, we find his correspondence filled with complaints and petitions. We shall now proceed to reap a harvest of desultory quotation, which, if it were possible, it would be useless to class. They all of them have some importance attached to them, and most of them are observations of Bacon upon himself.

The following is this great man's petition to the House of Lords:

"My right honourable very good Lords,

"In all humbleness, acknowledging your lordships' justice, I do now, in like manner, crave and implore your grace and compassion. I am old, weak, ruined, in want, a very subject of pity. My only suit to your lordships is, to shew me your noble favour towards the release of my confinement, so every confinement is, and to me, I protest, worse than the Tower. There I could have had company, physicians, conference with my creditors and friends about my debts, and the necessities of my estate, helps for my studies and the writings I have in hand. Here I live upon the sword-point of a sharp air, endangered if I go abroad, dulled if stay within, solitary and comfortless without company, banished from all opportunities to treat with any to do myself good, and to help out any wrecks; and that, which is one of my greatest griefs, my wife, that hath been no partaker of my offending, must be partaker of this misery of my restraint.

"May it please your lordships, therefore, since there is a time for justice, and a time for mercy, to think with compassion upon that which I have already suffered, which is not little; and to recommend this my humble, and, as I hope, modest suit to his most excellent Majesty, the fountain of grace, of whose mercy, for so much as concerns himself merely, I have already tasted, and likewise of his favour of this very kind, by some small temporary dispensations.

"Herein your lordships shall do a work of charity and nobility: you shall do me good; you shall do my creditors good; and, it may be, you shall do posterity good, if out of the carcase of dead and rotten greatness, as out of Samson's lion, there may be honey gathered for the use of future times.

"God bless your persons and counsels."

In a memorial of a conference with Buckingham, he says:

"I do not think any, except a Turk or Tartar, would wish to have another chop out of me. But the best is, it will be found there is a time for envy, and a time for pity; and cold fragments will not serve, if the stomach be on edge. For me, if they judge by that which is past, they judge of the weather of this year by an almanack of the old year; they rather repent of that they have done, and think they have but served the turns of a few."

The Duke of Lenox writes to purchase his residence of York House, to whom he sends the following answer:

"I am sorry to deny your grace any thing; but in this you will pardon me. York-house is the house wherein my father died, and wherein I first breathed; and there will I yield my last breath, if so please God, and the king will give me leave; though I be now by fortune, as the old proverb is, like a bear in a monk's hood. At least no money, no value, shall make me part with it. Besides, as I never denied it to my lord marquis, so yet the difficulty I made was so like a denial, as I owe unto my great love and respect to his lordship a denial to all my other friends; among whom, in a very near place next his lordship, I ever account of your grace. So, not doubting, that you will continue me in your former love and good affection, I rest your grace's," &c.

Nevertheless he soon after allowed the Lord Treasurer Cranfield to have it, at the instance of Buckingham, whose favour he was anxious to regain, and which he had lost by his former refusal to let him become the purchaser of this house. Bacon attempted to recover Buckingham, by a present of his house and estate at Gorhambury, which however was a bribe the latter would not accept.

"My meaning was, if my lord should obtain for me, by his noble mediation, in consideration of my services past, and other respects to do that, for my relief, which I was suitor for by my lord's noble mediation, and whereof I was in good hope, to have presented my lord with Gorhambury in possession, out of gratitude and love, for nothing.

"If my lord like better to proceed by way of bargain, so I find that I may but subsist, I will deserve of his honour, and express my love in a friendly pennyworth."

The fate of the offer appears in the following extract out of a letter from Lord Edward Sackville. He is speaking of Buckingham.

"He pleased to tell me, how much he had been beholden to you; how well he loved you; how unkindly he took the denial of your house, for so he will needs understand it. But the close, for all this, was harmonious, since he protested he would seriously begin to study your ends, now that the world should see he had no ends on you. He is in hand with the work, and therefore will, by no means, accept of your offer; though, I can assure you, the tender hath much won upon him, and mellowed his heart towards you; and your genius directed you right, when you wrote that letter of denial unto the duke. The king saw it, and all the rest; which made him say unto the marquis, you played an after-game well; and that now he had no reason to be much offended."

It is Lord Bacon's custom to record the heads of the con-

versations he had with the king or Buckingham. There are some remarkable passages in some of them; Bacon thus offers his services.

"First, if your majesty do at any time think it fit, for your affairs, to employ me again publickly upon the stage, I shall so live and spend my time, as neither discontinuance shall disable me, nor adversity shall discourage me, nor any thing, that I shall do, give any scandal or envy upon me.

"Secondly, if your majesty shall not hold that fit; yet, if it shall please you at any time to ask my opinion, or require my propositions privately by my lord marquis, or any of your counsellors, that is my friend, touching any commission or business; for, as Ovid said, *Est aliquid luce patente minus;* I shall be glad to be a labourer, or pioneer in your service.

"Lastly, and chiefly, because your majesty is an universal scholar, or rather master, and my pen (as I may * it, passed * *) gained upon the world, your majesty would appoint me some task, or literary province, that I may serve you *calamo*, if not *consilio*.

"I know that I am censured of some conceit of mine ability or worth; but, I pray your majesty, impute it to desire, *possunt quia posse videntur*. And again, I should do some wrong to your majesty's school, if, in sixteen years access and near service, I should think I had learned, or laid in, nothing."

He adds an allusion probably to Buckingham, to whom he was undoubtedly in some measure sacrificed.

"Of my offences, far be it from me to say, *dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas:* but I will say that I have good warrant for; they were not the greatest offenders in Israel, upon whom the wall of Shilo fell."

He continues to note what he said.

"What the king bestowed upon me, will be farther seen, than upon Paul's steeple.

"My story is proud, I may thank your majesty; for I heard him note of Tasso, that he could know which poem he made, when he was in good condition, and which when he was a beggar. I doubt he could make no such observation of me.

"My lord hath done many things to shew his greatness. This of mine is one of them, that shews his goodness.

"I am like ground fresh. If I be left to myself, I will grow and bear natural philosophy: but if the king will plough me up again, and sow me on, I hope to give him some yield.

"Kings do raise and pull down with reason; but the greatest work is reasoning.

"For my hap, I seek an *otium*, and, if it may be, a fat *otium*.

"I am said to have a feather in my head. I pray God some are not wild in their head, that gird not well.

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" I am too old, and the seas are too long, for me to double the Cape of Good Hope.

" Ashes are good for somewhat; for lees, for salts. But I hope I am rather embers than ashes, having the heat of good affections, under the ashes of my fortunes.

" Your majesty hath power: I have faith. Therefore a miracle may be soon wrought.

" I would live to study, and not study to live; yet I am prepared for *date obolum Belisario;* and I that have borne a bag, can bear a wallet.

For my Pen.

" If active, 1. The reconciling of laws.
2. The disposing of wards, and generally, education of youth.
3. Limiting the jurisdiction of courts, and prescribing rules for every of them.

Reglement of Trade.

" In contemplative, 1. Going on with the story of Henry the Eighth.
2. General Treatise of *de Legibus et Justitia.*
3. The Holy War."

All the passages in which Bacon speaks of himself, as a philosopher and writer, are most interesting. Like most men of splendid genius, he anticipated the immortality of his name with perfect confidence.

" It is true, my labours are now most set to have those works, which I had formerly published, as that of Advancement of Learning, that of Henry VII. that of the Essays, being retractate, and made more perfect, well translated into Latin by the help of some good pens, which forsake me not, for these modern languages will, at one time or other, play the bankrupts with books: and since I have lost much time with this age, I would be glad, as God shall give me leave, to recover it with posterity."

He says of the same work, " It is a thing which I think will live, and be a citizen of the world." It seems he knew himself: he says,

" The call for me, it is book-learning. You know the king was wont to do me the honour, as to say of me, *de minimis non curat lex*: if good for any thing, for great volumes, I cannot thread needles so well."

In a similar strain, he writes to Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the celebrated library at Oxford.

" Sir,

" I think no man may more truly say with the Psalm, *multum incola fuit anima mea*, than myself; for I do confess, since I was of any understanding, my mind hath in effect been absent from that I have done: and in absence are many errors, which I do willingly acknowledge; and amongst the rest, this great one that led the rest, that knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes, for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit by the pre-occupation of my mind. Therefore, calling myself home, I have now for a time enjoyed myself, whereof, likewise, I desire to make the world partaker."

Again, he speaks of himself as a writer.

" And (that which is more) you have added to your place affection towards learning; and to your affection judgement: Of which, the last I could be content were (for the time) less, that you might the less exquisitely censure that which I offer unto you. But sure I am, the argument is good, if it had lighted upon a good author. But I shall content myself to awake better spirits, like a bell-ringer, which is first up to call others to church."

Among the other letters, is one from King James, upon Bacon's sending him his *Novum Organum*. It is curious to see the royal pedant flattering his chancellor upon agreeing with *him*, and speaking of the work with the air of one fully qualified to settle and decide its merits; the more especially, when we recollect he used to declare, that the *Novum Organum* was " like the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

" My Lord,

" I have received your letter and your book, than the which, you could not have sent a more acceptable present unto me. How thankful I am for it, cannot better be expressed by me, than by a firm resolution I have taken; first to read it through with care and attention, though I should steal some hours from my sleep, having otherwise, as little spare time to read it, as you had to write it. And then to use the liberty of a true friend, in not sparing to ask you the question in any point whereof I shall stand in doubt, *nam ejus est explicare, cujus est condere;* as, on the other part, I will willingly give a due commendation to such places, as, in my opinion, shall deserve it. In the mean time, I can with comfort assure you, that you could not have made choice of a subject more befitting your place, and your universal and methodical knowledge; and, in the general, I have already observed, that you jump with me in keeping the mid-way between the two extremes; as also, in some particulars, I have found that you agree fully with my opinion. And so praying God to give your work as good success as your heart can wish, and your labours deserve, I bid you heartily farewell."

We have a character of this prince in one of the letters from the pen of Bacon himself.

"Your lordship shall find a prince the farthest from vain glory that may be; and rather like a prince of the ancient form, than of the latter time. His speech is swift and cursory, and in the full dialect of his country; and in speech of business, short; in speech of discourse, large. He affecteth popularity by gracing such as he hath heard to be popular, and not by any fashions of his own: He is thought somewhat general in his favours; and his virtue of access is rather, because he is much abroad and in press, than that he giveth easy audience. He hasteneth to a mixture of both kingdoms and occasions, faster perhaps than policy will well bear. I told your lordship once before, that (methought) his majesty rather asked counsel of the time past, than of the time to come; but it is yet early to ground any settled opinion."

In another letter to James himself, he draws a picture of the state of the nation.

"Your people military and obedient, fit for war, used to peace; your church illightened with good preachers as an heaven of stars; your judges learned, and learning from you, just, and just by your example; your nobility in a right distance between crown and people, no oppressors of the people, no over-shadowers of the crown; your council full of tributes of care, faith and freedom; your gentlemen and justices of peace willing to apply your royal mandates to the nature of their several counties, but ready to obey; your servants in awe of your wisdom, in hope of your goodness; the fields growing every day by the improvement and recovery of grounds from the desert to the garden; the city grown from wood to brick; your sea-walls or *pomœrium* of your island surveyed, and in edifying; your merchants embracing the whole compass of the world, east, west, north, and south; the times give you peace, and yet offer you opportunities of action abroad: and, lastly, your excellent royal issue entaileth these blessings and favours of God to descend to all posterity. It resteth, therefore, that God having done so great things for your majesty, and you for others, you would do so much for yourself, as to go through, according to your good beginnings, with the rectifying and settling of your estate and means, which only is wanting; *hoc rebus defuit unum.*"

There is a very short but curious passage in one of the memorials of conferences, which shews, however Bacon might judge himself best adapted to a private life, he was anxious to return to public employment.

"The offer of my service to live a summer, as upon mine own delight, at Paris, to settle a fast intelligence between France and us.

"I have somewhat of the French: I love birds, as the king doth, and have some childish mindedness, wherein we shall consent."

In another of these memorials, there is a remarkable observation, written almost in the spirit of prophecy, which shews, at least, an extraordinary shrewdness and acuteness in judging of men, and the spirit of the times.

"To think of a difference to be put between the Jesuits and other priests and papists, as to reduce, in some moderation, the banishment of the one, though not of the other: but to remember, that they were the reasonablest, as I take it, in the consult; and it may draw the blow of an assassin against Buckingham.

"At least the going on with the parliament hath gained this, that the discourse is ceased, 'My lord of Buckingham hath a great task. His head is full: either the match breaks, or his fortune breaks. He has run his courses with the stream of the king's ways; but now he goeth cross-way, he may soon lose his own way.'

"If your grace go not now constantly on for religion, and round dealing with Spain, men will either think they were mistaken in you, or that you are brought about; or that your will is good, but you have no power.

"Your grace hath a great party against you, and a good rough way. The Spaniards hate you: the Papists little better. In the opinion of the people, you are green, and not yet at a gage. Particulars are, for the most part, discontented friends or reconciled enemies: and that nice dividing between the *sol orient* and *occident*."

We must now close our extracts, and it is melancholy to have to do so with such as those which follow.

"To the Duke of Buckingham.

"My Lord,

"I am now full three years old in misery: neither hath there been any thing done for me, whereby I might die out of ignominy, or live out of want."

Again, to Buckingham:

"I say to myself, that your lordship hath forsaken me; and I think I am one of the last that findeth it, and in nothing more than that twice at London your lordship would not vouchsafe to see me, though the latter time I begged it of you."

* * * * * *

"It is in vain to cure the accidents of a disease, except the cause be found and removed. I know adversity is apprehensive; but I fear it is too true, that now I have lost honour, power, profit, and liberty; I have, in the end, lost that, which, to me, was more dear than all the rest, which is my friend. A change there is apparent and great; and nothing is more sure, than that nothing hath proceeded from and since my troubles, either towards your lordship or towards the world, which hath made me unworthy of your undeserved favours or undesired promises."

To the king.

"This is the last suit I shall make to your majesty in this business, prostrating myself at your mercy-seat, after fifteen years service, wherein I have served your majesty in my poor endeavours with an entire heart, and, as I presumed to say unto your majesty, am still a virgin for matters which concern your person or crown; and now only craving, that after eight steps of honour I be not precipitated altogether.

"But because he that hath taken bribes is apt to give bribes, I will go farther, and present your majesty with a bribe. For if your majesty give me peace and leisure, and God give me life, I will present your majesty with a good history of England, and a better digest of your laws."

Again, to the king.

"I have borne your majesty's image in metal, much more in heart; I was never in nineteen years service chidden by your majesty, but contrariwise often over-joyed, when your majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself: sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart: and other most gracious speeches of affection and trust, which I feed on to this day. But why should I speak of these things which are now vanished, but only the better to express the downfal?

"For now it is thus with me: I am a year and a half old in misery: though I must ever acknowledge, not without some mixture of your majesty's grace and mercy; for I do not think it possible, that any one whom you once loved should be totally miserable. Mine own means, through my own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than my father left me. The poor things that I have had from your majesty, are either in question, or at courtesy. My dignities remain marks of your past favour, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes, in plate or jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence."

He thus beseeches the king, who turned but a very negligent ear to his complaints.

"Help me (dear sovereign lord and master) and pity me so far, as that I, that have borne a bag, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; not that I, that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live."

Our extracts have run out to so great a length, that we find it impossible to introduce all the interesting passages we had selected, though we have sacrificed the gratification of nearly

all comment for that purpose. We have only room for the following affecting close of a letter to James.

"I prostrate myself at your majesty's feet, I your ancient servant, now sixty-four years old in age, and three years five months old in misery. I desire not from your majesty means, nor place, nor employment, but only, after so long a time of expiation, a complete and total remission of the sentence of the upper-house, to the end that blot of ignominy may be removed from me, and from my memory with posterity; that I die not a condemned man, but may be to your majesty, as I am to God, *nova creatura*. Your majesty hath pardoned the like to Sir John Bennet, between whose case and mine, not being partial with myself, but speaking out of the general opinion, there was as much difference, I will not say as between black and white, but as between black and gray, or ash-coloured: look therefore down, dear sovereign, upon me also in pity. I know your majesty's heart is inscrutable for goodness; and my lord of Buckingham was wont to tell me you were the best natured man in the world; and it is God's property, that those he hath loved, he loveth to the end. Let your majesty's grace, in this my desire, stream down upon me, and let it be out of the fountain and spring-head, and *ex mero motu*, that, living or dying, the print of the goodness of king James may be in my heart, and his praises in my mouth. This, my most humble request, granted, may make me live a year or two happily; and denied, will kill me quickly. But yet the last thing that will die in me, will be the heart and affection of

Your majesty's most humble
and true devoted servant,
FR. ST. ALBAN."

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XUM

THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. VI. Part II.

Art. I. — ΕΚΣΚΥΒΑΛΑΥΡΟΝ; *or, The Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel, more precious than Diamonds inchased in Gold, the like whereof was never seen in any age; found in the kennel of Worcester streets, the day after the Fight, and six before the Autumnal Equinox, anno* 1651. *Serving in this place to frontal a Vindication of the honour of Scotland from that Infamy, whereinto the Rigid Presbyterian party of that Nation, out of their Covetousness and Ambition, most dissembledly hath involved it.*

Distichon ad Librum sequitur, quo tres ter adæquant Musarum numerum, casus, et articuli.

Voc nom 1 abl. 2 abl. dat.
O thou'rt a book in truth with love to many,
3 abl. 4 abl.
Done by and for the free'st-spoke Scot of any.

Efficiens et finis sunt sibi invicem causæ.

London. Printed by Ja: Cottrel; *and are to be sold by* Rich: Baddely, *at the Middle Temple-gate.* 1652.

We believe, that the expectation of posthumous fame which commonly animates the secret breast of the author, and which the poet sometimes boldly anticipates in his verses, was never more egregiously disappointed than in the case of Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromartie, Knight. In the opinion of his contemporaries, he must have been accounted a remarkable man:

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his works possess a considerable portion of a wild and irregular talent, and, if we may be allowed to gather from his remaining writings the estimation in which he held them and himself, very different, indeed, ought to have been the treatment of posterity. When we meet with a book which appears to us to possess claims to notice, and of which we happen previously to know nothing, the natural process is to institute an inquiry concerning its author and his works. We soon learnt from the contents of this extraordinary little book itself, that its real, though not its pretended author, was Sir Thomas Urquhart, a name with which we had long been familiar, as the excellent translator of *Rabelais;* but of whose history or other works we were totally ignorant. We immediately applied to the *Biographical Dictionary* of Chalmers, in the full expectation of meeting a copious account of the life of this singular man, for such we had soon found him to be—our search was in vain; and a similar search into every collection of biography, of which we know, has been likewise in vain, except that Granger has noticed his existence, because there happens to be a portrait of him prefixed to one of his works. The few particulars which we can pick up, under such circumstances, must, of course, be scanty, and are entirely gathered from his own works. In a strange pedigree of his family, from the creation of the world to the year of his own age, which he published under the title of *A Peculiar Promptuary of Time,** he tells us, that he was knighted, at Whitehall, by Charles I. in 1641. From the book before us it appears, that he accompanied Charles II. from Scotland, in his invasion of England under Cromwell; that he was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and detained in London on his parole, where he employed himself in composing the work itself. It is very clear, that he had travelled into most of the polished countries of Europe, and we have more than his own word for the belief that he was skilled in the modern languages, and accomplished in the fashionable arts of the time. His translation of *Rabelais* is accounted by the best judges to be the most perfect version of any author whatever—which is no mean praise, when we call to mind the obscurity, singularity, and difficulty of the original, in despite of which he has managed to transfuse the spirit of his author with undiminished force and vigour. His treatise on

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* ΠΑΝΤΟΧΡΟΝΟΚΑΝΩΝ. *A Peculiar Promptuary of Time, wherein is displayed an exact Directory for all particular Chronologies in what Family soever, and that by shewing the Pedigree of the name of Urquhart in the house of Cromartie since the Creation to* 1652. 8vo. Lond. 1652.

Trigonometry,* a wild and intricate performance, proves his knowledge of mathematics, and a due reverence for the discovery of Napier, of whose system of logarithms he speaks in the most enthusiastic terms. Perhaps his *Epigrams* would prove him to have been a wit, if not a poet; but we have not had the good fortune to procure a sight of them. Motteux speaks of him as a physician, in his preface to *Rabelais;* and Granger mentions the same fact, but doubtingly.

This little work purports to be written with some wild design of recovering his paternal estates in Scotland, by a display of his superior talents and endowments. He declares that he has discovered and completed a universal language, the value and utility of which he calculates in pretty round numbers. Does he not, then, most richly merit the restoration of his acres in Cromartie, which, it seems, was in military occupation? Such reasoning, at no time we know of, was ever likely to prevail, and certainly it would be difficult to discover men more likely to turn a deaf ear to such an application than Cromwell, Ireton, Overton, and the fanatical body of Independents, even had the claim been well founded. But we are constrained to say, a program more full of quackery, folly, and nonsense, was never put together, than the early part of the book, which purports to have formed part of the papers of Sir Thomas Urquhart, found in the streets of Worcester after the battle. The rest of the volume is to be supposed as written by some friend and advocate of the Knight. The deceit is, however, soon seen through; but had it been maintained, in the most ingenious humour, it would not have been worth inventing.

This introduction on the scheme of a universal language only serves as a frontal, as the title expresses, to a eulogy on the Scottish nation. This part of the work is also intended as a recommendation of himself, for he felt apprehensive lest the general prejudice against the Scotch, in full force at the time, should operate to his disadvantage in recovering his property, and in procuring a remuneration for the work which was to confer so great a benefit upon his native country and the world at large. It is from this part of the book, alone, that we shall make our extracts. The style of Sir Thomas is of so singular a kind, he possesses such a copious fund of sesquipedalian eloquence, and stalks along his subject with such a rapid and

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* *The Trissotetras, or a most exquisite Table for resolving all manner of Triangles, &c. By Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromartie, Knt. London*, 1645. Dedicated in a very fine style to "The right honourable and most noble lady, my dear and loving mother, the Lady Dowager of Cromartie."

gigantic stride, that we can ensure our readers a certain portion of amusement, at least; and from the curious subject of one of the extracts, perhaps some share of information.

We shall first give a singular account of the composition of the work, from the Epistle Liminary.

"Thus my task increasing, and not being able to enlarge my time, for the cause aforesaid, I was necessitated to husband it the better, to overtriple my diligence, and do the work by proportion of above three days in the space of one; wherefore laying aside all other businesses, and cooping myself up daily for some hours together, betwixt the case and the printing press, I usually afforded the setter copy at the rate of above a whole printed sheet in the day; which, although by reason of the smallness of a pica letter, and close couching thereof, it did amount to three full sheets of my writing, the aforesaid setter nevertheless (so nimble a workman he was) would in the space of twenty-four hours make dispatch of the whole, and be ready for another sheet. He and I striving thus who should compose fastest, he with his hand, and I with my brain; and his uncasing of the letters, and placing them in the composing instrument, standing for my conception; and his plenishing of the gally, and imposing of the form, encountering with the supposed equi-value of my writing; we would almost every foot so jump together in this joint expedition, and so nearly overtake each other in our intended course, that I was oftentimes (to keep him doing) glad to tear off parcels of ten or twelve lines apiece, and give him them, till more were ready; unto which he would so suddenly put an order, that almost still, before the ink of the written letters was dry, their representatives were (out of their respective boxes) ranked in the composing stick; by means of which great haste, I writing but upon the loose sheets of cording quires, which (as I minced and tore them) looking like pieces of waste paper, troublesome to get rallied, after such dispersive scatteredness, I had not the leisure to read what I had written, till it came to a proof, and sometimes to a full revise; so that by virtue of this unanimous contest, and joint emulation betwixt the theoretic and practical part, which should overtry the other in celerity, we, in the space of fourteen working days, completed this whole book (such as it is) from the first notion of the brain, till the last motion of the press. And that without any other help on my side, either of quick or dead, than what (by the favour of God) my own judgement and fancy did suggest unto me; save so much as, by way of information, a servant of mine would now and then bring to me, from some reduced officer of the primitive parliament, touching the proper names of some Scottish warriors abroad, which I was very apt to forget."

The exploits of the admirable Crichton are recounted in the *Jewel,* with more particularity than any where else; but the facts are so disguised by extravagant rhodomontade, that the reader feels inclined to reject the whole as an enormous fiction.

As the book, however, is so very rare, we shall extract the whole of it.

" To speak a little now of his compatriot Crichtoun, I hope will not offend the ingenious reader, who may know, by what is already displayed, that it cannot be heterogeneal from the proposed purpose, to make report of that magnanimous act achieved by him at the Duke of Mantua's court, to the honour not only of his own, but to the eternal renown also of the whole isle of Britain; the manner whereof was thus.—A certain Italian gentleman, of a mighty, able, strong, nimble, and vigorous body, by nature fierce, cruel, warlike, and audacious, and in the gladiatory art so superlatively expert and dextrous, that all the most skilful teachers of escrime and fencing-masters of Italy, (which in matter of choice professors in that faculty needed never as yet to yield to any nation in the world,) were by him beaten to their good behaviour, and, by blows and thrusts given in, which they could not avoid, enforced to acknowledge him their overcomer. Bethinking himself how, after so great a conquest of reputation, he might, by such means, be very suddenly enriched, he projected a course of exchanging the blunt to sharp, and the foils into tucks; and, in this resolution, providing a purse full of gold, worth near upon four hundred pounds, English money, travelled alongst the most especial and considerable parts of Spain, France, the Low Countries, Germany, Pole, Hungary, Greece, Italy, and other places, where ever there was greatest probability of encountering with the eagerest and most atrocious duellists; and immediately after his arrival to any city or town, that gave apparent likelihood of some one or other champion that would enter the lists and cope with him, he boldly challenged them with sound of trumpet, in the chief market-place, to adventure an equal sum of money against that of his, to be disputed at the sword's point, who should have both. There failed not several brave men, almost of all nations, who, accepting of his cartels, were not afraid to hazard both their person and coin against him: but (till he meddled with this Crichtoun) so main was the ascendant he had above all his antagonists, and so unlucky the fate of such as offered to scuffle with him, that all his opposing combatants (of what state or dominion soever they were) who had not lost both their life and gold, were glad, for the preservation of their person, (though sometimes with a great expense of blood,) to leave both their reputation and money behind them. At last returning homewards to his own country, loaded with honour and wealth, or rather the spoil of the reputation of those foreigners, whom the Italians call Tramontani, he by the way, after his accustomed manner of aborting other places, repaired to the city of Mantua, where the duke (according to the courtesy usually bestowed on him by other princes) vouchsafed him a protection, and safeguard for his person. He (as formerly he was wont to do, by beat of drum, sound of trumpet, and several printed papers, disclosed his design, battered on all the chief gates, posts, and pillars of the town) gave all men to understand, that his purpose was to challenge at the single rapier, any whosoever of that city or country, that

durst be so bold as to fight with him, provided he would deposit a bag of five hundred Spanish pistoles, over-against another of the same value, which himself should lay down, upon this condition, that the enjoyment of both should be the conqueror's due. His challenge was not long unanswered: for it happened at the same time, that three of the most notable cutters in the world, and so highly cried up for valour, that all the bravoes of the land were content to give way to their domineering (how insolent soever they should prove,) because of their former constantly-obtained victories in the field, were all three together at the court of Mantua; who, hearing of such a harvest of five hundred pistoles, to be reaped (as they expected) very soon, and with ease, had almost contested amongst themselves for the priority of the first encounter, but that one of my lord duke's courtiers moved them to cast lots for who should be first, second, and third, in case none of the former two should prove victorious. Without more ado, he whose chance it was to answer the cartel with the first defiance, presented himself within the barriers, or place appointed for the fight, where his adversary attending him, as soon as the trumpet sounded a charge, they jointly fell to work: and (because I am not now to amplify the particulars of a combat) although the dispute was very hot for a while, yet, whose fortune it was to be the first of the three in the field, had the disaster to be the first of the three that was foiled: for at last, with a thrust in the throat, he was killed dead on the ground. This, nevertheless, not a whit dismayed the other two: for the next day, he that was second in the roll, gave his appearance after the same manner as the first had done, but with no better success; for he likewise was laid flat dead upon the place, by means of a thrust he received in the heart. The last of the three, finding that he was as sure of being engaged in the fight, as if he had been the first in order, plucked up his heart, knit his spirits together, and, on the day after the death of the second, most courageously entering the lists, demeaned himself for a while with great activity and skill; but at last, his luck being the same with those that preceded him, by a thrust in the belly, he, within four-and-twenty hours after, gave up the ghost. These (you may imagine) were lamentable spectacles to the duke and city of Mantua, who, casting down their faces for shame, knew not what course to take for reparation of their honour. The conquering duellist, proud of a victory so highly tending to both his honour and profit, for the space of a whole fortnight, or two weeks together, marched daily along the streets of Mantua, without any opposition or controulment, like another Romulus or Marcellus, in triumph: which, the never too much to be admired Crichtoun perceiving, to wipe off the imputation of cowardice lying upon the court of Mantua, to which he had but even then arrived, (although formerly he had been a domestic thereof,) he could neither eat nor drink till he had first sent a challenge to the conqueror, appelling him to repair with his best sword in his hand, by nine of the clock in the morning of the next day, in presence of the whole court, and in the same place where he had killed the other three, to fight with him upon this quarrel, that, in the court of Mantua, there was as valiant men as he; and, for his

better encouragement to the desired undertaking, he assured him, that, to the aforesaid five hundred pistoles, he would adjoin a thousand more, wishing him to do the like, that the victor, upon the point of his sword, might carry away the richer booty. The challenge, with all its conditions, is no sooner accepted of, the time and place mutually condescended upon kept accordingly, and the fifteen hundred pistoles *hinc inde* deposited, but of the two rapiers of equal weight, length, and goodness, each taking one in presence of the duke and dutchess, with all the noblemen, ladies, magnificos, and all the choicest of both men, women, and maids, of that city. As soon as the signal for the duel was given, by the shot of a great piece of ordnance of threescore and four pound ball, the two combatants, with a lion-like animosity, made their approach to one another; and being within distance, the valiant Crichtoun, to make his adversary spend his fury the sooner, betook himself to the defensive part, wherein, for a long time, he showed such excellent dexterity, in warding the other's blows, slighting his falsifyings, in breaking measure, and often, by the agility of his body, avoiding his thrusts, that he seemed but to play, whilst the other was in earnest. The sweetness of Crichtoun's countenance, in the hottest of the assault, like a glance of lightning on the hearts of the spectators, brought all the Italian ladies on a sudden to be enamoured of him; whilst the sternness of the other's aspect, he looking like an enraged bear, would have struck terror into wolves, and affrighted an English mastiff. Though they were both in their linens, (to-wit, shirts and drawers, without any other apparel,) and in all outward conveniencies equally adjusted, the Italian, with redoubling his strokes, foamed at the mouth with a choleric heart, and fetched a pantling breath: the Scot, in sustaining his charge, kept himself in a pleasant temper, without passion, and made void his designs: he alters his wards from tierce to quart; he primes and seconds it, now high now low, and casts his body (like another Prothee) into all the shapes he can, to spie an open on his adversary, and lay hold of an advantage; but all in vain: for the invincible Crichtoun, whom no cunning was able to surprise, contrepostures his respective wards, and with an incredible nimbleness of both hand and foot, evades his intent, and frustrates the invasion. Now is it, that the never-before conquered Italian, finding himself a little faint, enters into a consideration that he may be over-matched; whereupon, a sad apprehension of danger seizing upon all his spirits, he would gladly have his life bestowed on him as a gift, but that, having never been accustomed to yield, he knows not how to beg it. Matchless Crichtoun, seeing it now high time to put a gallant catastrophe to that so long dubious combat, animated with a divinely-inspired fervency to fulfil the expectation of the ladies, and crown the duke's illustrious hopes, changeth his garb, falls to act another part, and from defender turns assailant. Never did art so grace nature, nor nature second the precepts of art with so much liveliness, and such observancy of time, as when, after he had struck fire out of the steel of his enemy's sword, and gained the feeble thereof with the fort of his own by angles of the strongest position, he did, by geometrical flourishes of straight and oblique lines, so

practically execute the speculative part, that, as if there had been remorse and secret charms in the variety of his motion, the fierceness of his foe was in a trice transqualified into the numbness of a pageant. Then was it, that to vindicate the reputation of the duke's family, and expiate the blood of the three vanquished gentlemen, he alonged a stoccade *de pied ferme;* then recoiling, he advanced another thrust, and lodged it home; after which, retiring again, his right foot did beat the cadence of the blow that pierced the belly of this Italian; whose heart and throat being hit with the two former strokes, these three franch bouts given in upon the back of each other: besides that, if lines were imagined drawn from the hand that livered them, to the places which were marked by them, they would represent a perfect isosceles triangle, with a perpendicular from the top angle, cutting the basis in the middle; they likewise give us to understand, that by them he was to be made a sacrifice of atonement for the slaughter of the three aforesaid gentlemen, who were wounded in the very same parts of their bodies by other such three venees as these, each whereof being mortal; and his vital spirits exhaling as his blood gushed out, all he spoke was this, that seeing he could not live, his comfort in dying was, that he could not die by the hand of a braver man. After the uttering of which words, he expiring with the shrill clareens of trumpets, bouncing thunder of artillery, bethwacked beating of drums, universal clapping of hands, and loud acclamations of joy for so glorious a victory, the air above them was so rarified, by the extremity of the noise and vehement sound, dispelling the thickest and most condensed parts thereof, that (as Plutarch speaks of the Grecians, when they raised their shouts of allegress up to the very heavens, at the hearing the gracious proclamation of Paulus Æmilius in favour of their liberty,) the very sparrows and other flying fowls, were said to fall to the ground for want of air enough to uphold them in their flight.

"When this sudden rapture was over, and all hushed into its former tranquillity, the noble gallantry and generosity, beyond expression, of the inimitable Crichtoun, did transport them all again into a new ecstacy of ravishment, when they saw him like an angel in the shape of a man, or as another Mars, with the conquered enemy's sword in one hand, and the fifteen hundred pistoles he had gained in the other, present the sword to the duke as his due, and the gold to his high treasurer, to be disponed equally to the three widows of the three unfortunate gentlemen lately slain, reserving only to himself the inward satisfaction he conceived, for having so opportunely discharged his duty to the house of Mantua.

"The reader, perhaps, will think this wonderful; and so would I too, were it not that I know (as Sir Philip Sidney says) that *a wonder is no wonder in a wonderful subject;* and, consequently, not in him, who, for his learning, judgement, valour, eloquence, beauty, and good fellowship, was the perfectest result of the joint labour of the perfect number of those six deities, Pallas, Apollo, Mars, Mercury, Venus, and Bacchus, that hath been since the days of Alcibiades: for he was reported to be enriched with a memory so prodigious, that

any sermon, speech, harangue, or other manner of discourse of an hour's continuance, he was able to recite without hesitation, after the same manner of gesture and pronunciation in all points, wherewith it was delivered at first; and of so stupendous a judgement and conception, that almost naturally he understood quiddities of philosophy: and as for the abstrusest and most researched mysteries of other disciplines, arts, and faculties, the intentional species of them were as readily obvious to the interior view and perspicacity of his mind, as those of the common visible colours to the external sight of him that will open his eyes to look upon them. Of which accomplishment and encyclopædia, he gave on a time so marvellous a testimony at Paris, that the words of 'admirabilis Scotus,' the 'wonderful Scot,' in all the several tongues and idioms of Europe, were (for a great while together) by the most of the echoes, resounded to the piercing of the very clouds. To so great a height and vast extent of praise did the never too much to be extolled reputation of the seraphic wit of that eximious man attain, for his commanding to be affixed programs on all the gates of the schools, halls, and colleges of that famous university, as also on all the chief pillars and posts standing before the houses of the most renowned men for literature resident within the precinct of the walls and suburbs of that most populous and magnificent city, inviting them all (or any whoever else versed in any kind of scholastic faculty) to repair, at nine of the clock in the morning of such a day, month, and year, as by computation came to be just six weeks after the date of the affixes, to the common school of the college of Navarre, where (at the prefixed time) he should (God willing) be ready to answer to what should be propounded to him concerning any science, liberal art, discipline or faculty, practical or theoretic, not excluding the theological nor jurisprudential habits, though grounded upon the testimonies of God and man; and that any of these twelve languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Sclavonian, in either verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant: which high enterprise and hardy undertaking, by way of challenge to the learnedest men in the world, damped the wits of many able scholars to consider whether it was the attempt of a fanatic spirit, or lofty design of a well poised judgement. Yet, after a few days inquiry concerning him, when information was got of his incomparable endowments, all the choicest and most profound philosophers, mathematicians, naturalists, mediciners, alchymists, apothecaries, surgeons, doctors of both civil and canon law, and divines, both for controversies and positive doctrine, together with the primest grammarians, rhetoricians, logicians, and others, professors of other arts and disciplines at Paris, plied their studies in their private cells, for the space of a month, exceeding hard, and with huge pains and labour set all their brains a-work, how to contrive the knurriest arguments, and most difficult questions could be devised, thereby to puzzle him in the resolving of them, meander him in his answers, put him out of his medium, and drive him to a non-plus: nor did they forget to premonish the ablest there of foreign nations not to be unprepared to dispute with him in their own ma-

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ternal dialects, and that sometimes metrically, sometimes otherways, *pro libitu.*

" All this while, the admirable Scot, (for so from henceforth he was called,) minding more his hawking, hunting, tilting, vaulting, riding of well-managed horses, tossing of the pike, handling of the musket, flourishing of colours, dancing, fencing, swimming, jumping, throwing of the bar, playing at the tennis, balloon, or long catch, and sometimes at the house-games of dice, cards, playing at the chess, billiards, trou-madam, and other such like chamber sports, singing, playing on the lute, and other musical instruments, masking, balling, revelling, and (which did most of all divert or rather distract him from his speculations and serious employments) being more addicted to, and plying closer the courting of handsome ladies, and a jovial cup in the company of Bacchanalian blades, than the forecasting how to avoid, shun, and escape the snares, gins, and nets of the hard, obscure, and hidden arguments, riddles, and demands to be made, framed, and woven by the professors, doctors, and others of that thrice renowned university: there arose upon him an aspersion of too great proneness to such like debordings and youthful emancipations, which occasioned one less acquainted with himself, than his reputation, to subjoin (some two weeks before the great day appointed) to that programe of his, which was fixed on the Sorbone-gate, these words: ' If you would meet with this monster of perfection, to make search for him, either in the tavern or bawdy-house, is the readiest way to find him.' By reason of which expression, (though truly, as I think, both scandalous and false,) the eminent sparks of the university (imagining that those papers of provocation had been set up to no other end, but to scoff and delude them, in making them waste their spirits upon quirks and quiddities more than was fitting) did relent a little of their former toil, and slack their studies, becoming almost regardless thereof, till the several peals of bells ringing an hour or two before the hour assigned, gave warning that the party was not to flee the barriers, nor decline the hardship of academical assaults; but, on the contrary, so confident in his former resolution, that he would not shrink to sustain the shock of all their disceptations.

" This sudden alarm so awaked them out of their last fortnight's lethargy, that calling to mind the best way they might, the fruits of the foregoing month's labour, they hied to the afore-named school with all diligence; where, after all of them had, according to their several degrees and qualities, seated themselves, and that by reason of the noise occasioned through the great confluence of people, which so strange a novelty brought thither out of curiosity, an universal silence was commanded, the orator of the university, in most fluent Latin, addressing his speech to Crichtoun, extolled him for his literature and other good parts, and for that confident opinion he had of his own sufficiency, in thinking himself able to justle in matters of learning with the whole university of Paris. Crichtoun answering him in no less eloquent terms of Latin, after he had most heartily thanked him for his eulogies, so undeservedly bestowed, and darted some very

high encomions upon the university and the professors therein, he very ingenuously protested, that he did not emit his programs out of any ambition to be esteemed able to enter in competition with the university, but merely to be honoured with the favour of a public conference with the learned men thereof. In compliments after this manner, *ultro citroque habitis*, tossed to and again, retorted, contrarisposted, back-reverted, and now and then graced with a quip or a clinch, for the better relish of the ear; being unwilling in this kind of straining courtesy, to yield to other, they spent a full half hour and more: for he being the centre to which the innumerable diameters of the discourses of that circulary convention did tend, although none was to answer, but he, any of them all, according to the order of their prescribed series, were permitted to reply, or commence new motions on any subject, in what language soever, and howsoever expressed; to all which, he being bound to tender himself a respondent, in matter and form suitable to the impugner's propounding; he did first so transcendently acquit himself of that circumstantial kind of oratory, that, by well-couched periods, and neatly running syllables, in all the twelve languages, both in verse and prose, he expressed, to the life, his courtship and civility: and afterwards, when the rector of the university (unwilling to have any more time bestowed on superficial rhetoric, or to have that wasted on the fondness of quaint phrases, which might be better employed in a reciprocacy of discussing scientifically the nature of substantial things) gave direction to the professors to fall on, each according to the dignity or precedency of his faculty; and that conform to the order given; some metaphysical notions were set abroach, then mathematical; and of those, arithmetical, geometrical, astronomical, musical, optical, cosmographical, trigonometrical, statical, and so forth, through all the other branches of the prime and mother-sciences thereof: the next bout was through all natural philosophy, according to Aristotle's method, from the acroamatics, going along the speculation of the nature of the heavens, and that of the generation and corruption of sublunary things, even to the consideration of the soul and its faculties: in sequel hereof, they had a hint at chemical extractions, and spoke of the principles of corporeal and mixed bodies, according to the precepts of that art. After this, they disputed of medicine, in all its thereapeutic, pharmacopeutic, and chirurgical parts; and not leaving natural magic untouched, they had exquisite disceptations concerning the secrets thereof; from whence they proceeded to moral philosophy, where, debating of the true enumeration of all virtues and vices, they had most learned ratiocinations about the chief good of the life of man; and seeing the œcumenicks and politics are parts of that philosophy, they argued learnedly of all the several sorts of governments, with their defects and advantages; whereupon perpending, that without an established law, all the duties of ruling and subjection, to the utter ruin of human society, would be as often violated as the irregularity of passion, seconded with power, should give way thereto. The sorbonist, canonical, and civilian doctors, most judiciously argued with him about the most prudential maxims, sentences, ordinances, acts, and

statutes, for ordering all manner of persons in their consciences, bodies, fortunes, and reputation; nor was there an end put to those literate exercitations, till the grammarians, rhetoricians, poets, and logicians, had assailed him with all the subtleties and nicest quodlibets their respective habits could afford.

"Now when, to the admiration of all that were there, the incomparable Crichtoun had, in all these faculties above written, and in any of the twelve languages wherein he was spoke to, whether in verse or prose, held talk to all the disputants, who were accounted the ablest scholars upon the earth, in each their own profession; and publicly evidenced such an universality of knowledge and accurate promptness in resolving of doubts, distinguishing of obscurities, expressing the members of a distinction in adequate terms of art, explaining those compendious terms with words of a more easy apprehension, to the prostrating of the sublimest mysteries to any vulgar capacity; and with all excogitable variety of learning (to his own everlasting fame) entertained, after that kind, the nimble-witted Parisians from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night. The rector now finding it high time to give some relaxation to these worthy spirits, which, during such a long space, had been so intensively bent upon the abstrusest speculations, rose up, and saluting the divine Crichtoun, after he had made an elegant panegyric, or encomiastic speech of half an hour's continuance, tending to nothing else but the extolling of him for the rare and most singular gifts wherewith God and Nature had endowed him, he descended from his chair, and, attended by three or four of the most especial professors, presented him with a diamond-ring and a purseful of gold, wishing him to accept thereof, if not as a recompence proportionable to his merit, yet as a badge of love, and testimony of the university's favour towards him. At the tender of which ceremony, there was so great a plaudit in the school, such a humming and clapping of hands, that all the concavities of the colleges thereabout, did resound with the echo of the noise thereof.

"Notwithstanding the great honour, thus purchased by him for his literatory accomplishments; and that many excellent spirits, to obtain the like, would be content to postpone all other employments to the enjoyment of their studies; he nevertheless, the very next day (to refresh his brains, as he said, for the toil of the former day's work) went to the Louvre in a buff-suit, more like a favourite of Mars, than one of the Muse's minions; where, in presence of some princes of the court and great ladies, that came to behold his gallantry, he carried away the ring, fifteen times on end, and broke as many lances on the Saracen. When for a quarter of a year together, he, after this manner, had disported himself (what martially, what scholastically) with the best qualified men in any faculty soever, that so large a city (which is called the world's abridgement) was able to afford, and now and then solaced these his more serious recreations (for all was but sport to him) with the alluring embellishments of the tender sex, whose inamorato that he might be, was their ambition: he on a sudden took resolution to leave the court of France, and return to Italy,

where he had been bred for many years together; which design he prosecuting, within the space of a month (without troubling himself with long journeys) he arrived at the court of Mantua, where immediately after his abode (as hath been told already) he fought the memorable combat, whose description is above related. Here was it, that the learned and valiant Crichtoun was pleased to cast anchor, and fix his abode; nor could he almost otherways do, without disobliging the duke, and the prince, his eldest son; by either whereof he was so dearly beloved, that none of them would permit him by any means to leave their court, whereof he was the only privado; the object of all men's love, and subject of their discourse, the example of the great ones and wonder of the meaner people, the paramour of the female sex, and paragon of his own; in the glory of which high estimation having resided at that court above two whole years, the reputation of gentlemen there was hardly otherways valued but by the measure of his acquaintance; nor were the young unmarried ladies, of all the most eminent places thereabouts, any thing respected of one another, that had not either a lock of his hair, or copy of verses of his composing. Nevertheless, it happening on a Shrove-Tuesday at night, at which time it is in Italy very customary for men of great sobriety, modesty, and civil behaviour, all the rest of the year, to give themselves over on that day of carnival (as they call it) to all manner of riot, drunkenness, and incontinency, which that they may do with the least imputation they can to their credit, they go masked and mummed, with vizards on their faces, and in the disguise of a zani or pantaloon, to ventilate their fopperies, and sometimes intolerable enormities, without suspicion of being known, that this ever renowned Crichtoun, who in the afternoon of that day, at the desire of my lord duke (the whole court striving which should exceed each other in foolery, and devising the best sports to excite laughter, neither my lord, the dutchess, nor prince, being exempted from acting their parts, as well as they could) upon a theatre set up for the purpose, began to prank it, à la Venetiana, with such a flourish of mimic and ethopoetic gestures, that all the courtiers of both sexes, even those that a little before that were fondest of their own conceits, at the sight of his so inimitable a garb, from ravishing actors, that they were before, turned then ravished spectators. O with how great liveliness did he represent the conditions of all manner of men! how naturally did he set before the eyes of the beholders the rogueries of all professions, from the overweening monarch to the peevish swain, through all the intermediate degrees of the superficial courtier or proud warrior, dissembled churchman, doting old man, cozening lawyer, lying traveller, covetous merchant, rude seaman, pedantic scholar, the amorous shepherd, envious artizan, vain-glorious master, and tricky servant; he did with such variety display the several humours of all these sorts of people, and with a so bewitching energy, that he seemed to be the original, they the counterfeit, and they the resemblance whereof he was the prototype; he had all the jeers, squibs, flouts, bulls, quips, taunts, whims, jests, clinches, jibes, mocks, jerks, with all the several kinds of equivocations, and other sophistical captions, that could properly

be adapted to the person, by whose representation he intended to inveigle the company into a fit of mirth; and would keep in that miscellany discourse of his (which was all for the spleen, and nothing for the gall) such a climacterical and mercurially digested method, that when the fancy of the hearers was tickled with any rare conceit, and that the jovial blood was moved, he held it going, with another new device upon the back of the first, and another, yet another, and another again, succeeding one another for the promoval of what is a stirring into a higher agitation; till in the closure of the luxuriant period, the decumanal wave of the oddest whimzy of all, enforced the charmed spirits of the auditory (for affording room to its apprehension) suddenly to burst forth into a laughter, which commonly lasted just so long as he had leisure to withdraw behind a screen, shift off, with the help of a page, the suit he had on, apparel himself with another, and return to the stage to act afresh; for by that time their transported, disparted, and sublimated fancies, by the wonderfully operating engines of his solacious inventions, had from the height to which the inward screws, wheels, and pullies of his wit had elevated them, descended by degrees into their wonted stations, he was ready for the personating of another carriage; whereof, to the number of fourteen several kinds (during the five hours' space that at the duke's desire, the solicitation of the court, and his own recreation, he was pleased to histrionize it) he showed himself so natural a representative, that any would have thought he had been as so many several actors, differing in all things else, save the only stature of the body; with this advantage above the most of other actors, whose tongue, with its oral implements, is the only instrument of their mind's disclosing, that besides his mouth, with its appurtenances, he lodged almost a several orator in every member of his body; his head, his eyes, his shoulders, arms, hands, fingers, thighs, legs, feet, and breast, being able to decipher any passion, whose character he purposed to give.

"First, he did present himself with a crown on his head, a sceptre in his hand, being clothed in a purple robe furred with ermine; after that, with a mitre on his head, a crosier in his hand, and accoutred with a pair of lawn-sleeves; and thereafter, with a helmet on his head, the visor up, a commanding stick in his hand, and arrayed in a buff-suit, with a scarf about his middle; then in a rich apparel, after the newest fashion, did he show himself (like another Sejanus) with a periwig daubed with cypres powder; in sequel of that, he came out with a three cornered cap on his head, some parchments in his hand, and writings hanging at his girdle like chancery bills; and next to that, with a furred gown about him, an ingot of gold in his hand, and a bag full of money by his side; after all this, he appears again, clad in a country jacket, with a prong in his hand, and a monmouth-like cap on his head; then, very shortly after, with a palmer's coat upon him, a bourdon in his hand, and some few cockle shells stuck to his hat, he looked as if he had come in pilgrimage from Saint Michael; immediately after that, he domineers it in a bare unlined gown, with a pair of whips in the one hand, and Corderius in

the other; and in suite thereof, he *hondersponderedd* it with a pair of pannier-like breeches, a mountera-cap on his head, and a knife in a wooden sheath, dagger ways, by his side; about the latter end he comes forth again with a square in one hand, a rule in the other, and a leather apron before him; then very quickly after, with a scrip by his side, a sheep hook in his hand, and a basket full of flowers to make nosegays for his mistress; now drawing to a closure, he rants it first in cuerpo, and vapouring it with gingling spurs, and his arms a kenbol, like a Don Diego he struts it, and by the loftiness of his gait plays the Capitan Spavento; then in the very twinkling of an eye, you would have seen him again issue forth with a cloak upon his arm, in a livery garment, thereby representing the serving man; and lastly, at one time amongst those other, he came out with a long grey beard and bucked ruff, crouching on a staff tipped with the head of a barber's cithern, and his gloves hanging by a button at his girdle. Those fifteen several personages he did represent with such excellency of garb, and exquisiteness of language, that condignly to perpend the subtlety of the invention, the method of the disposition, the neatness of the elocution, the gracefulness of the action, and wonderful variety in the so dextrous performance of all, you would have taken it for a comedy of five acts, consisting of three scenes, each composed by the best poet in the world, and acted by fifteen of the best players that ever lived, as was most evidently made apparent to all the spectators in the fifth and last hour of his action, (which, according to our western account, was about six o'clock at night, and by the calculation of that country, half an hour past three-and-twenty, at that time of the year,) for, purposing to leave off with the setting of the sun, with an endeavour, nevertheless, to make his conclusion the masterpiece of the work, he, to that effect, summoning all his spirits together, which never failed to be ready at the call of so worthy a commander, did, by their assistance, so conglomerate, shuffle, mix, and interlace the gestures, inclinations, actions, and very tones of the speech of those fifteen several sorts of men whose carriages he did personate, into an inestimable ollapodrida of immaterial morsels of divers kinds, suitable to the very ambrosian relish of the Heliconian nymphs; that, in the peripetia of this dramatical exercitation, by the inchanted transportation of the eyes and ears of its spectabundal auditory, one would have sworn that they all had looked with multiplying-glasses, and that (like that angel in the Scripture, whose voice was said to be like the voice of a multitude) they heard in him alone the promiscuous speech of fifteen several actors; by the various ravishments of the excellencies whereof, in the frolickness of a jocund strain beyond expectation, the logofascinated spirits of the beholding hearers and auriculary spectators were so on a sudden seized upon in their risible faculties of the soul, and all their vital motions so universally affected in this extremity of agitation, that, to avoid the inevitable charms of his intoxicating ejaculations, and the accumulative influences of so powerful a transportation, one of my lady dutchess's chief maids of honour, by the vehemency of the shock of those incomprehensible raptures, burst forth into a laughter, to the rupture of

a vein in her body; and another young lady, by the irresistible violence of the pleasure unawares infused, where the tender receptibility of her too, too tickled fancy was least able to hold out, so unprovidedly was surprised, that, with no less impetuosity of ridibundal passion than (as hath been told) occasioned a fracture in the other young lady's modesty, she, not able longer to support the well beloved burthen of so excessive delight, and entrancing joys of such mercurial exhilarations, through the ineffable ecstasy of an over-mastered apprehension, fell back in a swoon, without the appearance of any other life into her, than what by the most refined wits of theological speculators is conceived to be exerced by the purest parts of the separated *entelechies* of blessed saints, in their sublimest conversations with the celestial hierarchies; this accident procured the incoming of an apothecary with restoratives, as the other did that of a surgeon with consolidative medicaments.

"The admirable Crichtoun now perceiving that it was drawing somewhat late, and that our occidental rays of Phœbus were upon their turning oriental to the other hemisphere of the terrestrial globe; being withal jealous, that the uninterrupted operation of the exuberant diversity of his jovialissime entertainment, by a continuate winding up of the humours there present, to a higher, yet higher, and still higher pitch, above the supremest Lydian note of the harmony of voluptuousness, should, in such a case, through the too intensive stretching of the already-superelated strings of their imagination, with a transcendency overreaching ela, and beyond the well concerted gam of rational equanimity, involve the remainder of that illustrious company into the sweet labyrinth and mellifluent aufractuosities of a lacinious delectation, productive of the same inconveniencies which befel the two afore-named ladies, whose delicacy of constitution, though sooner overcome, did not argue, but that the same extranean causes from him proceeding of their pathetic alteration, might, by a longer insisting in an efficacious agency, and unremitted working of all the consecutively-imprinted degrees, that the capacity of the patient is able to contain, prevail at last, and have the same predominancy over the dispositions of the strongest complexioned males of that splendid society, did, in his own ordinary wearing apparel, with the countenance of a prince, and garb befitting the person of a so well bred gentleman, and cavalier καὶ ἐξοχήν, full of majesty, and replete with all excogitable civility, (to the amazement of all that beheld his heroic gesture,) present himself to epilogate this his almost extemporanean comedy, though of five hours' continuance without intermission; and that with a peroration so neatly uttered, so distinctly pronounced, and in such elegancy of selected terms expressed, by a diction so periodically contexted with *isocoly* of members, that the matter thereof, tending in all humility, to beseech the highnesses of the duke, prince, and dutchess, together with the remanent lords, ladies, knights, gentlemen, and others of both sexes of that honourable convention, to vouchsafe him the favour to excuse his that afternoon's escaped extravagancies, and to lay the blame of the indigested irregularity of his wit's excursions, and the abortive issues of his dis-

ordered brain, upon the customarily dispensed with privileges in those Cisalpinal regions, to authorise such like impertinences at Carnavalian festivals: and that, although, according to the most commonly received opinion in that country, after the nature of load-him, (a game at cards, where he that wins loseth) he who, at that season of the year, playeth the fool most egregiously, is reputed the wisest man. He, nevertheless, not being ambitious of the fame of enjoying good qualities, by virtue of the antiphrasis of the fruition of bad ones, did merely undergo that emancipatory task of a so profuse liberty; and to no other end embraced the practising of such roaming and exorbitant diversions, but to give an evident, or rather infallible, demonstration of his eternally bound duty to the house of Mantua, and an inviolable testimony of his never to be altered design in prosecuting all the occasions possible to be laid hold on, that can in any manner of way prove conducible to the advancement of, and contributing to, the readiest means for improving those advantages that may best promote the faculties of making all his choice endeavours, and utmost abilities at all times, effectual to the long wished for furtherance of his most cordial and endeared service to the serenissime highnesses of my lord duke, prince, and dutchess, and of consecrating with all addicted obsequiousness and submissive devotion, his everlasting obedience to the illustrious shrine of their joint commands.

"Then, incontinently addressing himself to the lords, ladies, and others of that rotonda, (which, for his deigning to be its inmate, though but for that day, might be accounted in nothing inferior to the great colisee of Rome, or amphitheatre at Neems,) with a stately carriage and port suitable to so prime a gallant, he did cast a look on all the corners thereof, so bewitchingly amiable, and magnetically efficacious, as if in his eyes had been a muster of ten thousand Cupids eagerly striving who should most deeply pierce the hearts of the spectators with their golden darts. And truly, it so fell out, (that there not being so much as one arrow shot in vain,) all of them did love him, though not after the same manner, nor for the same end. For, as the manna of the Arabian deserts is said to have had, in the mouths of the Egyptian Israelites, the very same taste of the meat they loved best, so the princes that were there did mainly cherish him for his magnanimity and knowledge; his courtliness and sweet behaviour being that for which chiefly the noblemen did most respect him; for his pregnancy of wit and chivalry, in vindicating the honour of ladies, he was honoured by the knights; and the esquires and other gentlemen courted him for his affability and good fellowship; the rich did favour him for his judgement and ingeniosity; and for his liberality and munificence, he was blessed by the poor; the old men affected him for his constancy and wisdom, and the young for his mirth and gallantry; the scholars were enamoured of him for his learning and eloquence, and the soldiers for his integrity and valour; the merchants, for his upright dealing and honesty, praised and extolled him, and the artificers for his goodness and benignity; the chastest lady of that place would have hugged and embraced him for his discretion and ingenuity; whilst, for his beauty and comeliness of person, he was

(at least in the fervency of their desires) the paramour of the less continent; he was dearly beloved of the fair women, because he was handsome, and of the fairest more dearly, because he was handsomer; in a word, the affections of the beholders, (like so many several diameters drawn from the circumference of their various intents) did all concentre in the point of his perfection.

" After a so considerable insinuation, and gaining of so much ground upon the hearts of the auditory, (though in shorter space than the time of a flash of lightning,) he went on (as before) in the same thread of the conclusive part of his discourse, with a resolution not to cut it, till the over-abounding passions of the company, their exorbitant motions, and discomposed gestures, through excess of joy and mirth, should be all of them quieted, calmed, and pacified, and every man, woman, and maid there, (according to their humour) reseated in the same integrity they were at first; which, when by the articulatest elocution of the most significant words, expressive of the choicest things that fancy could suggest, and (conform to the matter's variety) elevating or depressing, flat or sharply accinating it, with that proportion of tone that was most consonant with the purpose he had attained unto, and by his verbal harmony, and melodious utterance, settled all their distempered pleasures, and brought their disorderly raised spirits into their former capsuls, he, with a tongue tipped with silver, after the various *diapasons* of all his other expressions; and making of a leg, for the spruceness of its courtesy, of a greater decorement to him than cloth of gold and purple, farewelled the company with a compliment of one period, so exquisitely delivered, and so well attended by the gracefulness of his hand and foot, with the quaint miniardise of the rest of his body, in the performance of such ceremonies as are usual at a courtlike departing, that from the theatre, he had gone into a lobby, from thence along three spacious chambers, whence descending a back stair he passed through a low gallery, which led him to that outer gate, where a coach with six horses did attend him, before that magnificent convention of both sexes (to whom that room, wherein they all were, seemed, in his absence, to be a body without a soul) had the full leisure to recollect their spirits, (which, by the neatness of his so curious a close, were quoquoversedly scattered with admiration,) to advise on the best expediency how to dispose of themselves for the future of that licentious night. During which time of their being thus in amaze, a proper young lady, (if ever there was any in the world,) whose dispersed spirits, by her wonderful delight in his accomplishments, were, by the power of Cupid, with the assistance of his mother, instantly gathered and replaced, did, upon his retiring, (without taking notice of the intent of any other,) rise up out of her box, issue forth at a postern door, into some secret transes, from whence going down a few steps, that brought her to a parlour, she went through a large hall; by the wicket of one end whereof, as she entered on the street, she encountered with Crichtoun, who was but even then come to the aforesaid coach, which was her's; into which, *sans* ceremony, (waving the frivolous windings of dilatory circumstances,) they both stepped up together, without any other in

their company, save a waiting gentlewoman that sat in the farthest side of the coach, a page that lifted up the boot thereof, and walked by it, and one lackey, that ran before with a kindled torch in his hand, all domestic servants of her's, as were the coachman and postilion; who driving apace, (and having but half a mile to go,) did, with all the expedition required, set down my lady, with her beloved mate, at the great gate of her own palace; through the wicket whereof, (because she would not stay till the whole were made wide open,) they entered both. And injunction being given, that forthwith, after the setting up of the coach and horses, the gate should be made fast, and none, more than was already, permitted to come within her court that night, they jointly went along a private passage, which led them to a lantern scalier, whose each step was twelve feet long; thence mounting up a pair of stairs, they passed through and traversed above nine several rooms on a floor, before they reached her bed-chamber; which, in the interim of the progress of their transitory walk, was, with such mutual cordialness, so unanimously aimed at, that never did the passengers of a ship, in a tedious voyage, long for a favourable wind with greater uniformity of desire, than the blessed hearts of that amorous and amiable couple were, without the meanest variety of a wish, in every jot united. Nevertheless, at last they entered in it, or rather in an alcoranal paradise, where nothing tending to the pleasure of all the senses was wanting. The weather being a little chill and coldish, they, on a blue velvet couch, sat by one another, towards a charcoal-fire burning in a silver brasero, whilst, in the next room adjacent thereto, a pretty little round table of cedar-wood was a covering for the supping of them two together: the cates prepared for them, and a week before that time bespoke, were of the choicest dainties and most delicious junkets, that all the territories of Italy were able to afford, and that deservedly: for all the Roman empire could not produce a completer pair to taste them. In beauty, she was supreme, in pedigree equal with the best, in spirit not inferior to any, and, in matter of affection, a great admirer of Crichtoun, which was none of her least perfections. She many times used to repair to my lady dutchess's court, where now and then the prince would cast himself (as a l'improviste) into her way, to catch hold the more conveniently of some one or other opportunity for receiving her employments; with the favour whereof, he very often protested, if she would vouchsafe to honour him, and be pleased to gratify his best endeavours with her only gracious acceptance of them, none breathing should be able to discharge that duty with more zeal to her service, nor reap more inward satisfaction in the performance of it; for that his obedience could not be crowned with greater glory, than by that of a permanently fixed attendance upon her commandments. His highness's compliments (whereof to this noble lady he was at all times liberal) remained never long unexchanged, than after they were delivered, and that in a coin so precious, for language, matter, phrase, and elocution, that he was still assured of his being repaid with interest. By means of which odds of her retaliation, she (though unknown to herself) conquered his affections, and he from henceforth

became her inamorato; but with so close and secret a mind did he harbour in his heart that new love, and nourish the fire thereof in his veins, that remotely skonsing it from the knowledge of all men, he did not so much as acquaint therewith his most intimate friend Crichtoun.

"But, as the misery of the life of man is such, that bitterness for the most part is subsequent to pleasure, and joy the prognostic of grief to come, so the admirable Crichtoun (or to resume my discourse where I broke off, I say it happened on a Shrove Tuesday at night, that the ever renowned Crichtoun) was warned by a great noise in the streets to be ready for the acting of another part; for the prince, who till that time, from the first hour of the night inclusively, for the space of four hours together, with all his attendants, had done nothing else but rant it, roar, and roam from one tavern to another, with haut-bois, flutes, and trumpets, drinking healths, breaking glasses, tossing pots, whitling themselves with septembral juice, tumbling in the kennel, and acting all the devisable feats of madness, at least so many as in their irregular judgements did seem, might countervalue all the penance they should be able to do for them the whole Lent thereafter, being ambitious to have a kiss of his mistress's hand (for so, in this too frolick humour of his, he was pleased to call this young lady) before he should go to bed; with nine gentlemen at his back, and four pages carrying wax-tapers before him, comes to the place where Crichtoun and the afore-named lady were, (though the prince knew nothing of Crichtoun's being there,) and knocks at the outer gate thereof. No answer is made at first; for the whole house was in one profound silence, and all of them in the possession of Morphee, save that blessed pair of pigeon-like lovers, * * * * * * * * * * * * * but the fates being pleased otherways to dispose of things than as they proposed them, the clapper is up again, and they rap with a flap, till a threefold clap made the sound to rebound. With this, the porter awakes, and looks out at a lattice window of his lodge, and seeing them all with masks and vizards on their faces, asked them what their desire was, or what it might be that moved them to come so late in such a disguise? The prince himself answered, that they were gentlemen desirous only to salute my lady; which courtesy, when obtained, they should forthwith be gone. The porter advertiseth the page, and tells him all; who doing the same to the waiting gentlewoman, she, to receive orders from her mistress, opens the chamber-door, enters in, relates the story, and demands direction from my lady, who immediately bids her call the page to her: she does it; he comes; and enquiring what the will of her signoria was with him, she enjoins him to go down and beseech those gentlemen to be pleased to have her excused for that night, because she was a-bed, and not so well as she could wish to bear them company; yet, if they conceived any fault in her, she should strive to make them amends for it some other time. The page accordingly acquits himself of what is recommended to him; for after he had caused open the wicket of the gate, and faced the street, he first saluted them with

that courtlike dexterity, which did bespeak him a well educated boy, and of good parentage ; then he told them, that he was commanded by his lady mistress to entreat them (seeing she knew not what they were, and that their wearing of vizards did in civility debar her from enquiring after their names) to take in good part her remitting of that their visit to another time, by reason of her present indisposure, and great need of rest, which, if they should have any pretext to except against, she would heartily make atonement for it, and give them satisfaction at any other time. The prince's answer was, that he thought not but that he should have been admitted with less ceremony, and that though the time of the night, and his lady mistress, her being in a posture of rest, might seem to plead somewhat for the non-disturbance of her desired solitariness; that, nevertheless, the uncontrolled privileges of the season exempting them from all prescribed (and at all other times observed) boundaries, might, in the carnaval-eve, and supremest night of its law-transcendent jollities, by the custom of the whole country, very well apologize for that trespass. Which words being spoken, he, without giving the page leisure to reply, pretending it was cold in the streets, rushed in at the open wicket even into the court, with all his gentlemen and torch-bearers, each one whereof was no less cup-shotten than himself. The page astonished at such unexpected rudeness, said, with an audible voice, what do you mean, gentlemen? do you intend to break in by violence, and at such an undue time, enforce my lady to grant you admittance? Look, I pray you, to your own reputations; and if regardless of any thing else, consider what imputation and stain of credit will lie upon you, thus to commit an enormous action, because of some colour of justifying it by immunities of set times, grounded upon no reason but mere toleration, without any other warrant than a feeble inveterate prescription; therefore, let me beseech you, gentlemen, if you love yourselves, and the continuation of your own good names, or tender any kind of respect to the honour of ladies, that you would be pleased of your own accords, to chuse rather to return from whence you came, or go whither elsewhere you will, than to imagine any rational man will think that your masks and vizards can be sufficient covers wherewith to hide and palliate the deformedness of this obtrusive incivility. One of the prince's gentlemen, (whose brains the fumes of Greek and Italian wines had a little intoxicated,) laying hold only upon the last word, (all the rest having escaped his imagination and memory, like an empty sound that makes no impression,) and most eagerly grasping at it (like a snarling cur, that, in his gnarring, snatcheth at the tail,) echoes it, incivility. Then coming up closer to him, and saying, how now Jack-a-napes, whom do you twit with incivility, he gave him such a sound thwack over the left shoulder with his sword, scabbard and all, that the noise thereof reached to all corners of my lady's bedchamber; at which, the generous page, (who, besides his breeding otherways, was the son of a nobleman,) being a little commoved and vexed at an affront so undeservedly received, and barbarously given, told the esquire who had wronged him, that if he had but had one drop of any good blood within him, he never would have offered to

strike a gentleman that wanted a weapon wherewith to defend himself; and that although he was but of fourteen years of age, and for strength but as a springal or stripling in regard of him, he should, nevertheless, (would any of those other nine gentlemen (as he called them) be pleased to favour him with the lend of a sword,) take upon him, even then, and on that place, to humble his cock's-comb, pull his crest a little lower down, and make him fain (for the safety of his life) to acknowledge that he is but a base and unworthy man.

"Whilst the gentleman was about to have shapen him an answer, the prince, being very much taken with the discretion, wit, garb, and courage of the boy, commanded the other to silence; and forthwith taking the speech in hand himself, commended him very much for his loyalty to his mistress, and (for his better ingratiating himself in the page's favour) presented him with a rich sapphire, to shew him but the way to my lady's chamber, where he vowed that (as he was a gentleman) he would make no longer stay, than barely might afford him the time to kiss her hands and take his leave. The sweet boy, being more incensed at the manner of that offer of the prince (whom he knew not) than at the discourtesy he had sustained by his aforesaid gentleman, plainly assured him, that he might very well put up his sapphire again; for all the gifts in the world should never be able to gain that of him, which had not ground enough in reason for persuading the grant thereof without them. After that, the prince and Pomponacio (for so they called the page) had thus, for a long time together, debated to and again the reasons for and against the intended visit, with so little success on either side, that the more artifice was used in the rhetoric, the less effect it had in the persuasion; the prince, unwilling to miss of his mark, and not having in all the quivers of his reason one shaft wherewith to hit it, resolved to interpose some authority with his argumentations, and where the fox's skin could not serve, to make use of the lion's; to the prosecuting of which intent, he, with his vinomadefied retinue, resolved to press in upon the page, and maugre his will, to get up stairs, and take their fortune in the quest of the chamber they aimed at; for albeit, the stradling as wide as he could of pretty Pomponacio, at the door whereat they made account to force their passage, did, for a while, retard their design, because of their chariness to struggle with so hopeful a youth, and tender imp of so great expectation, yet, at last, being loath to fail of their end, by how indirect means soever they might attain thereto, they were in the very action of crowning their violence with prevalency, when the admirable and ever renowned Crichtoun, who, at the prince's first manning of the court, taking the alarm, stepped from the shrine of Venus to the oracle of Pallas armata; and by the help of the waiting gentlewoman, having apparelled himself with a paludamental vesture, after the antique fashion of the illustrious Romans, both for that he minded not to make himself then known, that to walk then in such like disguise was the anniversary custom of all that country, and that all, both gentlemen and others standing in that court, were in their mascaradal garments; with his sword in hand, like a messenger from the Gods, came down to relieve

the page from the post whereat he stood sentry; and when (as the light of the minor planets appears not before the glorious rays of Titan) he had obscured the irradiancy of Pomponacio with his more effulgent presence, and that under pretext of turning him to the page to desire him to stand behind him, as he did, he had exposed the full view of his left side (so far as the light of torches could make it perceivable) to the lookers on, who being all in cuerpo, carrying swords in their hands instead of cloaks about them, imagined really, by the badge or cognizance they saw near his heart, that he was one of my lady's chief domestic servants: he addressed his discourse to the prince and the nine gentlemen that were with him; neither of all whereof, as they were accoutred, was he able (either by the light of the tapers, or that of the moon, which was then but in the first week of its waxing, it being the Tuesday next to the first new moon that followed the purification day) to discern in any manner of way what they were; and for that he perceived by their unstedfast postures, that the influence of the grape had made them subjects to Bacchus, and that their extranean-like demeanour towards him (not without some amazement) did manifest his certainty of their not knowing him; he, therefore, with another kind of intonation (that his speech might not betray him) than that which waited upon his usual note of utterance, made a pithy panegyric in praise of those that endeavoured, by their good fellowship and Bacchanalian compagniosity, to cheer up their hearts with precious liquor, and renew the golden age; whence, descending to a more particular application, he very much applauded the ten gentlemen, for their being pleased (out of their devotion to the Lyæan god, who had with great respect been bred and elevated amongst the nymphs) not to forget, amidst the most sacred plying of their symposiasms, that duty to ladies which was incumbent on them to be performed in the discharge of a visit; then wheeling neatly about to fetch another career, he discreetly represented to them all the necessary circumstances at such a visit observable, and how the infringing of the meanest tittle or particle of any one thereof would quite disconcert the mutual harmony it should produce, and bring an unspeakable disparagement to the credits and honours of all guilty of the like delinquency. In amplifying hereof, and working upon their passions, he let go so many secret springs, and inward resorts of eloquence, that being all persuaded of the unseasonableness of the time, and unreasonableness of the suit, none of them, for a thousand ducats, that night would have adventured to make any further progress in that after which a little before they had been so eager; so profound was the character of reverence toward that lady, which he so insinuatingly had imprinted into the hearts of them all, wherefore they purposing to insist no longer upon the visitatory design, did cast their minds on a sudden upon another far more hair-brained consideration; when the prince to one of his chief gentlemen said, we will do this good fellow no wrong; yet before we go hence, let us try what courage is in him, that after we have made him flee for it, we may tomorrow make one excuse for all, to the lady whom he serveth. Do not you see, says he, how he dandleth the sword in his hand, as if he

were about to braveer us, and how he is decked and trimmed up in his cloaths, like another Hector of Troy, but I doubt if he be so martial, he speaks too well to be valiant; he is certainly more mercurial than military; therefore let us make him turn his back, that we may spy if, like another Mercury, he hath any wings on his heels.

"This foolish chat was no sooner blattered out to the ears of three of his gentlemen that were nearest to him, but the sudden drawing of their swords, though but in jest, made the other six who heard not the prince, as if they had been mad, to adventure the rashness wherewith the spirit of wine had inspired them, against the prudensequal and invincible fortitude of the matchless Crichtoun, who not being accustomed to turn his back to those that had any project against his breast, most manfully sustained their first encounter; which, although furious at first, appearing nevertheless unto him, because of the odds of ten to one, not to have been in earnest, he for twenty several bouts did but ward their blows, and parry with the fort of his sword, till by plying the defensive part too long, he had received one thrust in the thigh, and another in the arm; the trickling of his blood from the wounds whereof prompted his heroic spirit, as at a desperate stake to have at all or none, to make his tithe outvie their stock, and set upon them all; in which resolution when from the door whereat he stood, he had launched forth three paces in the court, having lovely Pomponacio behind him, to give him warning in case of surprisal in the rear, and all his ten adversaries in a front before him, who, making up above a quadrant of that periphery whereof his body was the centre, were about, from the exterior points of all their right shoulder-blades, alongst the additional line of their arms and tucks, to lodge home in him so many truculent semi-diameters, he retrograding their intention, and beginning his agency, where they would have made him a patient, in as short space as the most diagrammatically-skilled hand could have been able to describe lines, representative of the distance 'twixt the earth and the several *kandagas*, or hororary expeditions of the sun's diurnal motion, from his equinoxial horizontality to the top of his meridian height (which with the help of a ruler, by six draughts of a pen, is quickly delineated) livered out six several thrusts against them, by virtue whereof he made such speedy work upon the respective segments of that debauched circumference, through the red ink marks, which his streight-drawn strokes imprinted, that being alonged from the centre-point of his own courage, and with a thunder-bolt-like swiftness of hand radiated upon their bodies, he discussed a whole quadrant of those ten, whereof four-and-twenty make the circle; and laying six of the most enraged of them on their backs, left (in the other four) but a sextant of the aforesaid ring, to avenge the death of their dismal associates. Of which quaternity, the prince, being most concerned in the effects of this disaster, as being the only cause thereof, (though his intentions levelled at another issue) and like to burst with shame to see himself loaded on all sides with so much dishonour, by the incomparable valour of one single man, did set forward at the sword's point, to essay if in his person so much lost credit might be recovered, and to that

purpose, coming within distance, was upon the advancing of a thrust in quart, when the most agile Crichtoun, parrying it in the same ward, smoothly glided along the prince's sword, and being master of its feeble, was upon the very instant of making his highness very low, and laying his honour in the dust, when one of the three courtiers whom fortune had favoured not to fall by the hand of Crichtoun, crying aloud, 'Hold, hold, kill not the prince;' at which words, the courteous Crichtoun recoiling, and putting himself out of distance, the prince pulled off his vizard, and throwing it away, shew his face so fully, that the noble hearted Crichtoun, being sensible of his mistake, and sorry so many of the prince's servants should have enforced him, in his own defence, to become the actor of their destruction, made unto the prince a very low obeisance; and setting his left knee to the ground, as if he had been to receive the honour of knighthood, with his right hand presented him the hilts of his own conquering sword, with the point thereof towards his own breast, wishing his highness to excuse his not knowing him in that disguise, and to be pleased to pardon what unluckily had ensued upon the necessity of his defending himself, which, at such an exigent, might have befallen any other, that were not minded to abandon their lives to the indiscretion of others.

"The prince, in the throne of whose judgement the rebellious vapours of the tun had installed Nemesis, and caused the irascible faculty shake off the sovereignty of reason, being without himself, and unable to restrain the impetuosity of the will's first motion, runs Crichtoun through the heart with his own sword, and kills him; in the interim of which lamentable accident, the sweet and beautiful lady, who by this time had slipped herself into a cloth-of-gold petticoat, in the anterior fent whereof was an asteristic pouch, wherein were inchased fifteen several diamonds, representative of the constellation of the primest stars in the sign of Virgo; had enriched a tissue gown and waistcoat of brocado, with the precious treasure of her ivory body, and put the footstalls of those marble pillars, which did support her microcosm, into a pair of incarnation velvet slippers, embroidered with pearl, being descended to the lower door, which jetted out to the court outwards, where Pomponacio was standing, with the curled tresses of her dishevelled hair dangling over her shoulders, by the love-knots of whose naturally-gilded filaments were made fast the hearts of many gallant sparks, who, from their liberty of ranging after other beauties, were more forcibly curbed by those capillary fetters, than by so many chains of iron; and in the dædalian windings of the crisped plaits whereof did lie in ambush a whole brigade of Paphian archers, to bring the loftiest martialists to stoop to the shrine of Cupid; and Arachne-like, now careering, now caracoling it alongst the Polygonal plainness of its twisted threads, seize on the affections of all whose looks should be involved in her locks; and with a presentation, exposing to the beholders all the perfections that ever yet were by the graces conferred on the female sex, all the excellencies of Juno, Venus, and Minerva; the other feminean deities and semi-goddesses of former ages, seeming to be of her new revived, and

within her compiled, as the compactest abridgement of all their best endowments; stepped a space or two into the court, with all the celerity that the intermixed passions of love and indignation was able to prompt her to: during which time, which certainly was very short, because, to the motions of her angelically-composed body, the quantity attending the matter of its constitution was no more obstructive than were the various exquisite qualities flowing from the form thereof, wherein there was no blemish in the eyes of the prince's thoughts, and those were with him pryed into, spyed, and surveyed from the top of that sublimely framed head, which culminated her accomplishments, down along the wonderful symmetry of her divinely-proportioned countenance; from the glorious light of whose two luminaries, Apollo might have borrowed rays to court his Daphne, and Diana her Endymion: even to the rubies of those two lips, where two Cupids still were kissing one another for joy of being so near the enjoyment of her two rows of pearls inclosed within them; and from thence through the most graceful objects of all her intermediate parts, to the heaven-like polished prominences of her mellifluent and heroinal breast, whose porphyr streaks (like arches of the ecliptic and colures, or azimuch and Almicantar-circles intersecting each other) expanded in pretty veinlets (through whose sweet conduits run the delicious streams of nectar, wherewith were cherished the pretty sucklings of the Cyprian goddess) smiled on one another to see their courses regulated by the two nipple poles above them elevated, in each their own hemisphere; whose magnetic virtue, by attracting hearts, and sympathy in their refocillation, had a more impowering ascendant over poetic lovers, for furnishing their brains with choice of fancy, than ever had the two tops of Parnassus-hill, when animated or assisted by all the wits of the Pierian Muses; then from the snow white galaxy between those gemel-monts, whose milken paths, like to the plains of Thessaly, do by reflexion calefy to that protuberant and convex ivory, whose meditullian node, compared with that other, where the ecliptic cuts the æquinoxial, did far surpass it in that property, whereby the night is brought in competition with the day; whence having past the line, and seeming to depress the former pole to elevate another, the inward prospect of their mind discovered a new America, or land unknown, in whose subterranean and intestine cells were secret mines, of greater worth than those of either Tibar or Peru, for that besides the working in them could not but give delight unto the mineralist, their metal was so reciptible for impression, and to the mint so pliable, that alchymists profoundly versed in chemical extractions, and such as knew how to imbue it with syndon, and crown the magisterum with the elixir, instead of treasures, merchants bring from the Indias, would have educed little worlds, more worth than gold or silver. All this, from their imagination, being conveyed into the penitissim corners of their souls, in that short space I have already told, she rending her garments, and tearing her hair, like one of the graces possessed with a fury, spoke thus: O, villains! what have you done? you vipers of men, that have thus basely slain the valiant Crichtoun, the sword of his own sex, and buckler of ours, the glory of this age,

and restorer of the lost honour of the court of Mantua—O, Crichtoun, Crichtoun! At which last words, the prince hearing them uttered by the lady in the world he loved best, and of the man in the world he most affected, was suddenly seized upon by such extremity of sorrow for the unhappiness of that lamentable mischance, that not being able to sustain the rays of that beauty, whose piercing accent made him conscious of his guilt, he fell flat upon his face, like to a dead man: but knowing *omne simile* not to be *idem*, he quickly arose; and, to make his body be what it appeared, fixed the hilt of the sword wherewith he had killed Crichtoun, fast betwixt two stones, at the foot of a marble statue standing in the court, (after the fashion of those staves with iron pikes at both ends, commonly called Swedish feathers, when stuck into the ground to fence musqueteers from the charge of horse,) then having recoiled a little from it, was fetching a race to run his breast (which for that purpose he had made open) upon the point thereof, (as did Cato Uticensis after his lost hopes of the recovery of the commonwealth of Rome,) and assuredly (according to that his intent) had made a speedy end of himself, but that his three gentlemen (one by stopping him in his course, another by laying hold on him by the middle, and the third by taking away the sword) hindered the desperate project of that *autochtony*. The prince being carried away in that mad, frantic, and distracted humour (befitting a Bedlam better than a serralio) into his own palace, where all manner of edge-tools were kept from him all that sad night, for fear of executing his former design of self-murder; as soon as to his father, my lord duke on the next morning by seven o'clock, (which, by the usual computation in that country, came at that season of the year to be near upon fourteen hours, or fourteen o'clock,) the story of the former night's tragedy was related, and that he had solemnly vowed he should either have his son hanged, or his head struck off, for the committing of a so ingrate, enormous, and detestable crime; one of his courtiers told him, that (by all appearance) his son would save his highness' justice a labour, and give it nothing to do; for that he was like to hang himself, or after some other manner of way to turn his own atropos. The whole court wore mourning for him full three quarters of a year together: his funeral was very stately, and on his hearse were stuck more epitaphs, elegies, threnodies, and epicediums, than, if digested into one book, would have outbulked all Homer's works; some of them being couched in such exquisite and fine Latin, that you would have thought great Virgil and Baptista Mantuanus, for the love of their mother city, had quit the Elysian fields to grace his obsequies; and other of them (besides what was done in other languages) composed in so neat Italian, and so purely fancied, as if Ariosto, Dante, Petrarch, and Bembo, had been purposely resuscitated, to stretch even to the utmost their poetic vein, to the honour of this brave man; whose picture, till this hour, is to be seen in the bed-chambers or galleries of the most of the great men of that nation, representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other: and most of the young ladies likewise, that were any thing handsome, in a memorial of his worth, had his effigies in a little oval tablet of

gold, hanging 'twixt their breasts, and held (for many years together) that metamazion, or intermammilary ornament, as a necessary outward pendicle for the better setting forth of their accoutrements, as either fan, watch or stomacher. My lord duke, upon the young lady, that was Crichtoun's mistress and future wife, (although she had good rents and revenues of her own by inheritance,) was pleased to confer a pension of five hundred ducats a-year: the prince also bestowed as much on her, during all the days of his life, which was but short; for he did not long enjoy himself after the cross fate of so miserable an accident. The sweet lady (like a turtle bewailing the loss of her mate) spent all the rest of her time in a continual solitariness; and resolved, as none before Crichtoun had the possession of her body, that no man breathing should enjoy it after his decease."

This will be sufficient to give the reader a full insight into the beauties of the writings of Sir Thomas Urquhart. After sounding the praises of all the celebrated Scotchmen known to fame, and also of all the illustrious obscure who had come to his own knowledge, he arrives at no less a personage than himself; and of this gentleman's praises he is no wise more sparing than in the lavish encomiums of the others. The subject of self is of too copious a nature to be capable of being discussed in the compass of an extract. We can only quote a few lines of the commencement, and refer all future biographers of our knight for a confession of faith, a statement of grievances, a list of accomplishments, a catalogue of improvements, and a dictionary of hard words, to the concluding fifty pages of the *Escubalauron*. He speaks of himself in the third person.

"I dare swear, with a safe conscience, that he never coveted the goods of any, nor is desirous of any more in matter of worldly means, than the peaceable possession of what is properly his own; he never put his hand to any kind of oath, nor thinks fit to tie his conscience to the implicit injunctions of any ecclesiastical tyranny. He never violated trust, always kept his parole, and accounted no crime more detestable than the breach of faith. He never received money from king nor parliament, state nor court; but in all employments, whether preparatory to, or executional in war, was still his own paymaster, and had orders from himself. He was neither in Duke Hamilton's engagement, nor at the field of Dunbar; nor was he ever forced, in all the several fights he hath been in, to give ground to the enemy, before the day of Worcester battle. To be masked with the veil of hypocrisy, he reputes abominable, and gross dissimulation to contrast the ingenuity of a freeborn spirit. All flattering, smoothing, and flinching for by-ends, he utterly disliketh, and thinks no better of adulatory assentations, than of a gnathonic sycophantizing, or parasitical cogging; he loves to be open hearted, and of an explicit discourse, chusing rather, by such means, to speak what is true to the advantage of the good, than to conceal wickedness under a counterfeit garb of devotion. By vir-

tue of which liberty, though reasonably assumed by him, and never exceeding the limits of prudential prescription, he, in a little book lately published, of the genealogy of his house, had (after the manner of his predecessors, who, for distinction sake, were usually intituled by appellative designations) his proper name affected with the agnominal addition of the word *parresiastes*, which signifieth one that speaks honestly with freedom; not but that, above all things, he approveth of secrecy in the managing of affairs of moment, and holdeth the life of all great businesses to consist in the closeness of counsel, whilst they are in agitation; but as a woman should not sit with her face masked, in the company of her friends at dinner, nor a man keep himself always skulking behind a buckler, where there is no appearance of a foe; so should the affectedness of a servile silence utterly be exploded, when veracity of elocution is the more commendable quality. This bound he never yet transgressed; and still purposeth to be faithful to his trust. I am not now to dispute the mutual relation of protection and obedience; and how far, to the power God hath placed above us (in imitation of Christ) we are bound to succumb. Those that are thoroughly acquainted with him know his inclinations, both that he will undertake nothing contrary to his conscience, that he will regulate his conscience by the canons of a well grounded faith, and true dictamen of reason, and that to the utmost of his power he will perform whatever he promiseth. As for those that know him not, and yet would in the censure of him as liberally criticise it, as if they were his cardiognosts, and fully versed in his intentions; if they be not men in whom he is concerned, as having authority above him, he will never vex his brain, nor toil his pen, to couch a fancy, or bestow one drop of ink upon them for their satisfaction. It doth suffice him, that the main ground of all his proceedings is honesty; that he endeavoureth the prosecuting of just ends by upright means: and seeing the events of things are not in the power of man, he voluntarily recommendeth unto Providence the over-ruling of the rest: he hath no prejudicate principles, nor will he be wedded to self opinions."

We will only add a few more lines for the benefit of any lady or gentleman, who having neglected their literature in early life may feel desirous of practising their organs of pronunciation on words sufficiently trying.

" I could truly (having before my eyes some known treatises of the author, whose muse I honour, and the strain of whose pen to imitate, is my greatest ambition) have enlarged this discourse with a choicer variety of phrase, and made it overflow the field of the reader's understanding, with an inundation of greater eloquence: and that one way, tropologetically, by metonymical, ironical, metaphorical, and synecdochal instruments of elocution, in all their several kinds, artificially affected, according to the nature of the subject, with emphatical expressions, in things of great concernment, with catachrestical, in matters of meaner moment; attended on each side respectively with an epiplectic and exegetic modification, with hyperbolical, either

epitatically, or hypocoristically, as the purpose required to be elated or extenuated, they qualifying metaphors, and accompanied with apostrophes; and, lastly, with allegories of all sorts, whether apologal, affabulatory, parabolary, ænigmatic, or paræmial. And, on the other part, schematologetically adorning the proposed theme with the most especial and chief flowers of the garden of rhetoric, and omitting no figure either of diction or sentence that might contribute to the ear's enchantment or persuasion of the hearer. I could have introduced, in case of obscurity, synonimal, exargastic, and palilogetic elucidations; for sweetness of phrase, antimetathetic commutations of epithets; for the vehement excitation of matter, exclamations in the front, and epiphonemas in the rear. I could have used, for the promptlier stirring up of passion, apostrophal and prosopopœial diversions, and for the appeasing and settling of them, some epanorthotic revocations, and aposiopetic restraints. I could have inserted dialogisms, displaying their interrogatory part with communicatively-pysmatic and sustentative flourishes; or proleptically, with the refutative schemes of anticipation and subjection: and that part which concerns the responsory, with the figures of permission and concession."

Before we conclude, it should be observed, that the pedigree of the family of Urquharts is appended to this book, in which every step is preserved from Adam, on the male side, to Sir Thomas himself; a list of all the mothers of the primitive fathers of the family, from Eve to the Lady Christian, the mother of our author. Here merely a list of the names of his one hundred and fifty-three fathers is presented to the astonished reader; but in the genealogy, entitled **Παντοχρονόχανον**, a work whose title has been already quoted, a regular history of every remarkable individual is given, and the principal events in the history of the world arranged and regulated by the dates of the adventures of the ante and post-diluvian Urquharts.

ART. II.—*Coryate's Crudities, reprinted from the Edition of* 1611; *to which are now added his Letters from India, &c. and Extracts relating to him from various Authors, being a more particular Account of his Travels, (mostly on Foot,) in different parts of the Globe, than any hitherto published. Together with his Orations, Character, Death, &c. With Copper Plates. In Three Volumes, 8vo. London,* 1776.

While the name of the renowned "Odcombian Leggestretcher," the facetious Tom Coryate, is known to many, an

acquaintance with his works is, we believe, confined to a very few; and indeed we question whether he does not, in a great degree, owe his widely spread reputation to "the encomiastic and panegyric verses of some of the worthiest spirits of this kingdom," which are prefixed to his *Crudities*. The traveller himself was one of those harmless and worthy men, whose peculiarities of character afford a butt, against which, their witty and mischievous friends delight to direct the arrows of their jocularity and ridicule. The distinguishing characteristic of Coryate's mind seems to have been a passion for travelling, and an irrepressible desire to render his name famous by his peregrinations. "Of all the pleasures in the world," says he "travel is (in my opinion) the sweetest and most delightful;" and Terry, in his voyage in India, tells us, that he was "so covetous, so ambitious of praise, that he would hear and endure more of it than he could in any measure deserve, being like a ship that hath too much sail and too little ballast," which may account for his prefixing to his travels those ludicrous panegyrics to which we have above alluded.

Fame then was the spur which drove this "single-soled, single souled, and single-shirted observer," to visit distant realms, and to leave his lucubrations a singular and entertaining legacy to posterity. When he left England in the year 1608, he appears to have been little qualified to enter upon his travels, being entirely unacquainted with the modern languages, though his aptitude as a linguist was so great, that he speedily rendered himself master of the various languages which he had occasion to use in the course of his perambulations. During his stay in the East, he acquired the Turkish, the Persian, and the Hindostanee; and, in the latter tongue, made so wonderful a proficiency, that he undertook to out-talk a laundress belonging to the ambassador's household, who used to scold and rail from sun-rise till sun-set, and silenced her so completely by eight o'clock in the morning, that she had not a word more to say. In the other essential requisites of a traveller, he was by no means deficient, possessing a boundless curiosity, and an eye, which, in the language of Solomon, *could never be satisfied with seeing*, and being at the same time sufficiently cautious, both of being deceived himself, and of deceiving his readers, though he has not altogether escaped the charge of credulity. His observations on his Tour through Europe are chiefly confined to the history and antiquities of the various places which he visited, on which account some of his cotemporaries gave him the name of a Tomb-stone Traveller, an accusation from which he endeavours to exculpate himself in his preface. In his description of the cities and remarkable edifices which he saw, he is full and minute, and the greatest deficiency observ-

able in his travels, is the meagre and bald account which he gives of foreign manners and customs. On the first publication of his book, it must have possessed considerable interest, as Coryate was the first to give the English public a description of many of those parts of the continent which he had visited. This circumstance, no doubt, procured a reputation for our author, which he might otherwise have failed to gain, and gave his travels a value which of course they cannot at the present day possess. There are, notwithstanding, so many curious anecdotes and quaint descriptions mixed up with his "*Crudities*," that we are sure we shall be performing an acceptable service to our readers in making a selection from them.

It was our traveller's good fortune to reckon in the number of his friends many of those distinguished men, whose genius has thrown so bright a lustre over our literary history in the reign of James I. In the *Elogia*, at the commencement of his travels, the names of many of the most celebrated men of his day are to be found; "though," as a brother traveller observes, "if he had not fallen into the smart hands of the wits of those times, he might have fared better." With Lawrence Whitaker, Coryate appears to have been particularly intimate; and he speaks of Ben Jonson with great affection. After mentioning the large reward which the Venetian senate had bestowed on Sannazzaro for some verses, he adds, "I would to God my poetical friend, Mr. Benjamin Jonson, were so well rewarded for his poems here in England, seeing he hath made many as good verses, in my opinion, as those of Sannazarius." At Venice, he was honoured with the friendship of the accomplished Sir Henry Wotton, one of the most gallant and chivalrous spirits of the age, "who once admitted him to pass with him in his Gondola." From the pens of many of his literary friends, our traveller obtained certain copies of verses, which, despite of the ridicule which they throw upon him, and of which he was not insensible, he has placed at the commencement of his travels. "I have here," says he, "communicated that copious rhapsody of poems which my learned friends have bountifully bestowed upon me, wherein many of them are disposed to glance at me, with their free and merry jests, for which I desire thee (courteous reader) to suspend thy censure of me till thou hast read over my whole book." Many of these singular productions were doubtless the spontaneous offspring of their authors' brains, while others appear to have been composed at the earnest request of our traveller himself. Thus, Sir Dudley Digges complains:

> "Our author will not let me rest, he says,
> Till I write somewhat in his labour's praise."

From this extraordinary farrago of wit, irony, and folly, in which we find almost every language employed, even down to the *Utopian*, we select the following sonnet as a specimen:

" *Incipit Joannes Harrington de Bath.*

" Thou glorious goose that kep'st the capitol,
Afford one quill, that I may write one story yet,
Of this my new-come Odcombe friend Tom Coryet,
Whose praise so worthy wits and pens inroll,
As (with good cause) his custom is to glory it:
So far am I from judging his a sorry wit,
Above earth, sea, air, fire, I'll it extol
To Cinthia's sphere, the next beneath the stars,
Where his vast wit and courage so audacious.
Of equal worth in time of peace and wars,
(As Roland's erst) encumb'ring rooms capacious,
Lie stored, some in hogsheads, some in jars.
This makes the learned of late in foreign parts,
Find Phœbus' face so full of wens and warts.
" *Explicit Joannes Harrington de Bath.*"

So great a master of words, as Coryate was, could not escape the notice of that learned prince, James I., who, we should have expected, would have felt some regard for a man, the pedantry of whose style almost surpassed his own. It seems, however, that this " wisest fool in all Christendom," could not bear a rival near his throne; and on being informed by Mr. Steel, an Eastern traveller, that he had seen our author on his journey, the king replied, *Is that fool living yet?*—a remark which troubled poor Coryate exceedingly. But we must no longer delay giving some account of his peregrinations.

On the 14th of May, 1608, our traveller embarked at Dover, and arriving at Calais, proceeded through France to the capital. His observations on this journey possess little interest, nor is there any thing very valuable in his account of Paris. At this city, he added to the number of his friends, " that rare ornament of learning, Isaac Casaubonus, with whom he had much familiar conversation at his house near unto St. Germain's Gate, within the city." Coryate's character of the scholar is curious, and has a slight touch of satire in it. " I found him," says he, " very affable and courteous, and learned in his discourses, and by so much the more willing to give me entertainment, by how much the more I made relation to him of his learned works, whereof some I have read." Amongst

the other remarkable places which our traveller visited in France, he appears to have been delighted with the palace of Fontainebleau, or Fountaine Beleau, as it was then called, of which he gives a very minute description: but as it is too long for an extract, we will, instead of it, give his account of some Gypsies whom he met with.

"I never saw so many roguish Egyptians together in any one place in all my life as in Nevers, where there was a great multitude of men, women, and children of them, that disguise their faces as our counterfeit Western Egyptians in England. For both their hair and their faces looked so black, as if they were raked out of hell, and sent into the world by great Beelzebub to terrify and astonish mortal men: their men are very ruffians and swashbucklers, having exceeding long black hair, curled, and swords or other weapons by their sides. Their women also suffer their hair to hang loosely about their shoulders, whereof some I saw dancing in the streets, and singing lascivious vain songs, whereby they draw many flocks of the foolish citizens about them."

Our itinerating author, after leaving France, proceeded through Savoy into Italy, where he found an ample field for his antiquarian researches. Amongst the curious customs which he noted in this country, was the following:

"I observed a custom in all these Italian cities and towns through the which I had passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels; neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers, that are commorant in Italy, do always at their meals use a little fork, when they eat their meat. For while, with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meat out of the dish, they fasten their fork, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meal, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all at the table do cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the laws of good manners, in so much, that for his error, he shall be at least browbeaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places of Italy, their forks being for the most part made of iron or steel, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon, I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meat, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and often times in England since I came home. Being once quipped for that frequent using of my fork by a certain learned gentleman, Mr. Lawrence Whitaker, who, in his merry humour, doubted not to

call me at table *furcifer*, only for using a fork at feeding, but for no other cause."

This passage explains what Montaigne tells us, when he says, that out of his great greediness, he used sometimes to bite his own fingers severely. In fact, the delicate manners now observed at table, are quite of modern date. Even so late as the reign of Louis XIV. all the company at a French dinner party, used to dip their spoons into the same common tureen of soup. It appears from another passage, that umbrellas were not known in England when our author wrote. Indeed, we apprehend, that some of our more antique readers may remember the introduction of them.

"Also, many of them do carry other fine things of a far greater price, which will cost at the least a ducat, which they commonly call in the Italian tongue *umbrellaes*, that is, things which minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather, something answering to the form of a little canopy, and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops, that extend the umbrella in a pretty large compass. They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs, and they impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper part of their bodies."

Proceeding on his Italian tour, at Cremona, Coryate "did eat fried frogs, which is a dish much used in many cities of Italy; they were so curiously dressed, that they did exceedingly delight his palate, the head and the fore-part being cut off." At Mantua, he witnessed the tricks of a mountebank; and, at Padua, he visited the tomb of St. Anthony, a Portuguese saint, where he was present at a curious experiment.

"It is reported that his tomb hath the virtue to expel devils, which I do hardly believe. For I saw an experiment of it when I was in the church, which came to no effect. For a certain demoniacal person prayed at the sepulchre upon his knees, who had another appointed to attend him, that he should not irreligiously behave himself at so religious a place. And a priest walked about the tomb while the demoniac was praying, to the end, to help to expel the devil with his exorcisms, but the effect thereof turned to nothing."

From Padua, our "Legge-stretcher" journeyed on to Venice, "which," says he, "yieldeth the most glorious and heavenly show upon the water that ever any mortal eye beheld, a show as did even ravish me both with delight and admiration." Here he remained for the space of six weeks, the sweetest time he ever spent in his life; and, accordingly, he describes

all the wonders which he surveyed in this peerless and maiden city with infinite particularity. He especially recommends the traveller to "go up to the top of St. Mark's Tower before he cometh out of the city: for it will cost him but a gazet, which is not fully an English penny." His description of the gondola is worth extracting.

"None of them are open above, but fairly covered, first, with some fifteen or sixteen little round pieces of timber, that reach from one end to the other, and make a pretty kind of arch or vault in the gondola; then, with fair black cloth, which is turned up at both ends of the boat, to the end, that if the passenger meaneth to be private, he may draw down the same, and after row so secretly, that no man can see him: in the inside, the benches are finely covered with black leather, and the bottoms of many of them, together with the sides under the benches, are very neatly garnished with fine linen cloth, the edge whereof is laced with bonelace: the ends are beautified with two pretty and ingenious devices. For each end hath a crooked thing made in the form of a dolphin's tail, with the fins very artificially represented, and it seemeth to be turned over. The watermen that row these, never sit as ours do in London, but always stand, and that at the farther end of the gondola, sometimes one, but most commonly two: and, in my opinion, they are altogether as swift as our rowers about London. Of these gondolas, they say there are ten thousand about the city, whereof six thousand are private, serving for the gentlemen and others, and four thousand for mercenary men, which get their living by the trade of rowing."

The description of a curious piece of mechanism, which Coryate observed over a gate at the entrance of St. Mark's Place, will remind our readers of the two punctual individuals who notify the hour of the day to such of the good citizens of London as happen to be passing St. Dunstan's Church. We give insertion more readily to our traveller's anecdote, as, if it should meet the eye of the sexton of that venerable edifice, it may perchance preserve him from the fate of that unfortunate person whose melancholy end is here recounted.

"There is a fair gate at one end of this street, even as you enter into St. Mark's Place, when you come from the Rialto Bridge, which is decked with a great deal of fair marble; in which gate, are two pretty conceits to be observed, the one at the very top, which is a clock with the images of two wild men by it, made in brass, a witty device, and very exactly done. At which clock, there fell out a very tragical and rueful accident on the twenty-fifth day of July, being Monday, about nine of the clock in the morning, which was this—A certain fellow that had the charge to look to the clock, was very busy about the bell, according to his usual custom every day, to the end, to amend something in it that was amiss. But, in the mean time, one of those wild men, that at the quarters of the hours do use to strike

the bell, struck the man in the head with his brazen hammer, giving him such a violent blow, that therewith, he fell down presently in the place, and never spoke more."

This is an exceedingly marvellous tale, and would well become the pages of famous Sir John Mandevil, our English Ulysses, as Coryate calls him; indeed, the relater of it himself will not vouch for its correctness. "Surely," says he, "I will not justify this for an undoubted truth, because I saw it not." From what follows, we rather suspect that some of his waggish countrymen were playing upon the simplicity of "topographical, typographical Thomas," as one of his admirers calls him. "I was at that time," says Coryate, "in the Duke's palace, observing of matters; but as soon as I came forth, some of my countrymen, that told me they saw the matter with their own eyes, reported it unto me, *and advised me to mention it in my journal for a most lamentable chance.*" This explanation is favourable to the traveller's veracity, and a few pages afterwards, we have another instance of the same kind, where, after relating a wonderful tale, he adds, "I confess I never read this history, but many gentlemen, of very good account in Venice, both Englishmen and others, reported it unto me as an absolute truth." Amongst the curiosities of Venice, Coryate appears to have considered "a little bay nag feeding in the church-yard of St. John and St. Nicholas," as one of the most remarkable, whereat he did not a little wonder, because he could not devise what they should do with a horse in such a city, where they had no use for him; and here he takes occasion to censure the speech of a certain English gentleman, who told him that he had ridden post through Venice. On one occasion at this city, his usual discretion forsook him: having the imprudence to enter into a conference with a certain learned Rabbin, and coming immediately to the point, he asked him his opinion of Christ, and why he did not receive him as his Messiah. The Israelite returned no very respectful answer, and a vehement argument ensued; upon which, it being in *the Ghetto*, a place altogether inhabited by the Jews, our polemic was speedily surrounded by forty or fifty of the sons of Judah, who began "very insolently to swagger with him." Whereupon, being mindful of the old adage, *a verbis ad verbera*, and having no ambition to become a martyr, "I withdrew myself," says he, "by little and little towards the bridge at the entrance into the Ghetto, with an intent to fly from them; but, by good fortune, our noble ambassador, Sir Henry Wotton, passing under the bridge in his gondola at that very time, espied me somewhat earnestly bickering with them, and so incontinently sent unto me out of his boat, one of his principal gentlemen, Master Belford, his se-

cretary, who conveyed me safely from those unchristian miscreants."

Amongst the amusements of Venice, our author did not forget the theatres; his account of which is the more curious, as he compares them with our English theatres. No doubt he was a regular attendant at "The Fortune."

"I was at one of their play-houses, where I saw a comedy acted. The house is very beggarly and base, in comparison with our stately play-houses in England; neither can their actors compare with us for apparel, shows, and music. Here I observed certain things that I never saw before. For I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London, and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor. Also their noble and famous courtezans came to this comedy, but so disguised, that a man cannot perceive them. For they wore double masks upon their faces, to the end they might not be seen: one reaching from the top of their forehead to their chin and under their neck; another with twists of downy or woolly stuff covering their noses: and as for their necks round about, they were so covered and wrapped with cobweb lawn, and other things, that no part of their skin could be discerned. Upon their heads, they wear little blackfel caps, very like to those of the Clarissimoes, that I will hereafter speak of. Also they wore a black short taffata cloak. They were so graced, that they sat on high, alone by themselves in the best room of all the play-house. If any man should be so resolute to unmask one of them but in merriment, only to see their faces, it is said, that were he never so noble or worthy a personage, he should be cut to pieces before he should come forth of the room, especially if he were a stranger. I saw some men also in the play-house disguised in the same manner with double vizards; these were said to be the favourites of the same courtezans. They sit not here in galleries as we do in London; for there is but one or two little galleries in the house, wherein the courtezans only sit. But all the men sit beneath in the yard or court, every man upon his several stool, for which he payeth a gazet."

Nothing appears to have delighted Coryate more than the music which he heard at Venice, which he says was so good, that he would willingly go a hundred miles on foot to hear the like, and by which he was even rapt up with St. Paul into the third heaven. Being, we suppose, nearly cloyed with all these amusements, he went one day, by way of variety, to see a very tragical and doleful spectacle in St. Mark's Place,—no less than two men tormented with the strapado, which was accomplished by tying the offender up by the heels, and swinging him till his joints were dislocated—so excessively barbarous were the punishments of that day. At the conclusion of his

observations on Venice, we have a long description of the dress of the inhabitants, and the abundance of provisions with which the city was supplied. Amongst other strange fishes, our traveller observed many tortoises, whereof he never saw but one in all England.—He commends the grave and decent colour of the Venetian dress, and compares it with the light, garish, and unseemly hues of his countrymen's apparel, who, he says, wear more fantastical fashions than any nation under the sun, the French only excepted. The Venetian ladies had one very singular fashion.

" There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and towns, subject to the signiory of Venice, which is not to be observed (I think) amongst any other women in Christendom, which is so common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it either in her house or abroad,—a thing made of wood, and covered with leather of sundry colours, some with white, some red, some yellow. It is called a champiny *, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted; some also I have seen fairly gilt: so uncomely a thing, (in my opinion,) that it is a pity this foolish custom is not clean banished and exterminated out of the city. There are many of these champinies of a great height, even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short, seem much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard that this is observed amongst them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her champinies. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows, that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported either by men or women when they walk abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arm, otherwise they might quickly take a fall. For I saw a woman fall a very dangerous fall, as she was going down the stairs of one of the little stony bridges with her high champinies, alone by herself: but I did nothing pity her,

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* Evelyn, who was in Venice in the year 1645, describes these implements by the name of *choppines*. " These," says he, " are high-heeled shoes, particularly affected by these proud dames; or as some say, invented to keep them at home, it being very difficult to walk with them; whence one being asked how he liked the Venetian dames, replied, that they were *mezzo carno, mezzo ligno*—half flesh, half wood—and he would have none of them. They set their hands on the heads of two matron-like servants to support them. 'Tis ridiculous to see how these ladies crawl in and out of their gondolas by reason of their choppines, and what dwarfs they appear when taken down from their wooden scaffolds."

The word is written in the same manner by Shakespear.

" By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer Heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a *choppine*."—*Hamlet, Act* ii. *sc.* 2.

because she wore such frivolous and (as I may truly term them) ridiculous instruments, which were the occasion of her fall. For both I myself, and many other strangers, (as I have observed in Venice,) have often laughed at them for their vain champinies."

The wines of Italy appear to have been very grateful to the palate of our traveller. "Some of them," says he, "are singular good, as their *Liatico*, which is a very cordial and generous liquor: their *Romania*, their *Muscadine*, and their *Lagryme di Christo*, which is so toothsome and delectable to the taste, that a certain stranger being newly come to the city, and tasting of this pleasant wine, was so affected therewith, that I heard he uttered this speech out of a passionate humour: *O Domine, Domine, cur non lachrymasti in regionibus nostris?*" Amongst the many *deliciæ* of Venice, our loyal peregrinator observed a thing which did even tickle his senses with great joy and comfort, no less a thing than the portraiture of his sovereign, James I. on the wall of the duke's palace, with a description of which he ends his account of the glorious city of Venice. Nothing very important or amusing is to be found in the remainder of his tour through Italy, excepting, perhaps, his visit to the amphitheatre at Verona, which it is curious to compare with the relations of modern travellers. Before, however, we accompany our author into Germany, we must, in candour, mention a certain pious theft of his.

"It happened that the same Monday that I was in Brixia was Bartholomew-day; at which time there was a most solemn and ceremonious dedication of a new image to the Virgin Mary, with Christ in her arms, which I saw performed in a certain little chapel, with many superstitious rites. For they attired the image with a great many several robes, as of sattin, taffata, lawn, &c.; and there was a great multitude of little waxen idols brought to the chapel, whereof some were only arms, some thighs, some presented all the parts of a man's body; although these toys were no novelty unto me, for I saw many of them before that time in divers Italian cities, yet I had a marvellous itching desire to finger one of them, only to this end, to bring it home into England, to show it to my friends as a token of their idolatry; but I saw there was some difficulty in the matter. Howbeit, I gave the venture upon it in this manner: I stood at one corner of the chapel, while many women were at their divine orizons prostrate before the image, and very secretly conveyed my fingers into a little basket (nobody taking notice thereof,) where the images were laid, and so purloined one of them out, and brought him home into England. Which had it been at that time perceived, perhaps it might have cost me the lying in the Inquisition longer than I would willingly have endured it."

We have now done with Italy, which supplied our traveller with more entertaining matter for observation than any

other country that he visited. It is reasonable to suppose that before he left it he had attained a considerable knowledge of the Italian language, as he sometimes makes remarks upon the various dialects; though many of his conversations seem to have been carried on in Latin. At that time, indeed, the Latin had in its universality throughout Europe, a near resemblance to the French language at present—it was a means of communication with the well educated of every country. With regard to the pronunciation of the Latin by foreigners, Coryate observes, that it differs very much from ours; and any one who has heard an Italian or a Frenchman read a Latin sentence, will have remarked the same distinction at the present day. The Italian, says our author, when he utters any Latin word wherein the letter *i* is to be pronounced long, always pronounces it as a double *e*, as *feedes* for fides, *ameecus* for amicus; and this he tells us is not peculiar to Italy, but is observed in all other nations except England. "Whereupon," says he, "having observed such a general consent amongst them in the pronunciation of this letter, I have thought good to imitate these nations herein, and to abandon my old English pronunciation of *vita*, *fides*, and *amicus*, as being utterly dissonant from the sound of all other nations; and have determined (God willing) to retain the same till my dying day." We know not whether our classical readers will come to the same stout determination; but in another passage our author recommends a practice, which we think might be adopted by our English lecturers with very beneficial effects. "I observed a certain form of teaching at this lecture (at Basil) which I never noted in any place before that time. For he did often repeat every principal sentence of note, a matter very available for the hearers' memory, not used by any public professor of Oxford." We must now pass with rapid strides into Germany, noticing, by the way, a handsome compliment which our gallant peregrinator has paid to his country-women. "I observed many women of this city (Basil) to be as beautiful and fair as any I saw in all my travels: but I will not attribute so much to them, as to compare them with our English women, whom I justly prefer, and that without any partiality of affection, before any women that I saw in my travels, for an elegant and most attractive natural beauty." Near Baden, the ingenuity of our author was put to the test in the following manner:

"One notable accident happened unto me in my way, a little before I came to this monastery, and the city of Baden, of which I will here make mention before I write any thing of Baden. It was my chance to meet two clowns, commonly called boors, who, because they went in ragged clothes, struck no small terror into me; and by so much the more I was afraid, by how much the more I found them armed with

weapons, myself being altogether unarmed, having no weapon at all about me, but only a knife. Whereupon, fearing they would either have cut my throat, or have robbed me of my gold that was quilted in my jerkin, or have stripped me of my clothes, which they would have found but a poor booty; for my clothes, being but a thread-bare fustian case, were so mean (my cloak only excepted) that the boors could not have made an ordinary supper with the money for which they should have sold them; fearing (I say) some ensuing danger, I undertook such a politic and subtil action as I never did before in all my life. For a little before I met them I put off my hat very courteously unto them, holding it a pretty while in my hand, and very humbly (like a mendicant friar) begged some money of them, (as I have something declared in the front of my book) in a language that they did but poorly understand, even the Latin, expressing my mind unto them by such gestures and signs, that they well knew what I craved of them: and so, by this begging insinuation, I both preserved myself secure and free from the violence of the clowns, and withal obtained that of them which I neither wanted or expected. For they gave me so much of their tin-money, called fennies, (as poor as they were) as paid for half my supper that night at Baden, even four-pence half-penny."

At Heidelberg, Coryate visited the Palatine Library, in which he was shown a great number of ancient MSS.; and he supposes this collection to surpass, in richness, even that of the Vatican, or Cardinal Bessarion's. The Librarian was the celebrated Gruter, with whom our author had thus an opportunity of becoming acquainted, and of whose courtesy and learning he speaks in high terms. It was a very difficult matter at this time to obtain an entrance into any of the German palaces; but, by means of a token from his friend Gruter, and by making use of the name of Sir Henry Wotton, our inquisitive observer was admitted into the interior of the Prince's palace at Heidelberg. Here he saw many notable things; but what excited his supreme admiration, was a certain wine-vat, which he calls "a kind of monstrous miracle," and which was capable of holding a quantity of wine, the value of which amounted to about nineteen hundred pounds sterling—a very large sum in those days. The vessel was built of a hundred and twelve solid beams, the length of each of which was twenty-seven feet. In height, it measured at the sides sixteen feet, and was fastened together with six-and-twenty iron hoops, weighing together eleven thousand pounds. This immense vessel was said to have been emptied in eight days by certain princely gallants at the Court of Heidelberg. Coryate himself was "exhilerated with two sound draughts," and ends his description of this prodigious receptacle, which would have appeared less wonderful in his eyes if he could have visited Meux's or Whitbread's brewery, by the following seasonable caution to subsequent travellers.

"I advise thee, I say, if thou dost happen to ascend to the top thereof, to the end, to taste of the wine, that in any case thou dost drink moderately, and not so much as the sociable Germans will persuade thee unto. For if thou shouldst chance to over-swill thyself with wine, peradventure such a giddiness will benumb thy brain, that thou wilt scarce find the direct way down from the steep ladder without a very dangerous precipitation."

We shall now relate an incident which we hope will be a warning to our travelling readers, not to commit trespasses in German vineyards.

"There happened unto me a certain disaster about the midst of my journey between Franckendall and Wormes, the like whereof I did not sustain in my whole journey out of England; which was this.—I stepped aside into a vineyard, in the open field, that was but a little distant from the highway, to the end, to taste of their grapes, wherewith I might something assuage my thirst: hoping that I might as freely have done it there, as I did oftentimes before in many places of Lombardy, without any controulment. There I pulled two little clusters of them, and so returned into my way again, travelling securely and jovially towards Wormes, whose lofty towers I saw near at hand. But there came a German boor upon me, (for so are the clowns of the country commonly called) with a halbert in his hand, and in a great fury pulled off very violently my hat from my head (as I have expressed in the frontispiece of my book) looked very fiercely upon me, with eyes sparkling fire in a manner, and with his Allmanne words which I understood not, swaggered most insolently with me, holding up his halbert in that threatening manner at me, that I continually expected a blow, and was in deadly fear lest he should have made me a prey for the *worms*, before I should ever put my foot in the gallant city of Wormes. For it was in vain for me to make any violent resistance, because I had no more weapon than a weak staff that I brought with me out of Italy. Although I understood not his speeches, yet I gathered by his angry gestures that the only cause of his quarrel was for that he saw me come forth of a vineyard (which belike was his master's) with a bunch of grapes in my hand. All this while that he threatened me with these menacing terms, I stood before him almost as mute as a Seriphian frog, or an Acanthian grasshopper, scarce opening my mouth once unto him, because I thought, that, as I did not understand him, so likewise, on the other side, he did not understand me. At length, with my tongue I began to re-encounter him, took heart-a-grace, and so discharged a whole volley of Greek and Latin shot upon him, supposing that it would be an occasion to pacify him, if he did but only thereby conceive that I had a little learning. But the implacable clown,

Non magis incepto vultum sermone movetur,
Quam si dura silex, aut stet Marpessia cautes.

And was so far from being mitigated with my strange rhetoric, that he was rather much the more exasperated against me. In the end, after

many bickerings had passed betwixt us, three or four good fellows that came from Wormes, glanced by and inquired of me what the quarrel was. I being not able to speak Dutch, asked them, whether any of the company could speak Latin. Then immediately one replied unto me that he could. Whereupon I discovered unto him the whole circumstance of the matter, and desired him to appease the rage of that inexorable and unpleasant peasant, that he might restore my hat again to me. Then he, like a very sociable companion, interposed himself betwixt us as a mediator. But first, he told me that I had committed a penal trespass in presuming to gather grapes in a vineyard without leave, affirming that the Germans are so exceeding sparing of their grapes, that they are wont to fine any of their own countrymen that they catch in their vineyards without leave, either with purse or body—much more a stranger. Notwithstanding he promised to do his endeavour to get my hat again, because this should be a warning for me, and for that he conceived that opinion of me that I was a good fellow. And so at last, with much ado, this controversy was compounded betwixt the cullion and myself, my hat being restored unto me for a small price of redemption, which was twelve of their little coins called fennies, which countervail twenty-pence of our English money. But I would counsel thee, gentle reader, whatsoever thou art that meanest to travel into Germany, to beware, by my example, of going into any of their vineyards without leave. For if thou shalt happen to be apprehended *in ipso facto* (as I was) by some rustical and barbarous Corydon of the country, thou mayest perhaps pay a far dearer price for thy grapes than I did, even thy dearest blood."

From Worms, Coryate proceeded to Mentz, and from Mentz to Francfort. On his road to Mentz he was much amused by meeting with a learned rustic, a wood-cleaver, in the employ of some German Jesuits, who addressed him in Latin, "which was such uncongrual and disjointed stuff, such antipriscianistical eloquence, that I think (says he) were grave Cato alive (who for his constant severity was called ἀγέλαστος, because he never, or very seldom, laughed) he should have more cause to laugh if he should hear this fellow deliver his mind in Latin, than when he saw an ass eat thistles." At Francfort, it was the fair time, of which we have a very circumstantial account. The Booksellers'-street, in this city, our traveller tells us, far exceeded St. Paul's church-yard in London, (the great book-mart until the fire), St. James's-street in Paris, or the Merceria of Venice, and indeed all that he ever saw in his travels. At this fair he met the young Earl of Essex, who had been visiting France, Switzerland, and Germany. The remainder of our author's travels through Germany and the Netherlands consists principally of a dry description of the places which he visited, and affords us a very few personal adventures. We shall therefore content ourselves with saying,

that he arrived safely in London on the 3d of October, 1608, "about four of the clock in the afternoon."

This five months' journey appears only to have sharpened the keen appetite of our Odcombian hero, who at length determined to make a peregrination into the East. Of this expedition, which he performed chiefly on foot, no regular journal has been published, and our information respecting it is drawn from some letters which he wrote when abroad, and which are printed at the end of the *Crudities*. The poor man's vanity, fed no doubt by the facetious praises of his witty friends, seems to have grown to a prodigious size, by the consciousness of his having become so great a traveller. In a letter to Sir Edward Phillips, then Master of the Rolls, whom, in his *Crudities*, he calls his right worshipful neighbour and Mecænas, he says, "Neither do I doubt but that your Honour itself will likewise congratulate the felicity of our Somersetshire, that in breeding me, hath produced such a traveller, as doth for the diversity of the countries he hath seen, and the multiplicity of his observations, far (I believe) outstrip any other whatsoever, that hath been bred therein since the incarnation of our Saviour."—It appears from the same letter, that he departed on this second peregrination in the year 1612. After a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, Coryate proceeded to Aleppo, and by a caravan into Persia, till he arrived at Asmere, then the seat of the Great Mogul's court, from which town he dates his letter to his friend, Lawrence Whitaker, in 1615.

On this journey he met Sir Robert Sherley, a short account is contained in one of our early numbers.*

"About the middle of the way, betwixt Spahan and Lahore, just about the frontiers of Persia and India, I met Sir Robert Sherley and his lady, travelling from the court of the Mogul (where he had been very graciously received, and enriched with presents of great value) to the king of Persia's Court; so gallantly furnished with all necessaries for their travels that it was a great comfort unto me to see them in such a flourishing estate. There did he show me, to my singular contentment, both my books neatly kept, and hath promised me to show them, especially my *Itinerary*, to the Persian king; and to interpret unto him some of the principal matters in the Turkish tongue, to the end I may have the more gracious access unto him after my return thither. For through Persia I have determined (by God's help) to return to Aleppo. Besides other rarities which they carried with them out of India, they had two elephants and eight antelopes, which were the first that ever I saw; but afterwards, when I came to the Mogul's court, I saw great store of them. These they meant to present to the Persian king. Both he and his lady used me with singular respect, especially his lady, who bestowed forty shillings upon me in Persian money; and they seemed to exult for joy to see me, having promised

* Vol. ii. p. 380.

me to bring me in good grace with the Persian king, and that they will induce him to bestow some princely benefit upon me; this, I hope, will be partly occasioned by my book, for he is such a jocund prince that he will not be meanly delighted with divers of my facetious hieroglyphics, if they are truly and genuinely expounded unto him."

In his description of the Mogul's Court, and of the three thousand elephants kept at his charge, Coryate, unlike Lord-keeper North, who was exceedingly chagrined at its having been said that he had been seen riding an elephant, very proudly tells his friend, that since he had come to court, he had been indulged with a ride. "I have," says he, "rid upon an elephant since I came to this court, determining one day (by God's leave) to have my picture expressed, in my next book, sitting upon an elephant;" and accordingly, in the next volume before us, we have an interesting wood-cut of our traveller upon his elephant; with his book in his hand, which we regret exceedingly that we cannot transfer to our own pages. At the conclusion of his epistle, he begs his friend to convey two letters to "his poor mother" and "his uncle William," whom he wishes to remember him as his "poor industrious peregrinating kinsman; nearest to him in blood of all the people in the world." His relative could scarcely refuse his assistance on the score of extravagance; for in his ten months' travel, he tells us, that he only spent three pounds sterling, and out of that sum he was cheated of ten shillings, and yet he fared reasonably well every day.

We have another curious epistle, which our author indited from the same place, "To the High Seneschal of the Right Worshipful Fraternity of Sireniacal Gentlemen that meet the first Friday of every Month, at the sign of the Mermaid, in Bread-street, in London." This letter, to his old boon companions, is written in a rich style of Euphuism, and the subscription is in the writer's best manner: "Your generosities most obliged countryman, ever to be commanded by you, the Hierosolymitan—Syrian—Mesopotamian—Armenian—Median—Parthian—Persian—Indian Legg-stretcher of Odcomb, in Somerset, Thomas Coryate." In the postscript, we have the names of some of his particular friends, "lovers of virtue and literature." to whom he desires the recommendations of his dutiful respect, and amongst which we find those of "Master Benjamin Johnson, the poet, at his chamber at the Blackfriars." "Mr. Samuel Purkas, the great collector of the lucubrations of sundry classical authors for the description of Asia, Africa, and America." "Mr. Inigo Jones;" and, lastly, "all the stationers in Paul's-church-yard."

In the second part of the "*Pilgrimage*" of his friend Purchas, published in the year 1625, we have some considerable

extracts from the Journal of our traveller, chiefly descriptive of his visit to Constantinople, and the places which he saw in his journey thither. From these, it appears that he traversed with delight the classical shores of Greece. Of his route to the Mogul's court, Purchas has not given any account from the MSS.

We have now arrived at the melancholy termination of all poor Coryate's leg-stretching labours, which we find related in the *Voyage of the Rev. Edward Terry, Chaplain to Sir Thomas Rowe, Ambassador to the Great Mogul,* with whom our author spent some time as his chamber-fellow and tent-mate. The first symptoms of his illness appeared at Mandoa. Being one day in the company of the ambassador and his friend Terry, and leaning against a stone pillar, he suddenly fell into such a swoon that he was with much difficulty brought to his recollection. This attack, probably produced by over exertion and fatigue, for he had performed nearly the whole of his oriental journey on foot, he attributed to "certain sad thoughts" which had immediately before presented themselves to his fancy. He told his friends that there were great expectations formed in England of the large accounts he should give of his travels after he returned home, and that he was determined to proceed to Surat, a place which he had never yet visited. Sir Thomas Rowe wished him to remain until his health was restored; an offer which he refused with many thanks, and proceeded, as usual, alone. He accomplished his journey to Surat, about three hundred miles distant, where he met with some of his countrymen, who, out of over kindness to him, pressed him to drink of some sack which they had brought with them from England. Our weary traveller, remembering, no doubt, the pleasant potations to which he had been accustomed amongst his Sireniacal friends in Bread-street, no sooner heard the name than he exclaimed, "Sack, sack, is there any such thing as sack? I pray you, give me some sack." The moderate draught which he took of this liquor aggravated a bowel complaint, with which he had been attacked, and he died within a few days afterwards, in the month of December, 1617. "Sic exit Coryatus!" says his friend Terry. "Hence he went off the stage, and so must all after him, how long soever their parts seem to be: for if one should go to the extremest part of the world east, another west, another north, and another south, they must all meet at last together in the field of bones, wherein our traveller hath now taken up his lodging, and where I leave him."

Some idea of the character of Coryate, as a traveller and an author, may be collected from what has been already said. In addition, it may be observed, that he combined many of the most essential requisites of a good traveller. He was laborious, abstemious, patient, prudent, and inquisitive; and, to crown all,

he had that perfect love of the pursuit, which is in every case the great incentive to excellence. To counterbalance these advantages, he appears not to have possessed a very vigorous mind, or to have been gifted by nature with a large proportion of strong common sense, which is, after all, a very necessary ingredient in the character of a traveller. The powers of his memory seem to have greatly transcended those of his judgement, which invariably gave way before the influence of his vanity. His skill in the acquisition of languages enabled him to visit any part of the globe, and he wisely accommodated himself in other respects to the manners and habits of the different countries through which he passed. His value as an author, both with regard to his style and matter, is more questionable. He is generally quaint and affected, sometimes even to a ridiculous excess. His orations before the royal family are perfect patterns of the bombastic, and would do infinite honour to "Master Rhombus," the schoolmaster as described by Sir Philip Sidney. His *Crudities* are chiefly valuable from their conveying the ideas of an Englishman on the state of the various countries of Europe, two centuries ago, and also from the minute descriptions which they contain of antiquities and other matters of curiosity. We shall now take leave of "the observative and long-winded gentleman, Thomas Coryate," in the words of Sir Dudley Digges :—

> Ingenium liber iste tuum Coriate sepultum
> Continet, inde petat qui caret ingenio.

ART. III.—*Poems by* Thomas Carew, Esquire, *one of the Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber, and Sewer in ordinary to His Majesty. London,* 1640, *small* 8*vo*.

Thomas Carew, a courtier in the service of Charles the First, distinguished for his gentlemanly manners and pleasant wit, was much esteemed for his success in the conventional poetry, adopted by the gentlemen and poets of that time for the expression of love. To the characteristics of this species of composition, we have more than once had occasion to allude, and we shall not, therefore, now enter upon the farther discussion of them. Carew excels his contemporaries in the grace and harmony of his verse, and his poetry is less disfigured by cold and frivolous conceits; at the same time, it must be allowed, that there is hardly a single poem which does not contain one of these glittering icicles. The merits of this author

have, we think, been considerably over-rated. He possesses few of the higher qualities of the poet—we meet with little to interest the imagination, or engage the feelings: indeed, we are almost inclined to doubt whether his poetry ever touched the heart of a single reader, even when set off with all the charms which the musical talents of the two *Laws* could communicate to it. Perhaps we ought to except the Epitaph on Lady Mary Villiers. Two of the most tender and graceful pieces in the collection, *The Primrose* and *The Enquiry*, erroneously ascribed to Carew, were written by Herrick, who, as we have elsewhere said, is infinitely superior to him as a lyric poet. Carew's poetry is easy, graceful, and gentlemanly —the versification varied and well modulated, and the sentiments fanciful and ingenious. The indelicacy of many parts of his compositions make this volume unfit for general perusal, and peculiarly appropriate for our purpose; and we shall therefore, without farther preface, proceed to the business of extracting such parts as are deserving of being separated from the rest, and presented to the public.

The two following songs are distinguished for the elegance and amenity of the versification.

"Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to show what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor to please your sense bring forth,
Bruised nard or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you nectar, for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done."

SONG.

"Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties' orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither doth stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders, to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat,
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies."

The following two stanzas of the piece, entitled "Disdaine returned," are both poetical in expression and fine in sentiment.

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek,
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts, with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes."

We think, however, that Carew's elegiac poems and epitaphs are perhaps the best of his compositions. There is considerable poetical merit in the "Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay."

"I heard the virgin's sigh, I saw the sleek
And polish'd courtier channel his fresh cheek
With real tears; the new-betrothed maid
Smil'd not that day; the graver senate laid
Their business by; of all the courtly throng,
Grief seal'd the heart, and silence bound the tongue.
I that ne'er more of private sorrow knew
Than from my pen some froward mistress drew,
And for the public woe had my dull sense
So sear'd with ever adverse influence,
As the invader's sword might have, unfelt,
Pierc'd my dead bosom, yet began to melt:
Grief's strong instinct did to my blood suggest,
In the unknown loss, peculiar interest.
But when I heard the noble Carlil's gem,
The fairest branch of Dennye's ancient stem

Was from that casket stolen, from this trunk torn,
I found just cause why they, why I, should mourn.
But who shall guide my artless pen, to draw
Those blooming beauties which I never saw?
How shall posterity believe my story,
If I, her crowded graces, and the glory
Due to her riper virtues, shall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortal state?
Shall I, as once Apelles, here a feature,
There steal a grace, and rifling so whole Nature
Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
Figure one Venus, and say, such was she?
Shall I her legend fill with what of old
Hath of the worthies of her sex been told,
And what all pens, and times, to all dispense,
Restrain to her by a prophetic sense?
Or shall I, to the moral and divine
Exactest laws, shape by an even line
A life so straight, as it should shame the square
Left in the rules of Katherine, or Clare,
And call it hers; say, so did she begin,
And had she liv'd, such had her progress been?
These are dull ways, by which base pens, for hire,
Daub glorious vice, and from Apollo's quire
Steal holy ditties, which prophanely they
Upon the hearse of every strumpet lay.
We will not bathe thy corpse with a forc'd tear,
Nor shall thy train borrow the blacks they wear:
Such vulgar spice and gums embalm not thee,
Thou art the theme of truth, not poetry.
Thou shalt endure a trial by thy peers;
Virgins of equal birth, of equal years,
Whose virtues held with thine an emulous strife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life.
One shall ensphere thine eyes, another shall
Impearl thy teeth; a third, thy white and small
Hand shall besnow; a fourth, incarnadine
Thy rosy cheek, until each beauteous line,
Drawn by her hand, in whom that part excels,
Meet in one centre, where all beauty dwells.
Others in task shall thy choice virtues share,
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth declare,
Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by deeds,
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds

Of every virtue, which in the pursuit
Of time must have brought forth admired fruit.
Thus shalt thou, from the mouth of envy, raise
A glorious journal of thy thrifty days,
Like a bright star, shot from his sphere, whose race
In a continued line of flames we trace.
This, if survey'd, shall to thy view impart
How little more than late thou wer't, thou art;
This shall gain credit with succeeding times,
When nor by bribed pens, nor partial rimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
Is storied by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath shall saint thee, and be this thy pride,
Thus ev'n by rivals to be deified."

There is a classical simplicity in the epitaph on the Lady Mary Villiers, superior to any other piece of the kind in the collection.

" The Lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone; with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, lay'd her in earth:
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear;
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case;
For thou perhaps, at thy return,
May'st find thy darling in an urn."

The one on Mary, the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, though not equal, is worth a place by the side of that on Lady Mary Villiers.

" And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely-temper'd clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height, it soar'd to God above;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to general love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd
To parents, courtesy behind,
On either side an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justified
A chaste poligamy, and died.

Learn from hence, reader, what small trust
We owe this world, where virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust."

We must not omit one of the two written on the Duke of Buckingham.

" Reader, when these dumb stones have told,
In borrow'd speech, what guest they hold,
Thou shalt confess, the vain pursuit
Of human glory yields no fruit,
But an untimely grave. If fate
Could constant happiness create,
Her ministers, fortune and worth,
Had here that miracle brought forth;
They fix'd this child of honour, where
No room was left for hope or fear,
Of more or less: so high, so great
His growth was, yet so safe his seat.
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his loyal heart, and ends;
Safe in his native valiant spirit;
By favour safe, and safe by merit;
Safe by the stamp of Nature, which
Did strength with shape and grace enrich;
Safe in the cheerful curtesies
Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes;
Safe in his bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind than store;
Yet, though for virtue he becomes
Involv'd himself in borrow'd sums;
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend engag'd, no debt unpaid.

But though the stars conspire to shower
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, if their dire
Aspects must other breasts inspire
With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darling's life.
Who can be happy, then, if nature must
To make one happy man, make all men just?"

Nor that on the Lady S. wife to Sir W. S.

" The harmony of colours, features, grace,
Resulting airs (the magic of a face)
Of musical sweet tunes, all which combin'd,
To crown one sovereign beauty, lies confin'd
To this dark vault. She was a cabinet
Where all the choicest stones of price were set,
Whose native colours and purest lustre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament:
Whose rare and hidden virtues did express
Her inward beauties, and mind's fairer dress:
The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
The devout sapphire, emerald apt to write
Records of memory, cheerful agate, grave
And serious onyx, topaz that doth save
The brain's calm temper, witty amethyst.
This precious quartie, or what else the list
On Aaron's Ephod planted had, she wore;
One only pearl was wanting to her store,
Which in her Saviour's book she found exprest,
To purchase that, she sold death all the rest."

We must also extract part of the poem " To the Countess of Anglesy, upon the immoderately-by-her-lamented death of her Husband."

" Madam, men say you keep with dropping eyes
Your sorrows fresh, wat'ring the rose that lies
Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear lord's hearse.
Alas! those odours now no more can pierce
His cold pale nostril, nor the crimson dye
Present a graceful blush to his dark eye.
Think you that flood of pearly moisture hath
The virtue fabled of old Æson's bath.
You may your beauties, and your youth consume
Over his urn, and with your sighs perfume
The solitary vault, which, as you groan,
In hollow echoes shall repeat your moan.

There you may wither, and an autumn bring
Upon yourself, but not call back his spring.
Forbear your fruitless grief then, and let those
Whose love was doubted gain belief with shows
To their suspected faith; you, whose whole life
In every act crown'd you a constant wife,
May spare the practice of that vulgar trade,
Which superstitious custom only made;
Rather a widow now of wisdom prove
The pattern, as a wife you were of love:
Yet since you surfeit on your grief, 'tis fit
I tell the world upon what cares you sit
Glutting your sorrows; and at once include
History, your excuse, my gratitude.
* * * * *
In motion active grace, in rest a calm
Attractive sweetness, brought both wound and balm
To every heart. He was compos'd of all
The wishes of ripe virgins, when they call
For Hymen's rites, and in their fancies wed
A shape of studied beauties to their bed.
Within this curious palace dwelt a soul
Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole.
This drest his face in courteous smiles; and so
From comely gestures sweeter manners flow.
* * * * *
He chose not in the active stream to swim,
Nor hunted honour, which yet hunted him;
But like a quiet eddy, that hath found
Some hollow creek, there turns his waters round,
And in continual circles dances free
From the impetuous torrent; so did he
Give others leave to turn the wheel of state,
(Whose restless motion spins the subject's fate,)
Whilst he, retir'd from the tumultuous noise
Of court, and suitors' press, apart, enjoys
Freedom and mirth, himself, his time and friends,
And with sweet relish tastes each hour he spends."

The following pastoral dialogue is written with great delicacy and tenderness.

" *Shep.* This mossy bank they press'd. *Nym.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.

Cho. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking, their embraces broke.

Shep. See, love, the blushes of the morn appear,
And now she hangs her pearly store,
(Robb'd from the eastern shore,)
I' th' cowslip's bell, and rose's ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph. Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But show my sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return;
The yellow planets, and the gray
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nymph.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in ev'ry tear.

Cho. They kiss'd and wept; and from their lips and eyes,
In a mix'd dew of briny sweet,
Their joys and sorrows meet;
But she cries out. *Nymph.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Cho. The winged hours fly fast, whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nymph. Then let us pinion time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep. Hark! *Nym.* Ay, me, stay! *Shep.* For ever. *Nym.* No, arise,
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.
Nymph. My soul. *Shep.* My paradise.
Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies."

In the lines upon Lord Chief Justice Finch, on his paying his addresses to Lady Anne Wentworth, the gravity of the judge is amusingly contrasted with the languishing airs of the lover.

"Hear this, and tremble all
Usurping beauties, that create

A government tyrannical
In love's free state;
Justice hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
His equal balance join'd, his sage head lies
In love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

Hark how the stern law breathes
Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
No fetters, but of silken wreaths
And braided hairs;
His dreadful rods and axes are exil'd
Whilst he sits crown'd with roses; Love hath filed
His native roughness, Justice is grown mild.

The golden age returns,
Love's bow and quiver useless lie;
His shaft, his brand, nor wounds nor burns,
And cruelty
Is sunk to hell; the fair shall all be kind;
Who loves shall be belov'd, the froward mind
To a deformed shape shall be confin'd.

Astræa hath possest
An earthly seat, and now remains
In Finch's heart, but Wentworth's breast
That guest contains;
With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies,
Nor lost her sphere, for, new-enthron'd, she cries,
I know no heaven but fair Wentworth's eyes."

We shall throw together a few extracts, which have too much merit to be omitted, and which it is not necessary for us to characterize by any particular criticism.

" Persuasions to Love."

* * * *

" Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake;
For that lovely face will fail,
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun;
Most fleeting when it is most dear,
'Tis gone while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,

Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White and cold as winter's snow.
That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lilly shall be found nor rose.
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when your summer's done,
They'll fly and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend,
Whose love may, when your beauties end,
Remain still firm: be provident
And think, before the summer's spent,
Of following winter; like the ant
In plenty hoard for time of scant.
Cull out amongst the multitude
Of lovers, that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day.
* * * * *
For when the storms of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was belov'd,
When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
And yellow spread, where red once shin'd;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lover never.
And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute;
For time and age will work that wrack,
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves;
But, if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauties' flower:
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither."

A dialogue between a lover, whom accident obliges to leave his Mistress, and Reason.

" *Lover.* Weep not, nor backward turn your beams,
Fond eyes; sad sighs lock in your breath;
Lest on this wind, or in those streams,
My griev'd soul fly, or sail to death.
Fortune destroys me if I stay,
Love kills me if I go away;
Since Love and Fortune both are blind,
Come Reason and resolve my doubtful mind.

" *Reason.* Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
And 'gainst the blinder god rebel;
Thy love-sick heart shall not reside
Where scorn and self-will'd error dwell.
Where entrance unto truth is barr'd,
Where love and faith find no reward;
For my just hand may sometime move
The wheel of fortune, not the sphere of love."

A lady rescued from death by a knight, who in the instant leaves her, complains thus.

" Oh whither is my fair sun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat, away?
If thou repose in the moist bed
Of the sea-queen, bring back the day
To our dark clime, and thou shalt lie
Bath'd in the sea flows from mine eye.

Upon what whirlwind didst thou ride
Hence, yet remain fix'd in my heart,
From me and to me; fled and tied?
Dark riddles of the amorous art;
Love lent thee wings to fly, so he
Unfeather'd, now must rest with me.

Help, help, brave youth, I burn, I bleed,
The cruel god, with bow and brand,
Pursues the life thy valour freed,
Disarm him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou may'st the wild boy tame
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame."

The commencement of the piece " To A. D. unreasonably distrustful of her own beauty," is ingenious.

" Fair Doris break thy glass, it hath perplext
With a dark comment, beautie's clearest text,
It hath not told thy face's story true,
But brought false copies to thy jealous view.
No colour, feature, lovely air, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou may'st read in thine, or justly doubt
Thy glass hath been suborn'd to leave it out,
But if it offer to thy nice survey
A spot, a stain, a blemish, or decay,
It not belongs to thee, the treacherous light
Or faithless stone abuse thy credulous sight.
Perhaps the magic of thy face hath wrought
Upon th' enchanted crystal, and so brought
Fantastic shadows to delude thine eyes
With airy repercussive sorceries.
Or else th' enamoured image pines away
For love of the fair object, and so may
Wax pale and wan, and though the substance grow
Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe;
Give then no faith to the false specular stone,
But let thy beauties by th' effects be known:
Look (sweetest Doris) on my love-sick heart,
In that true mirror see how fair thou art.
There, by Love's never-erring pencil drawn
Shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early dawn,
Shoot through the shady covert of thy hair,
Enameling and perfuming the calm air
With pearls and roses, till thy suns display
Their lids, and let out the imprison'd day.
Whilst Delphic priests (enlighten'd by their theme)
In amorous numbers court thy golden beam,
And from love's altars clouds of sighs arise
In smoaking incense to adore thine eyes.
If then love flow from beauty as th' effect,
How canst thou the resistless cause suspect?
Who would not brand that fool, that should contend
There were no fire, where smoke and flames ascend?"

* * * * *

A few stanzas only are quotable from " The Compliment," but they are rich in expression.

" I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threads of lawn,

And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spinner weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks (love's bowers ;)
Though such cunning them hath spread,
None can paint them white and red :
Love's golden arrows thence are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft,
Red coral lips I've kiss'd so oft;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard ;
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Might tyrants melt, and death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder;
Though that neck be whiter far,
Than towers of polish'd ivory are."

ART. IV.—*A genuine Narrative of the memorable Life and Actions of* John Everett, *who formerly kept the Cock Ale-House in the Old Bailey; and lately the Tap in the Fleet Prison, and was Executed at Tyburn on Friday, the 20th day of February,* 1729-30, *&c. Written by Himself when under Condemnation, and in his Cell in Newgate, and published at his own request. London,* 1730.

It cannot be supposed, that the autobiography of a man executed at Tyburn can possess many literary charms. Nor does there at first sight appear a very sufficient reason for rescuing from oblivion a catalogue of crimes, the memory of which is decayed with the person of him who committed them. But it is always interesting to the philosopher to see human nature under every point of view. Such a man considers the being, as the subject of an experiment, who puts himself in a situation, in which the effects of extraordinary circumstances may be most easily seen. In this spirit, physicians administer

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poison to dogs; and, did not the dose involve consequences too horrible to mention, they would wish to see the human frame under the action of the most trying medicaments. It is the same in the moral world. We feel naturally inclined to watch the effect of crime in hardening and ossifying the feelings of the heart, and observe with deep interest the workings of nature, which occasionally resists its fatal operation, and shows itself in moments of remorse, or in a sudden return to the innocence of youth, or the kindness of the primitive disposition. Nor is it disagreeable to find the buoyancy and elasticity of the spirit sometimes successfully contending against the gloomy circumstances of a life of infamy; the distrust, suspicion, and danger of vice—to watch the carelessness which overlooks them, or the fortitude which surmounts them. Generosity and magnanimity, though in a robber, do not lose their nature, and the discriminating mind can admire the good, without losing its abhorrence of the bad. We are all creatures of circumstance, and no man, however evil, is himself the entire cause of his iniquity; and it may be added, that it would be a most difficult task to discover the criminal who had not something good in him; some moments of tenderness, some meltings at early recollections, some strong affections, some faithful attachments, some virtuous impulses, some glimpses of high and generous feeling. The subject of the present narrative is as little remarkable for these softenings of nature, as any of his class we ever met with; but he has qualifications which distinguish him from the ordinary herd of those men whose *deaths* may be said to be more edifying than their *lives*. His parentage and education fitted him for a rank considerably above that he filled, and into which he fell by an early desertion of his friends, and the master with whom his father had placed him. But the traits which most distinguish him, are the indifference with which he perpetrated the greatest crimes, and the *nonchalance* with which he relates them; his exceeding blindness to their real atrocity, and the amusing manner in which he asks forgiveness of them, as if he were begging pardon in an unceremonious fashion for the most trifling peccadillo. His courage, dexterity, and presence of mind, were alike glorious, and his spirit not inferior to that which dictated the achievements of the great Mr. Wild, to whom, indeed, it is an injustice to compare him; for Everett disdained a mean action, and, in the commission of his crimes, or, as he calls it, in the practice of his profession, he ever behaved himself like a gentleman, abhorred cruelty, and instead of overreaching or undermining his friends, would attack two to one single-handed and unaided. The glory of the class of men to whom he belonged is departed. The heroes of Hounslow Heath and Wimbledon Common no longer take the

air,—the very memory of their exploits is fast fading, or only recorded in the Newgate Calendar, or preserved, like those of Guy of Warwick, or Robin Hood, in the traditions of the vulgar. Certain it is, that we are very far from regretting the departure of these worthies, and much more gladly contemplate them in the distance than at hand. But time, with his consecrating hand, always throws a radiance over the exploits of the bold and the undaunted, and we celebrate the names of many a hero who would have been a most disagreeable neighbour. The outlaw of ancient days is the subject of romantic tales, while the outlaw of to-day is a vulgar criminal, hardly meeting with his share of pity. Perhaps future ages may render classical the deeds of those younger sons of good families, who, induced by necessity, rather than choice, "*took to the road*" in search of money and adventure—those men who were so gallant to the female sex, so generous to the poor, so manful in their contests, so well caparisoned, and so nobly equipped.

But to turn from these retrospective speculations upon the glory of days gone by, to the composition before us, John Everett thus records his initiation into the profession of a highwayman.

"As a shelter against misfortune, I was obliged to list myself in the Foot-guards there. I served some time in my Lord Albemarle's company. I there unhappily fell into company with one Richard Bird, at the above said Mr. C——orth's; and after having conversed together on the affairs of life, and acquainting me of some particular advantages in life which might be had, provided I could be trusted; I took the hint readily, and, in short, we agreed to take to the road, entirely confiding in each other."

We do not know what our readers may think of the following description, but it appears to us to be very clever, at least for a gentleman of Mr. Everett's calling.

"Soon after our last achievement, my old comrade, Dick Bird, and I, stopped a coach in the evening, on Hounslow Heath, in which, (amongst other passengers,) were two precise but courageous quakers, who had the assurance to call us sons of violence; and refusing to comply with our reasonable demands, jumped out of the coach to give battle, whereupon we began a sharp engagement, and showed them the arm of flesh was too strong for the spirit, which seemed to move very powerfully within them. After a short contest, though we never offered to fire, (for I ever abhorred barbarity, or the more heinous sin of murder,) through the cowardly persuasions of their fellow-travellers, they submitted, though sore against their inclinations.

"As they were stout fellows, and men every inch of them, we scorned to abuse them, and contented ourselves with rifling them of the little mammon of unrighteousness which they had about them, which

amounted to about thirty or forty shillings, and their watches. The rest in the coach, whose hearts were sunk into their shoes, Dick fleeced without the least resistance.

" There was one circumstance of this affair, which created a little diversion; and, therefore, with my reader's leave, I will relate it. The Precisians, for the most part, though they are plain in their dress, wear the best of commodities, and though a smart toupie is an abomination, yet a bob, or a natural of six or seven guineas price, is a modest covering allowed of by the saints. One of the prigs was well furnished in this particular; and flattering myself it would become me, I resolved to make it lawful plunder. Without any further ceremony, therefore, than alleging exchange was no robbery, I napped his poll, and dressed him immediately in masquerade with an old black tie, which I had the day before purchased of an antiquated Chelsea pensioner for half-a-crown. The other company, though before in the doleful dumps for the loss of the coriander seed, could not forbear grinning at the merry metamorphosis; for our quaker looked now more like a d——l than a saint. As companions in distress ever alleviate its weight, they invited him, with a general laugh, into their leathern convenience again, wished us a good night, and hoped they should have no farther molestations on the road: we gave them a watch-word, and assured them they should not; then tipped the honest coachman a twelver to drink our healths, so brushed off the ground."

There is next a specimen of the sly pomposity with which he narrates his transactions.

" About a week or ten days after, my brother Dick and I projected a new scheme, more humble than the former, to take a purse without the charge of horse-hire. Hillington Common was determined to be the scene of action. We sauntered for some time upon the green, and suffered several to pass by without the least molestation; but at last we spied two gentlemen well mounted coming towards us, we imagined we might be able to replenish our empty purses, so we prepared for an attack; whereupon, after the usual salutation, I stopped the foremost, and demanded his cash, his watch, and other appurtenances thereunto belonging, and assured him I was a younger brother of an honourable but numerous family; that to work I had no inclination, and to beg I was ashamed; and that since I had at present no other way for a livelihood, if such a demand at first view might appear a little immodest or unreasonable, I hoped he would excuse it, as necessity and not choice was the fatal inducement. My brother Dick was as rhetorical in his apologies with the hindmost, whom he dismounted.

" We used them with more good manners and humanity than the common pads, who act for the most part more like Turks and Jews than Christians in such enterprises, to the eternal scandal of the profession. We contented ourselves with what silver and little gold they had about them, which amounted to about three or four pounds and their gold watches, one of which, as well as I can remember, was

of Tompion's make, and which I afterwards pawned for five guineas to a fellow that the week after broke and run away with it; so that I had not the opportunity of restoring it again to the proper owner, for which I heartily beg his pardon, as we must own the gentlemen behaved well, and came into our measures without the least resistance, so they must do us the justice to acknowledge that we treated them as such, and neither disrobed or abused them. We thought it, however, common prudence to cut the girts of their horses' saddles, and secure their bridles for fear of a pursuit."

Fortune, as observes our author, though she is fair, yet she is a fickle mistress, and the pitcher which goes often to the well comes home broken at last. Everett was apprehended and remained three years in prison: but, as he says, during his confinement he behaved himself with such prudence and humanity, that for these virtues and his experienced conduct on the road, he was promoted to the degree of turnkey. He did not remain long in this station; but, being seduced by the charms of an alehouse in Turnmill-street, he left the prison, and, after various adventures and misfortunes, he resumed his old profession.

"I determined once more to take up my old profession, and equipt myself. Accordingly I purchased a nag that would fly like a hare, and leap like a greyhound. My next purchase was a brace of pistols, a hanger, a red rug coat, and a new hat with a smart cock and a silver edging. Though I made all these necessary preparations, they were contrary to my natural inclinations, but necessity has no law, I found I must turn out once more, though I had quitted the vocation some years. What will not a man do, that has any spirit, to support his credit and reputation amongst his neighbours? Honesty, I have heard, is the best policy, but that would not supply me with fifty pounds upon a pinch, and that was the sum I wanted. I resolved within myself, (as I am a dying man) that if I could but collect the sum before-mentioned, by the generous contributions of a few monied men that I thought proper to apply to as I met them on the road, I would for ever after quit the post of surveyor of his majesty's highways without a licence. The reason why I wanted no more than fifty pounds was, because I could with that money have credit of my brewer to the tune of 100*l.* or more, and be furnished with right sound nappy.

"Though this was the scheme I had laid, I never was so happy as to accomplish it, all my rents, which I gathered up, falling vastly short of the sum proposed. If my readers will but allow there be generosity and humanity to be found among gentlemen of our profession, I think I may lay as fair a claim to those two good qualities as ever any one that followed the calling. I think my deportment in the robbery, of which I stand convicted, and for which I am to suffer, will be an undeniable instance in that particular.

"The fatal attack I then made was on a gentleman's chariot, in which were a lady and her daughter, accompanied with a child of about

five or six years old. As soon as I clapped my pistol into the chariot, the young child was frightened and began to cry, which gave me some uneasiness; the lady begged that I would put my pistol up to pacify the child, and she would readily deliver all she had about her. I complied with her request, and she gave me, I remember, a guinea and some silver; and, whilst I received it, my hand shook like an old fellow with the palsy, and like a clumsy awkward fool, I let some of the silver drop on the ground; at the same time I saw she was as well provided with a gold watch, gold rings, and other valuable trinkets, as a gentleman, under my circumstances, could reasonably have wished for; yet, like a modest fellow, and a gentleman of good manners, I took my leave without asking any further favours than what she had already granted me.

"I had like to have forgot one circumstance, relating to this affair, which I think worth observing. As soon as I had quitted the chariot, and set spurs to my horse, up came the lady's husband, and miss's sweetheart (I presume) to them, who, upon information of the transaction, rode to overtake me, and pursued me closely into the very town, but they lost their scent at last, and turned up Leather-lane whilst I was got into Hatton Garden.

"At the Globe Tavern I alighted, and ordered the drawer to call me a porter; and, whilst I was refreshing myself with a glass of canary, I saw both the gentlemen pass by the door. I considered that was no resting-place long for me, so I paid a hog, and adjourned to a blind public house in Holborn; there I called for a quartern, and before I had well tossed it off, I saw them once more looking for a needle in a bottle of hay; I laughed in my sleeve, you may imagine, with the agreeable reflection, that I was as safe as a thief in a mill. I thought myself snug there, so I called for a tankard, and smoked a sober pipe to cool me after my hurry and fatigue; then I called a coach at the end of Brook-street, in Holborn, and bid him drive me a little beyond Newgate-market and then stop, which he did, then I called to him, and bid him drive me to Milk-street, and there he set me down; then I went to Honey-lane-market, and bought a hen turkey and a duck, which duck I dressed for my wife's supper and my own. The turkey was preserved for our Christmas dinner, both which I may thank the lady for. When taken by the aforesaid person and his associates, I desired them not to pull and haul me about to raise a mob, for I would go very quietly; they carried me, I think, to the Two Brewers alehouse, and searched me, and took from me a pistol and a powder-horn, and six bullets; in the hurry they missed one pistol, having two, which I was very well pleased with. I had not been long, but I must be going before a justice of the peace; so it was consulted which way was the safest to go; it was at last agreed to get a penny cord to tie across my arms, which was accordingly done; going along, supported by two persons, one under one arm, and another under the other; and a very good attendance besides. As we went, I complained they had tied my arms so very hard that I could not possibly bear it; they so far indulged me that they loosened them. When done, I got my hand privately as possible I could to that pocket

where the pistol was, and just as I had cocked it, my design was to have shot that person which does not live far from Newgate-market; but he must thank the other person, who had me by the other arm, for, clapping his hand upon mine, and taking the pistol from me, he said, 'What are you at?'"

Our hero, who always professes the utmost abhorrence of murder, thus describes a little intention of this kind, for which, however, the reader must charitably listen to his penitent petition for pardon.

"The next day, after I had committed this robbery, it was blown all over Newgate market, by one Whitaker, well known by the title of the Boxing Drover, at a coffee-house there kept by a butcher, who addressed him in the following manner:—What do you think master, Daddy Everett, they say, yesterday committed a robbery on the highway, and the whole town rings on't. He had not been five minutes gone away to spread news, (and ill news spreads fast enough in conscience) but I came into the coffee-house myself. The master and I were old cronies. Egad (says he), Jack, I am heartily glad to see you, and wish a flying report, that Whitaker is very busy in spreading over the neighbourhood, may not prove of very ill consequence to you. So he told me the charge that was fathered upon me.—I own I was damnably nettled, and swore (God forgive me) a good round hand, and vowed to be revenged on Whitaker, for an officious fool, for endeavouring to blast the character of one who had never offended him.

"This was not only the result of a hasty passion, but I was resolutely bent upon the execution.

"Whereupon, the next evening, between four and five, I charged a brace of pistols with powder and ball, and marched up to Islington, to examine all his haunts, being well acquainted with all his private set-holes and places of resort. I heard of him at several ale-houses, but, (as I then thought) unfortunately missed of him, which now I am glad of, since I have not now the sin of murder to answer for, which I then had in my heart; for which wicked intention, I beg God and his pardon, and hope to find forgiveness from them both."

Similar to this, is his nonchalance respecting his wives—but, more than his falsehood in love, the dreadful crime of wilful perjuration affects his conscience. The familiarity with which he slips out the word *dead-warrant*, will strike the reader; who will recollect, that he was, at the moment of writing this airy narrative, under immediate expectation of execution.

"A day or two before the dead-warrant came down, I happened to see in the press-yard, William W——l, (the son of an unfortunate woman) as I sat in the tap-house with one of my wives, drinking, (God forgive me, I had two or three) his mother being one, as I told you before; and this which I lived last with, I was married to at the Fleet,

and one more which keeps a public-house in Drury-lane, whom I think is very unkind, for she never came to see me all the time of my confinement. But to return to the aforegoing person; I was resolved to be revenged on him if possible, for I could not forget how he came to the tavern with a case-knife to kill me, and likewise the ill usage to his mother. I happened at that time to have a pen-knife in my pocket, and with a resolution to have done his business (which God forgive me), but was prevented by my wife, who stood between him and me, and am glad now to my soul, that I did not commit what I did design, which was murder.

"There is one thing, however, which lies heavier on my conscience than falsehood in love, and that is, *wilful perjuration*.

"I had some time since entertained an implacable hatred against one Picket, a cooper, and to satiate my revenge, though the poor man I believe was entirely innocent of the fact laid to his charge, I swore it upon him, and appeared an evidence against him at the Old Bailey; for which flagrant crime, I hope, if he is living, he will forgive me, and God too, for my thirsting after innocent blood; and if dead, I sincerely rejoice that he did not fall a sacrifice to my unjust resentments."

The act, however, which most injures the author in our estimation, is his faithlessness to his *fellow-man*, who, it will be recollected, first introduced him into the mysteries of the profession.

"I should, in my foregoing account, inform you what became of my fellow-man, Richard Bird; the last robbery that he and I committed together, was on two gentlemen as they were going to Chelmsford. Some small time after that I was taken up, and what to do, I did not know; at last, I thought I had better hang twenty than be squeezed myself; for I knew I deserved it: So at last (with some reluctancy) I impeaches my fellow-man, Richard Bird, and accordingly he was taken and committed to gaol, and afterwards carried down to Chelmsford, and I was carried there as a witness against him; but in going down I did my endeavour to make my escape, but was prevented by one William W———l, the foregoing person, who went about three months ago to stab me with a case-knife, which I related before. I was brought safe to Chelmsford gaol, where I appeared as an evidence against my fellow-man, Richard Bird, a butcher: he was capitally convicted, and suffered accordingly; for which wicked act, I have often reflected on myself, for being an evidence. All my wicked actions, which I have been guilty of to mankind, I heartily ask pardon for, and I hope they will be such good Christians as to forgive me. I acknowledge myself to be a very wicked liver for years past."

Everett followed his seducer to the gallows, and suffered most deservedly for the multitude of his crimes. In closing these extracts from this singular publication, we cannot but regret the perversion of this man's talents from the course of

honesty and respectability; and at the same time remark, the utter inefficiency, and worse than uselessness, of the punishment which was inflicted on him. Nothing can be more evident, than that the *uncertainty* of any punishment at all, led him on from crime to crime, and that the *degree* of it was lost in the chance of entire escape. The horror of death was always driven from his thoughts by the bustle of his occupation, and the restless nature of his life; and when the fatal sentence was passed upon him, he bore up against it with a fortitude, which showed he was worthy of preservation. His execution stopped a stream, whose channel should only have been diverted. A close confinement, and a constant occupation, would have soon restored him to a proper sense of his sins against society, and rendered him perhaps, at last, a useful member of some other community; while an imprisonment for life is as likely to create as striking an impression on the multitude, as an example in the infliction of death, while it certainly cannot do so much harm.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of the Life of* John Radcliffe, M. D. *interspersed with several Original Letters, &c.* 1715.

The celebrated founder of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford was one of the most successful physicians of his age, and, at the same time, exceedingly remarkable for the originality of his character. He was distinguished in his profession for the sagacity with which he traced the causes of disease, and for the soundness of judgement which dictated his remedies, rather than for his science and his learning. At Oxford he was more an observer of men than a reader of books, and there laid the foundation of that character, which he ever after maintained. After practising for some time at Oxford, where his fame was spread by some remarkable cures, he removed to London, where he soon became known for his dexterity in his profession, the bluntness of his wit, and the social qualities of his heart. Dr. Radcliffe appears to have been a man who lived, if any man ever did so, entirely after his own humour, and in the completest disregard of the opinions of the world. His original feelings were of too good and too generous a nature to make this freedom dangerous, and the only consequence was, an innocent but wayward life, and a free utterance of his thoughts in the plainest language which occurred to him. His vast success in his practice poured in upon him immense

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wealth, and gave ample opportunity for his humoursome generosity to display itself. After a life spent in benevolent exertions in behalf of his fellow-creature, and a fortune expended in charitable donations, he left very large estates, with which he endowed, after the lapse of certain interests, his venerable *Alma mater*. The little book which records the chief transactions of his life, is scarce, and is of so interesting and amusing a character, that we shall be doing a service to our readers by making a selection of some of the more remarkable anecdotes, which it contains in great abundance, of this remarkable personage.

John Radcliffe was born at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, of respectable parents, who sent him to Oxford at the age of fifteen years, in 1665. After taking his bachelor of arts' degree in 1667, he proceeded to that of master of arts in 1672. Of the manner in which he spent his time at the university, his biographer observes:

"It is to be confessed, indeed, that he had but a slender opinion of logical altercations, which, by the help of a parcel of abstruse terms, and very formal though immaterial distinctions, had, at this time, obtained much credit amongst his contemporaries, who were wont to make light of him on this account, upon several occasions. But his proficiency in more polite, as well as more advantageous literature, soon made it appear that his acquirements were preferable to theirs; and that whilst they were bewildering themselves in the dark intricacies of modes, figures, and accidents, he, to the admiration of all that knew his propensity to cheerful conversation, grew daily more and more conspicuous for the bright advances that were made by him towards the most important discoveries.

"The business he was intent upon, was no less than the preservation of mankind; and this he did not endeavour to make himself master of, by any useless application to the rubbish of antiquity, in old musty volumes, that required ages to be thoroughly perused; but by a careful examination of the most valuable treatises that saw the light from modern hands. His books, while he was a student in physic, (for so we must term him till he became a practitioner) were very few, but well chosen: so few, indeed, as to make Dr. Bathurst, the head of Trinity College, (who, notwithstanding his seniority in the university, kept him company for his conversation) stand in a surprise, and ask, 'Where was his study?' Upon which, pointing to a few vials, a skeleton, and an herbal, he received for answer, 'Sir, this is Radcliffe's Library."

In 1675, Mr. Radcliffe took a degree in physic, and commenced practice. The novelty, however, of his treatment, soon created him enemies in the university among the old practitioners, some of whom continued so through the greater part of his life. All kinds of insinuations were thrown out against

the *guess-work*, as it was called, of his cures; and all deplored, that his friends had not made him a better scholar. His replies seem to have been confined to a few *nicknames*, and a silent determination to go on curing his patients. His fame was soon spread far and wide; and having acquired considerable wealth in Oxford, he removed, in 1684, to London, where he had not been a year before he received more than twenty guineas per day.

"His conversation, at this time, was held in as good repute as his advice; and what with his pleasantry of discourse, and readiness of wit in making replies to any sort of questions, he was a diverting companion to the last degree, insomuch, that he was very often sent for, and presented with fees for pretended ailments, when the real design of both sexes, that were equally delighted with him, was to reap advantage by his way of talk. Not but he was often out of humour at being dealt with after that manner, and would frequently give biting replies to such as were pressing with him for his prescriptions upon trifling occasions."

Dr. Radcliffe was a strong Tory, and nothing was wanting but to make him a Roman Catholic, to render him agreeable in the eyes of the Court.

"In 1688, some time before the Bishops were sent to the Tower, and matters were carrying on towards the introduction of Popery, by no less violent methods, Father Saunders, one of the Court chaplains, and another Dominican, had it in command from the King, to use what solicitations should be thought needful, to bring him over to their communion, with the rest of the converts they were then making. Accordingly they were very pressing with him to save his poor soul, as they termed it, by embracing a religion, without which he was to expect no less than eternal damnation in the world to come. The Doctor heard what they had to say for some time, and then told them, 'That he held himself obliged to his Majesty for his charitable dispositions to him, in sending them to him, on so good an account as the saving his soul, which he would endeavour to show his acknowledgement of, by his duty and loyalty; but if the King would be graciously pleased to let him jog on in the ways he had been bred up in, during this life, he would run the risk of incurring the penalties they threatened him with, in that which was to come.' As for the instances they gave him, by way of example, of a temporal and a spiritual lord's defection from the established church, he alleged, 'that it was more the business of a bishop and a statesman, to make curious researches into matters of Revelation, than of a physician; and besought his Majesty, out of his grace and favour to all his loving subjects, to let him continue in the religion of the latter, which would neither endanger his government in church nor state.' However, solicitations were not wanting from another quarter, and Mr. Walker, whom I just mentioned, had orders from above, to write to him, which he did several

times; not only setting before him the great advantages he would receive hereafter, by his admission into the pale of the Romish Church, but the benefits that would attend him in this life."

Dr. Radcliffe's answer to one of his friends' letters, is an admirable proof of his humour and his good sense.

"Sir—I should be in as unhappy a condition in this life, as you fear I shall be in the next, were I to be treated as a turn-coat; and must tell you, that I can be serious no longer, while you endeavour to make me believe what, I am apt to think, you give no credit to yourself. Fathers, and Councils, and antique authorities, may have their influence in their proper places; but should any of them all, though covered with dust 1400 years ago, tell me, that the bottle I am now drinking with some of your acquaintance, is a wheel-barrow, and the glass in my hand a salamander, I should ask leave to dissent from them all.

"You mistake my temper, in being of opinion that I am otherwise biassed than the generality of mankind are. I had one of your new convert's poems in my hands just now: you will know them to be Mr. Dryden's, and on what account they are written, at first sight. Four of the best lines, and most a-propos, run thus:

> 'By education most have been misled,
> So they believe, because they so were bred:
> The Priest continues what the nurse began,
> And so the child imposes on the man.'

"You may be given to understand, from hence, that having been bred up a Protestant, at Wakefield, and sent from thence in that persuasion to Oxford, where, during my continuance, I had no relish for absurdities, I intend not to change principles, and turn Papist in London.

"The advantages you propose to me, may be very great, for all I know: God Almighty can do very much, and so can the King; but you will pardon me, if I cease to speak like a physician for once; and, with an air of gravity—I am very apprehensive that I may anger the one, in being too complaisant to the other. You cannot call this pinning my faith to any man's sleeve; those that know me, are too well apprized of a contrary tendency. As I never flattered a man myself, so it is my firm resolution never to be wheedled out of my real sentiments, which are, that since it has been my good fortune to be educated according to the usage of the Church of England, established by law, I shall never make myself so unhappy, as to shame my teachers and instructors, by departing from what I have imbibed from them.

"Yet, though I shall never be brought over to confide in your doctrines, no one breathing can have a greater esteem for your conversation, by letters, or word of mouth, than, Sir,

"Your most affectionate and faithful servant,

"JOHN RADCLIFFE."

The conclusion of this story is highly characteristic of the Doctor's kindness of heart.

" Nor did the Doctor, when the necessity of the times, in the succeeding revolution, which followed this epistolatory intercourse by the heels, prove otherwise than a constant friend and benefactor to this great man: for though he could not be induced to adhere to his opinion in matters of religion, he would always abide by his determination in points of learning; and out of a generous sense of the pressures Mr. Walker laboured under, on account of his non-compliance with the government that was set over us, by the late King James's abdication, from the time of his first coming to London, after the scene of affairs were changed in Oxford, gave him the allowance of a very handsome competency to the day of his death; not even holding himself content to supply him to his latest breath, but contributing largely to his funeral expenses, that he might be conducted honourably to his grave, in Pancras church-yard, where he was privately interred; and some years after, a very decent monument was erected to his memory, with the two first letters of his name, O. W. in a cypher, and this modest inscription:

Per bonam famam
Et per infamiam."

When the revolution took place, and the Prince of Orange mounted the English throne, Dr. Radcliffe still retained his former principles, though he declined meddling himself with either party until he saw the event. King William had very bad health, and, consequently, availed himself of the skill of Dr. Radcliffe, whose reputation was then at its height. The Doctor, though by no means calculated for a court favourite, was nearly always called in to assist the different branches of the royal family in cases of emergency. Many of the anecdotes, recorded in this life, relate to them, and some we shall quote. Dr. Radcliffe was recommended to the king by the cures which he had performed on two of the principal friends whom he had brought over with him, Mr. Bentinck (afterwards Lord Portland), and Mr. Zulestein (Lord Rochford).

" The restoration of two persons so dear to the king to their perfect health, could not but cause his majesty to have an eye towards him that was the instrument of it, next to God, therefore that prince not only ordered him five hundred guineas out of the privy-purse, but made him an offer of being sworn one of his majesty's physicians, with a salary of 200*l.* per annum more than any other.

" Though the present was only accepted, and the post refused, because the Doctor very cautiously considered that the settlement of the crown was but then in its infancy, and that accidents might intervene to disturb the security of it. Besides, as body physician to the princess of Denmark, whose service he was more inclined to from the high esteem she had always entertained for him, he had a very com-

petent allowance, and stood in need of no addition to it, which would rather lessen the fees arising from his practice, than increase them, since he was too well apprized of the good inclination the king bore him, not to imagine he would send for him upon all urgent occasions, and when he did, so reward him that it would more than countervail a fixed salary. Nor was he out in his judgement, for the weak condition his majesty had been always in from his childhood, by flux of rheum and an asthma, the last of which distempers the Doctor was every where cried up for being exceedingly well versed in, made him so very often called upon, that the writer of these memoirs can aver that he has heard the doctor more than once or twice declare, that, one year with another, for the first eleven years of his reign, he cleared more than six hundred guineas for his bare attendance on the king's person, exclusive of the great officers."

He was afterwards called in on occasion of the fatal illness of the Queen Mary.

" It pleased God to afflict this nation by the sudden sickness of the late incomparable Queen Mary, which terminated in the small-pox, and which the court physicians, after many fruitless experiments, found it impossible to raise. Whereupon, their utmost efforts proving ineffectual, the Doctor was sent for, by the council, to give his opinion, and, (if it was in the power of physic,) to avert the impending calamity that was falling upon the subjects. At the first sight of the recipes, without seeing her majesty, he told them, she was a dead woman, for it was impossible to do any good in her case, where remedies had been given that were so contrary to the nature of the distemper; yet he would endeavour to do all that lay in him to give her some ease. Accordingly the pustules began to fill, by a cordial julap he ordered to be given to the queen, which gave some faint hopes of her recovery; but the infection was driven too much into the recesses of the heart, not to be too strong for all attempts against it, and that great and good princess died a sacrifice to unskilful hands, who, out of one disease, had caused a complication by improper medicaments."

After this he was sent for to the Princess Anne of Denmark, whom he offends.

"Some few months after this unhappy accident, the Doctor, who, till then, had kept himself in the good graces of the Princess Anne of Denmark, made a forfeit of them by his too great addiction to the bottle after a very uncourtly manner. For her royal highness being indisposed, caused him to be sent for; in answer to which he made a promise of coming to St. James's soon after. But he not appearing, that message was backed by another, importing that she was extremely ill, and describing after what manner the princess was taken. At which the Doctor swore by his Maker, 'that her highness's distemper was nothing but the vapours, and that she was in as good a state of health as any woman breathing could she but give into the belief of it.' When he found, to his great mortification, on his appearance at court,

that his freedom with so illustrious a patient had been highly resented; for, at his going into her presence, he was stopped by an officer in the anti-chamber, and told, that the princess had no farther need of the services of a physician who would not obey her orders, and that she had made choice of Dr. Gibbons to succeed him in the care of her health. Now as nothing could be more vexatious to him than to give place to his old antagonist, who was now become his successor, so he could not forgive him for this very thing to his dying day; and, at his return to his companions, without any regard to the great name, which ought not to have been made so free with, gave them to understand what had happened, intimating that nurse Gibbons had gotten a new nursery, which he by no means envied him the possession of, since his capacity was only equal to the ailments of a patient which had no other existence than in the imagination, and could reach no farther than the putting those out of a good state of health that were already in the enjoyment of it."

In the year 1697 the Doctor has another interview with King William, of a very interesting nature.

" After the king's return from Loo, where he had ratified the treaty of peace at Ryswick, his majesty found himself very much indisposed at his palace at Kensington; and, as usual, after his physicians in ordinary had given their opinions, would have Dr. Radcliffe's advice. His spirits were then wasting, and tending to their last decay, and every symptom that appeared gave certain indications that his majesty was in a downright dropsy; however, those, in whose sphere it was more particularly to consult their master's constitution, and the nature of his distemper, mistook it so far as to prescribe medicines for the cure of it which rather increased, than lessened, its malignity; at the same time, they assured the king that he was in no manner of danger, but would be in a right state of health again after he had taken such and such medicines and antiscorbutics, which had no manner of relation to his majesty's distemper. The king, when the Doctor was admitted, was reading Sir Roger l'Estrange's version of Æsop's Fables, and told him, that he had once more sent for him, to try the effects of his great skill, notwithstanding what he had been told by his body physicians, who were not sensible of his inward decay, that he might live many years, and would speedily recover. Upon which, the Doctor having put some interrogatories to him, very readily asked leave of the king to turn to a fable in the book before him, which would let his majesty know how he had been treated, and read it to him in these words:

" ' Pray, sir, how do you find yourself?' says the doctor to the patient. ' Why truly,' says the patient, ' I have had a most violent sweat.' ' Oh! the best sign in the world,' quoth the doctor. And then, a little while after, he is at it again, with a ' Pray, how do you find your body?' ' Alas!' says the other, ' I have just now had a terrible fit of horror and shaking upon me!' ' Why this is all as it should be,' says the physician, ' it shews a mighty strength of nature.' And then he comes over him the third time, with the same questions again:

'Why I am all swelled,' says the other, 'as if I had the dropsy.' 'Best of all,' quoth the doctor, and goes his way. Soon after this comes one of the sick man's friends to him with the same question, 'How he felt himself?' 'Why, truly, so well,' says he, 'that I am even ready to die of I know not how many good signs and tokens.'

"'May it please your majesty, yours and the sick man's case is the very same,' cries the Doctor; you are buoyed up with hopes that your malady will soon be driven away by persons that are not apprized of means to do it, and know not the true cause of your ailment; but I must be plain with you, and tell you, that, in all probability, if your majesty will adhere to my prescriptions, it may be in my power to lengthen out your life for three or four years, but beyond that time nothing in physic can protract it, for the juices of your stomach are all vitiated; your whole mass of blood is corrupted; and your nutriment, for the most part, turns to water. However, if your majesty will forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford's (where the king was wont to drink very hard), I'll try what can be done to make you live easily, though I cannot venture to say I can make you live longer than I have told you;' and so left a recipe behind him, which was so happy in its effects as to enable the king not only to take a progress in the western parts of his kingdom, but to go out of it, and divert himself at his palace of Loo, in Holland."

In 1699, while the king was abroad, the Duke of Gloucester was taken ill at Windsor, where he had over-heated himself with dancing.

"His highness's distemper was a rash, but judged by Sir Edward Thorne and Dr. B——e, to be the small-pox, which they unskilfully prescribed remedies for, that proved the occasion of his death. The whole court was alarmed at this accident, and the Princess of Denmark, notwithstanding her antipathy to Dr. Radcliffe, was prevailed upon, by the Countess of Marlborough and Lady Fretchville, to send for him; who, upon first sight of the royal youth, gave her to understand that there was no possibility of recovering him, since he would die by such an hour the next day; which he, who was the hopes of all the British dominions, did accordingly. However, with great difficulty, he was persuaded to be present at the consult, where he could not refrain from bitter invectives against the two physicians above mentioned, and told the one, 'That it would have been happy for the nation had the first born been bred up a musket maker, (which was his father's profession) and the last continued making an havock of nouns and pronouns in the quality of a country school-master, rather than have ventured out of his reach in the practice of an art which he was an utter stranger to, and for which he ought to have been whipped with one of his own rods.'"

The Doctor, soon after this event, was consulted by the king, when the physician indulged in a freedom of speech, which the sovereign never forgave.

" At the close of this year, the king, on his return from Holland, (where, instead of following the Doctor's advice, he had lived very freely with several German princes,) found himself again very much out of order; and having his sole reliance on Dr. Radcliffe's judgement, sent for him to Kensington the last time, for he was then to be as much out of favour with his majesty, as he was with the princess. After the necessary questions put by the physician to the royal patient, said the king, showing his swollen ancles, while the rest of his body was emaciated, and like a mere skeleton, ' Doctor, what think you of these?' ' Why, truly,' replied he, ' I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms;' which freedom of speech was resented so much, though seemingly not taken notice of during their conversation for that time, that all the interest the Earl of Albemarle had at court, and then he was the chief favourite, could not reinstate him in his majesty's good graces, who, from that very hour, never would suffer him to come into his presence; though he continued to make use of his diet-drinks, till three days before his death, which happened to fall out much about the same time as the Doctor had calculated, and which the king had frequently said to the earl before mentioned, would come to pass, in verification of Radcliffe's prediction. Since it appeared upon opening of his late majesty's body, that he had lived as long as there was any nutriment for the animal spirits, and that if he had not fallen from his horse, which broke his collar-bone, and might hasten his death for a few days, he must have been gathered to his fathers in less than a month's time, since his lungs were entirely wasted and dried, and crumbled in the hand like a clod of summer dirt."

Hatred of meanness, and a blunt expression of his feelings whenever he saw it, distinguish many of these anecdotes; but none more than the following story, which is likewise a good specimen of the style of the biographer.

" Yet, though the Doctor had an esteem for men that set a true value upon his skill, and were gratefully disposed to acknowledge it by suitable regards, he had the greatest aversion imaginable, howsoever parsimonious in his own person, for such as were of abilities, yet of niggardly dispositions, as may be seen in the case of one Mr. Tyson, a man of vast wealth and estate, and said, at the time of his decease, to be worth more than £300,000. It happened that this figure of a man, without any thing like a human soul, had dealt with empyricks so long for cheapness sake, that he was reduced to so low an ebb of life as to have the continuance of it in a manner despaired of. His friends and neighbours had repeated their instances with him to no manner of purpose, that he would look out for some able physician for his preservation; but the cost was a greater terror to him for some time than the apprehensions of death itself. At last, when he found that he must leave, in case of demise, all his ill-gotten treasure and possessions behind, when a total decay of nature notified the last necessity of having recourse to fit helps to protract a

life that wanted many and many years to have the guilt washed off, which it had contracted by its avarice and extortion. In a word, when the remembrance of his deeds gave pricks to his conscience, and tortured him with the frightful ideas of the punishments that were due to them in another world, he took up resolutions of seeking out ways and means to make his abode in this as long as it was possible. In order to this, he pitched upon Dr. Radcliffe, as the only person capable of giving him relief in his dangerous estate. But nature had still such a predominance in him notwithstanding his weakness, and his old habitual sin of covetousness had so much gained the ascendant over his other passions, that he was at a loss how to keep the Doctor from discovering who he was, while he applied to him for a true account and cure of his distemper. At last he and his wife agreed to give the Doctor a visit at his own house, in order to save the charge of coming to theirs; and, after taking their coach to the Royal Exchange, went into an hack that carried them to Bloomsbury, where, with two guineas in hand, and in a very mean habit, Mr. Tyson opened his condition to the Doctor, still insisting upon his poverty and having advice upon reasonable terms. But neither his sickness nor his apparel had disguised him so much as to deceive the doctor, who had no sooner heard what he had to say and taken his gold, but told him, 'he might go home and die and be damned, without a speedy repentance, for both the grave and the devil were ready for one Tyson of Hackney, who had raised an immense estate out of the spoils of the public and the tears of orphans and widows, and would certainly be a dead man in ten days.' Nor was the event contrary to the prediction; for the wretched usurer returned to his house quite confounded with the sentence that had been passed upon him, (part of which was fulfilled in eight days, by his death, though we will not be so presumptuous to say that relating to his after state was,) and by bidding adieu to this world, left his earthly possessions to a son, who, it is hoped, knows how to make a better use of them."

The Doctor's invitation to Prince Eugene will also set his character in a strong light. The coolness with which he turns from the hopeless case of his patient to a friendly invitation of the sick man's uncle, is particularly admirable.

"The same year, upon the coming over of Prince Eugene of Savoy to persuade the British court to enter into the Emperor's measures, which were for the continuance of the war with France and Spain, till the kingdoms possessed by the latter, with its dominions in the West Indies, were restored to the house of Austria; the Chevalier de Soissons, his highness's nephew, in a nightly encounter with the watch, was so bruised, that he was thrown into a violent fever, which was falsely said to terminate in the small-pox, to cover the reproach of such an unprincely disaster. Hereupon, Dr. Radcliffe being called upon for his advice, very frankly told the prince, 'That he was extremely concerned he could be of no service to him, in the recovery of a person so dear and nearly related to him, as the Chevalier, since

the Sieur Swartenburgh, his highness's physician, had put it out of his power, by mistaking the nature of the distemper; but that he should hold it amongst the greatest honours he had ever received, if he might have the happiness of entertaining so great a general, to whose noble achievements the world was indebted, at his poor habitation.' In pursuance of which invitation, after the chevalier was interred amongst the Ormond family in Westminster-Abbey, and the prince had dined and supped with several of the chief nobility, he bethought himself of paying a visit to Dr. Radcliffe, and sent him word he intended to foul a plate with him on such a day. The Doctor made provision accordingly; and instead of ragous and other fine kickshaws, wherewith other tables had been spread, ordered his to be covered with barons of beef, jiggets of mutton, legs of pork, and other such substantial British dishes, for the first course, at which several of the nobility, who were perfect strangers to whole joints of butcher's meat, made light of his entertainment. But the prince, upon taking his leave of him, said, in French, 'Doctor, I have been fed at other tables like a courtier, but received at your's as a soldier, for which I am highly indebted to you, since I must tell you, that I am more ambitious of being called by the latter appellation than the former. Nor can I wonder at the bravery of the British nation, that has such food and liquor (meaning some beer he had drank of seven years old) of their own growth, as what you have thus given proof of.'"

When the Doctor could not cure his patients, he could generally satisfy them with regard to the day and even hour of their death. His prophetical powers in this respect were astonishing. Many instances are given in the course of his life. When the Dutchess of Marlborough applied to him to go down to Cambridge to her son, the Marquis of Blandford, who had been improperly treated for the small-pox by the physicians of the university, having heard the detail of their procedure, he answered, "*Madam, I shall only put you to a great expense to no purpose, for you have nothing to do for his lordship now, but to send down an undertaker to take care of a funeral; for I can assure your grace, he is dead by this time, of a distemper called the Doctor, that would have been recovered from the small-pox without the intervention of that unfortunate malady.*" Nor was he out in his conjectures, for the dutchess was no sooner in her apartments at St. James's House, but a messenger arrived with the news. He was equally accurate in the case of Prince George, the husband of Queen Anne, who had been advised to go to Bath; and whether from the gaiety of the place, or the change of air, he was thought to be much recovered.

"The skill of the physicians who advised the journey was highly applauded, and every one's concern for so valuable a life was laid aside, but Dr. Radcliffe's, who, with his wonted spirit of prediction, said, 'the ensuing year would let them all know their mistakes in fol-

lowing such preposterous and unadviseable counsels, since the very nature of a dropsy might have taught those whose duty it was to prescribe proper medicaments for the cure of it, and might lead them into other precautions for the safety of so illustrious a patient, than the choice of means which must unavoidably feed it.' In justification of these sentiments, his royal highness fell into a relapse, and after a six months' struggle with the fierceness of his distemper, was seized, after such a manner, with violent shiverings and convulsions on the twenty-second of October, that his physicians were of opinion, that Dr. Radcliffe was the only person now to be applied to, since they were at their *ne plus ultra*, and had gone through all the recipes their art could furnish them with. In pursuance of this advice, her majesty, who could set apart former prejudices and resentments out of concern for the preservation of so inestimable a life, caused him to be sent for in one of her own coaches, and was pleased to tell him, that no rewards or favours should be wanting, could he but remove the convulsions she was troubled with, in the cure of those which her beloved husband bore. But the Doctor, who was unused to flatter, instantly gave the queen to understand, that nothing but death could release his royal highness from the pangs he was afflicted with, and said, 'That though it might be a rule amongst surgeons to apply caustics to such as were burned or scalded, it was very irregular among physicians to drive and expel watery humours from the body, by draughts of the same element. However, he would leave something in writing, whereby such hydropicks and anodynes should be prepared for him, that should make him go out of this world with the greater ease, since he had been so tampered with, that nothing in the art of physic could keep the prince alive more than six days.' Accordingly, he departed this life on the sixth day following, to the great grief of the queen and the whole court."

We have many proofs of the Doctor's wit scattered here and there; the following is said to have passed between the celebrated painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and our physician. Sir Godfrey, who lived in the adjoining house to the Doctor, had given the latter leave to open a door into his garden. The Doctor's servants abused the privilege, and made "sad havock among Sir Godfrey's hortulanary curiosities."

"So that the person aggrieved found himself under the necessity of letting him that ought to make things easy, know, by one of his servants, 'That he should be obliged to brick up the door in case of his complaints proving ineffectual.' To this the Doctor, who was very often in a choleric temper, and, from the success of his practice, imagined every one under an obligation of bearing with him, returned answer, 'That Sir Godfrey might do what he pleased with the door, so that he did not *paint* it.' Hereupon the footman, after some hesitation in the delivery of his message, and several commands from his master, to give it him word for word, told him as above. 'Did my very good friend, Dr. Radcliffe, say so?' cried Sir Godfrey. 'Go you

back to him, and after presenting my service to him, tell him, that I can take any thing from him but physic.' "

Sir Godfrey perhaps had the advantage here: the Doctor's wit is, however, perhaps better displayed in his remarks on a rival physician.

"In the same year, Dr. Edward Hannes (afterwards Sir Edward) having acquired a sufficient stock of reputation at Oxford, left that university in hopes to rival our grand preserver of health and life in London. But though he was a most excellent scholar, and well versed in the knowledge of chemistry and anatomy, though he outdid all the competitors he had left behind him; though he set up a very spruce equipage, and endeavoured to attract the eyes and hearts of the beholders by the means of it; he found himself fall short of his accompts, and not able to cope with many of the old practitioners, particularly Dr. Radcliffe, who was as superior to him as the young fry of the university were inferior. He therefore bethought himself of a stratagem; and to get into repute, ordered his footman to stop most of the gentlemen's chariots, and inquire whether they belonged to Dr. Hannes, as if he was called to a patient. Accordingly, the fellow, in pursuance of his instructions put the question in at every coach-door, from White-hall to the Royal Exchange; and as he had his lesson for that end, not hearing of him in any coach, ran up into Exchange-alley, and entering Garraway's Coffee House, made the same interrogatories both above and below. At last, Dr. Radcliffe who was usually there about Exchange time, and planted at a table with several apothecaries and chirurgeons that flocked about him, cried out, Dr. Hannes was not there, and desired to know who wanted him. The fellow's reply was, 'Such a lord and such a lord;' but he was taken up with dry rebuke, 'No, no, friend, you are mistaken, the doctor wants those lords.'"

Dr. Radcliffe was never married, and dying without children, he made the university of Oxford his principal heir. His friends observing the accumulation of his vast wealth, recommended marriage to him, and pointed out the daughter of a wealthy citizen. The Doctor had a most ungallant hatred of the whole sex, which, on this occasion, he however consented to overcome. Accordingly, his advances were made in due form, pecuniary arrangements nearly finished, and the marriage almost fixed, when the experienced eye of the doctor made a discovery in his intended bride, which produced the following letter.

"Sir,

"The honour of being allied to so good and wealthy a person as Mr. S——d, has pushed me upon a discovery that may be fatal to your quiet, and your daughter's reputation, if not timely prevented. Mrs. Mary is a very deserving gentlewoman; but you must pardon

me, if I by no means think she is fit to be my wife, since she is another man's already, or ought to be. In a word, she is no better and no worse than actually pregnant, which makes it necessary that she be disposed of to him that has the best claim to her affections. No doubt you have power enough over her to bring her to confession, which is by no means the part of a physician. As for my part, I shall wish you much joy of a new son-in-law, when known, for I am by no means qualified to be of so near a kin. *Hanging* and *marrying* I find go by destiny, and I might have been guilty of the first had I not so narrowly escaped the last. My best services to your daughter, whom I can be of little use to as a physician, and of much less in the quality of a suitor. The daughter of so wealthy a gentleman as Mr. S. can never want a husband, therefore the sooner you bestow her the better, that the young *Hans en Kelder* may be born in wedlock, and have the right of inheritance to so large a patrimony. You'll excuse me for being so very free with you; for, though I cannot have the honour of being your son-in-law, I shall ever take pride in being among the number of your friends; who am,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JOHN RADCLIFFE."

The Doctor was, however, a favourite of the female sex, and not always the injured person. Among others, he attracted the notice of a lady of quality, whose individuality is now lost under the name of Lady Betty. She contrived to be out of order week after week, and, at last, fairly exhausted the patience of the Doctor at being sent for on so many trifling occasions. Whereupon he told her father, that it was his opinion that her ladyship stood more in need of a confessor than a physician, for he was convinced her mind was more distempered than her body. But it was in vain, that the Doctor was dull and avoided his patient—he was, at last, informed, by means of the lady's maid, that he alone must be that confessor.

" Hereupon he gave his attendance, to hear what she had to say, which made a discovery that struck him with amazement. How to answer her directly he knew not, for she had made a sort of ambiguous confession, which had only pointed out her great respects for a certain person without any name, he thereupon told her, ' That her case was somewhat difficult, but he did not doubt to ease her of all her anxieties, on that account, in a month's time.' Accordingly, the young lady formed an inconceivable joy to herself; but the Doctor immediately laid the whole affair before the Lord of ———, her father, with a caution to him not to let the daughter know he was any wise apprised of it, since it was in his power to prevent her flinging herself away with a man much beneath her, by a speedy contract of marriage with some person of equal extraction: this advice was readily embraced and gratefully acknowledged, and the lady, who is

now living, and one of the best of wives, was married to a nobleman, who had made pretensions to her for several months before this discovery, within the time limited, which, at once, absolved the Doctor of his promise, and showed his inviolable attachment to the reputation and interest of his friend and benefactor."

The inexorable doctor was made to suffer in his turn. In a visit which he paid to a young female patient, of great beauty, wealth, and rank, he was so smitten with her charms, as to make him stand in need of a physician himself. He altered his liveries, ordered a new coach, and disclosed his love. The ungrateful woman ridiculed his attachment, and made a good story of it to Sir Richard Steel. The consequence was, that our Æsculapius cuts a laughable figure in the forty-fourth number of the *Tatler*. Dr. Radcliffe consoled himself with his old friends and his old wine. No man was ever more attached to either; and if we may judge from this work, he appears to have lived in very jovial society, and been a very jolly companion. Judging from the high rank of his intimates, he must have had some social qualities to recommend him to their companionship. We have very good proof, that in his old age a retrospect of his past life was not particularly consoling. The following letter, written a short time before he died, is a proof of bitter repentance. It is addressed to the Earl of Denbigh.

" *Cashalton, October* 15, 1714.

" My very good Lord,

" This being the last time that in all probability I shall ever put pen to paper, I thought it my duty to employ it in writing to you, since I am now going to a place from whence I can administer no advice to you, and whither you, and all the rest who survive me, are obliged to come, sooner or later.

" Your lordship is too well acquainted with my temper, to imagine that I could bear the reproaches of my friends, and threats of my enemies, without laying them deeply at heart, especially since there are no grounds for the one, nor foundation for the other; and you will give me credit, when I say, these considerations alone have shortened my days.

" I dare persuade myself, that the reports which have been raised of me relating to my non-attendance on the queen in her last moments, are received by you as by others of my constant and assured friends, with an air of contempt and disbelief, and could wish they made as little impression on me; but I find them to be insupportable, and have experienced, that though there are repellant medicines for diseases of the body, those of the mind are too strong and impetuous for the feeble resistance of the most powerful artist.

" In a word, the decays of nature tell me, that I cannot live fourteen days; and the menacing letter inclosed, will tell you from what quarter my death comes. Give me leave, therefore, to be in

earnest once for all with my very good lord, and to use my endeavours to prolong your life, that cannot add a span's length to my own.

" Your lordship knows how far an air of jollity has obtained amongst you and your acquaintance, and how many of them in a few years have died martyrs to excess: let me conjure you, therefore, for the good of your own soul, the preservation of your health, and the benefit of the public, to deny yourself the destructive liberties you have hitherto taken, and which, I must confess, with a heart full of sorrow, I have been too great a partaker of in your company.

" You are to consider, (Oh! that I had done so,) that men, especially those of your exalted rank, are born to nobler exercises than those of eating and drinking; and that by how much the more eminent your station is, by so much the more accountable will you be for the discharge of it. Nor will your duty to God, your country, or your self, permit you to anger the *first*, in robbing the second of a patriot and defender, by not taking a due care of the third; which will be accounted downright murder in the eyes of that incensed Deity, that will most assuredly avenge it.

" The pain that affects my nerves, interrupts me from making any other request to you, than that your lordship would give credit to the words of a dying man, who is fearful that he has been, in a great measure, an abettor and encourager of your intemperance, and would, therefore, in these his last moments, when he is most to be credited, dehort you from the pursuit of it; and that in these the days of your youth, (for you have yet many years to live if you do not hasten your own death,) you would give ear to the voice of the preacher, whom you and I, with the rest of our company, have, in the midst of our debauches, made light of for saying, ' Rejoice, oh, young man in thy youth, and let thy heart chear thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things, God will bring thee to judgement!' On which day, when the hearts of all men shall be layed open, may you and I, and all that sincerely repent of acting contrary to the revealed will in this life, reap the fruits of our sorrows for our mis-deeds, in a blessed resurrection, which is the hearty prayer of

My very good lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,

And most obliged servant,

JOHN RADCLIFFE."

His death was hastened by the strong prejudices excited against him by false rumours, respecting his conduct on occasion of the last illness of the queen. It was well known, that he was not in the favour of her majesty; and when she died, it was commonly reported, and even taken notice of in parliament, that when sent for he refused to attend. He never was sent for in an open manner by the council and her majesty's

attendants, but Lady Masham despatched a message for him two hours before her death. Dr. Radcliffe had received constant reports of the state of her majesty from his friend, Dr. Mead, and knew that she was irrecoverable. But had it not been so, the Doctor could not have attended through such an intimation. However, after the queen's decease, a great clamour arose against Dr. Radcliffe, threatening letters were sent to him, and he durst not stir out of his house. This situation, at any time sufficiently disagreeable, preyed upon his declining spirits, and hastened his death. "To conclude, this great and excellent man, who had made all manner of diseases fly before him, could not withstand the assaults of the grand destroyer of mankind in his own person, but in the sixty-fifth year of his age fell a victim to the ingratitude of a thankless world and the fury of the gout, on the first of November, 1714, the Feast of All Saints; on that day being divested of the tabernacle of flesh, that he might be numbered with the blessed spirits, among whom sits enthroned our late sovereign *lady*, whose decease has been so injuriously and falsely laid to his charge."

ART. VI.—*Regionum Indiarum per Hispanos olim devastatarum accuratissima Descriptio. Auctore*, Barth. de Las Casas. 4*to*. *Heidelberg*, 1664.

The present age justly boasts its pre-eminence in the noblest labours of the heart, as well as of the head. The benefactors of the human race never were so unwearied in their exertions, never so encouraged by the voice of popular esteem, and never so successful in the attainment of their benevolent ends. We trust, however, that we may be permitted to draw the attention of our readers for a few moments from the dazzling glories that surround contemporary worth, for the purpose of paying the debt of grateful remembrance to those who devoted themselves to the cause of humanity, in days when there was perhaps more urgent necessity for relief, and certainly more difficulty in the attempt to administer it.

While the savage and mercenary race that followed in the train of the first discoverers of America, carried desolation, plunder, and slavery, among the native tribes, whom it would have been an easy task to lead on to civilization, religion, and virtue, a few individuals raised their voices and used their exertions in favour of the oppressed. At their head was Bartholomew Las

Casas; and callous, indeed, must that heart be to the noblest feelings of virtue and humanity, which can refuse the tribute of respect and admiration to so unwearied a benefactor of his species. What more elevating spectacle can be contemplated, than that of a humble individual, embracing, with Christian affection, the cause of the injured, perishing tribes of Indians who roved over a vast and trackless continent, —starting from a private station to thunder out denunciations of moral and scriptural reprehension against thousands of unprincipled adventurers, who were backed by the influence of a corrupt court,—awing the most powerful into shame and reformation at his rebuke,—traversing fourteen times the wide Atlantic in a cause which he would delegate to no one,—rousing the feelings of the friends of humanity in every country by his energetic appeals,—compelling kings, courts, and ministers, to listen to his tale, and redress the wrongs he exposed,—returning to the field of his exertions, with the proud title of "Protector of the Indians," the mediator between the royal authority and its injured subjects,—summoning the learned and the great to hear the voice of humanity, before tribunals where the oppressors were obliged to appear and justify their actions at the bar of reason and mercy,—and at length, in his 92d year, descending full of honours, and in the enjoyment of the highest mental activity, into the tomb, which alone could end the ardour of a mind ever firm in its purpose, and ever directed to virtuous and benevolent ends? Calumny itself, one would have thought, could find no charge against the principles and motives of such a man: it has ventured, however, to arraign his wisdom, to load him with the reproach of inconsistency, to point him out as one of those who have been the advocates of a blind and profligate policy, which could sanction vicious means for the accomplishment of benevolent ends.

Some of the detractors of his reputation have charged him with originating the African Slave Trade, but all with sanctioning, and, in fact, advising and contriving the importation of negroes into America, in order to relieve from slavery the native Indians, whose cause he had peculiarly espoused. This charge has been universally believed, historians too often preferring the repetition to the verification of assertions; and of late, the dreadful consequences which have resulted from the African slave trade, have been painted in deep colours as the reverse of the picture of Las Casas's excellencies. His example has been held up in all the fervour of poetry, particularly in some recent German productions, as at least an awful instance of the short-sightedness of human policy, and the blindness with which our most praiseworthy exertions are directed, so as often to produce greater evils than those sought to be avoided.

The moral may be good enough, though the facts may be utterly groundless; but, before we give Las Casas the unpleasant honour of pointing it with his name, we are inclined to lend our assistance to the inquiry, whether he deserves to be thus stultified and degraded. In so doing, we principally avail ourselves of the materials collected by the venerable and excellent M. Gregoire, in a memoir read by him to the Institute, and of the recently published volumes of M. Llorente, containing the life and works of Las Casas.

There does not appear to be any authority whatever for the charge of originating the African slave trade. Without adverting to the Roman and Carthaginian dealings in human merchandize, it will be sufficient to observe, that there is no doubt that the Portuguese, as early at least as 1443, under the conduct of Alonzo Gonzales, brought slaves from the coast of Guinea, whom they sold to the Spaniards. Establishments for the purpose were formed at Senegal and Cape de Verd; in fact, the trade was established thirty years before the birth of Las Casas in 1474.

Ortiz de Zuniga, the historian of Seville, observes, that the Spaniards had some years before that time (1470-80) begun to carry on the trade for themselves; and the number of African slaves in Seville is mentioned as being so great, that a police was established expressly for their regulation and management. The importation of slaves, in reality, every where followed the cultivation of sugar, as successively introduced in Spain, Madeira, the Azores, the Canaries, and America.

Into Hispaniola, it is clear, from the testimony of all historians,* even of Herrera himself, (on whose authority the accusation against Las Casas is made to rest,) that negroes had been imported to supply the deficiency of labourers from the massacre of the native population, eighteen or nineteen years before Las Casas is supposed to have been the founder of the scheme.

Let us see what light Herrera himself throws upon the real history of the trade, which this great philanthropist is stated to have contrived in 1517, and we shall then be able to judge what sort of fidelity Robertson has manifested in penning the paragraph which we shall hereafter extract.

He states, in the first instance, that as early as 1501, the King had, by express ordinance, given permission for the importation of slaves belonging to Christian masters, and that a revenue was derived from duties laid on such importations. In 1503, he states, that Ovando, the governor of St. Domingo,

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* See Anderton—Charlevoix—Hargreave's Argument, &c.

wrote home to dissuade the importation of negro slaves, because so many escaped to the Indians, and did a great deal of mischief. In 1506, he mentions regulations for preventing the negroes being worked on festivals and holidays. In 1511, he says, that the Dominicans, having pressed with great zeal the amelioration of the state of the Indians, an order was for the *second* time despatched, forbidding more than one-third of the miners being taken from those unfortunate men, and exhorting the importation of Africans from Guinea, "one African being able to do as much as four Indians." Las Casas had nothing to do with this; he was then at St. Domingo. In 1516, the attention of the Commissioners, sent out to improve the condition of the Indians, was particularly directed to the same means of relief.

Supposing, however, that Las Casas be acquitted of the charge of originating the black slave trade, it is still said, that, grieving at the cruelties practised against the Indians, of whom the Spaniards made slaves, he proposed to the government to relieve them, by directing the evil towards the poor Africans. Herrera has asserted this, Robertson dressed it up in pompous declamation, and almost all modern historians have assumed it as notorious fact, and taken it as a text for lessons of morality.

The whole foundation for the story lies with Herrera, for no one else has done more than copy him. Having seen the real facts relating to the previous history of this trade, we will proceed to his account of the transaction of 1517, in which Las Casas is supposed to have established, if not originated it.

"The licentiate Barth. Las Casas, finding that his projects had to encounter difficulties on all sides, and that the hopes which he had founded on his great interest with the High Chancellor, were likely to be disappointed, looked around for other expedients, procured liberty for the Spaniards established in the Indies to import slaves, to assist the native Indians in the culture of the land and working of the mines; and encouraging a great number of labourers to emigrate thither, with certain privileges and conditions, of which he prescribed the details," &c. *

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* El licenciado Bart. de Las Casas, viendo que sus concetos hallavan en todas partes difficuldad, y que las opiniones que tenia por mucha familiaridad que avia conseguido y gran credito con el Gran Canceller no podian aver effeto, se volvio a otros expedientes, procurando que, a los Castellanos que vivian en las Indias, se diese saca de negros, para que con ellos en las grangerias y en las minas fuesen los Indios mas aliviados; y que se procurasse de levantar buen numero de labradores que paasen a ella con ciertas libertades y con conditiones que puso.

(Hist. de las Indias Occid. par Herrera, II. 2. c. 20.)

We are now to see the superstructure which Robertson builds on such a foundation; and we wish our readers to turn to the context, because they will there see the apparently intentional obscurity as to dates, the transactions of several years being all under the running head of 1517:

"Las Casas proposed to purchase a sufficient number of negroes from the Portugueze settlements on the coast of Africa, and to transport them to America, in order that they might be employed as slaves in working the mines and cultivating the ground."

After asserting that this commerce "had long been abolished in Europe," and admitting the partial introduction of slaves into the New World, the historian adds:

"Cardinal Ximenes, however, when solicited to encourage this commerce, peremptorily rejected the proposition, because he perceived the iniquity of reducing one race of men to slavery, while he was consulting about the means of restoring liberty to another. But Las Casas, from the inconsistency natural to men, who hurry with headlong impetuosity towards a favourite point, was incapable of making this distinction. While he contended earnestly for the liberty of the people born in one quarter of the globe, he laboured to enslave the inhabitants of another region; and in the warmth of his zeal to save the Americans from the yoke, pronounced it to be lawful and expedient to impose one still heavier upon the Africans."

Thus, unlimited credence is given to Herrera's unsupported allegation; fresh circumstances are introduced; a new colouring is given to all; and the historian's eloquence is directed to dress up the tale in as dark colours as his imagination could devise. In this manner, is built up a pompous declamation against one of the most unwearied and disinterested benefactors of the human race. He is brought into contrast with Ximenes, (who, by the bye, was dead at the time of the supposed proposition of Las Casas) and is at least branded with incapacity and total ignorance of the tendency of those principles, which every action of his life showed to be always present to his mind.

As the whole fabric rests on Herrera's testimony, it is important to observe, that he cites no authority for the assertion; that no document vouches it, though all the transactions were publicly canvassed, and all the records preserved; that Herrera did not write his history till 1601, thirty-five years after Las Casas was dead, and more than eighty after the supposed scheme, consequently without any personal knowledge entitling him to have his assertions received without proof; that he shows, in other instances, considerable prejudice against Las Casas; and that his veracity, in many cases, is

notoriously called in question by Gumilla, Laet, Solis, Torquemada, in short, many of the most valued historians of the early times of America.

It is strange that, if this story be true, it should be told by none of the early biographers of Las Casas, many of whom were, personally, excessively hostile to him. We are to consider, too, that these transactions were the very soul of all the discussions in which the partizans of the day, on either side, were so warmly engaged. The same remark applies to the historians of Ximenes, the supposed opposer of the importation of African slaves into America.—Not a syllable occurs in them of this important proceeding. Two of these historians (Alvarez Gomez and Baudier) attribute the introduction of slaves to the influence of the persons in the Flemish interest at the court of Spain, and the others place the blame elsewhere; but none hint at Las Casas having any share in so foul a transaction.

No cotemporary historian makes the least allusion to such a charge. Gumilla, Zarate, Thomas Gage, Nunez, all speak of the negro slave trade without any allusion to Las Casas.—Jean de Solorzano, Davila Padilla, Solis, Sandoval, Laet, Torquemada, some friends, some enemies of Las Casas, treat of him, but without any such accusation. Remesal, his cotemporary, speaks of his memoirs presented to the King, in favour of the Indians, without any notice of it. Hernandez de Oviedo and Lopez de Gomara, his personal enemies, even Sepulveda, his great antagonist, are equally silent.

In 1550, took place the celebrated conference at Valladolid, between Las Casas and Sepulveda, on the question of the right to carry on hostilities against the Indians, for the purpose of benefiting them by conversion. Las Casas took his stand on the broadest and most enlightened principles of the liberty of man; and in these he was supported by the solemn decision of the universities of Alcala and Salamanca.

Can it be supposed that he deserted his own principles,—deserted the great bodies with whom he had fought the fight of humanity, and who, it is well known, consistently opposed slavery altogether; and if he did, can we suppose that Sepulveda would have missed the *argumentum ad hominem* which so gross an inconsistency would have supplied?

What testimony do the writings of Las Casas himself bear? As strong as negative evidence can well give. He left unpublished a general history of the Indies, in three folio volumes of manuscript, in his own hand writing. M. Gregoire received the assurance of a learned American, a doctor of the university of Mexico, that he had read the three volumes completely through without finding a word that inculpated him.

The same authority agrees entirely with the opinion of Munos, (as expressed in the preface to his *History of the New World,*) that Herrera frequently displays great want of judgement and infidelity in adopting or contriving idle fables instead of facts.

All the works of Las Casas breathe the pure benevolent spirit of a devout and religious man, who viewed all the human race as members of one family, bound to love, comfort, and assist each other. In a most curious treatise on the question, whether the heads of a government had any right to alienate part of the national territory, he enters at length, and with great force and argument, into the principles of government, contending, that what concerns all requires the consent of all; that no custom or prescription can run against liberty; that all just government rests on its utility to the governed; that the will of the people is the only law, as its interest is the only cause of government; that all acts of a government, not tending to that interest, are arbitrary and illegal; and that no one could justly have any burthen imposed on him without his consent.

All his other productions inculcate the same broad principles: and in that which treats expressly on the means of remedying the misfortunes of the natives of the New World, he constantly repeats that liberty is the first and best of possessions; that all men of all nations are free; and that to enslave, even under pretext of conversion, is contrary to all law human and divine. He goes into great detail as to the means of relief for the poor Indians; and it is surely needless to observe, that such a mode as that laid to his charge is no where pointed out. The only passage in which negroes are mentioned, proves, that they had already been introduced. "The Indians," he says, "tormented by the agents of the public authorities, and by their masters, are still more harrassed by the servants and negroes of those masters."

Two MSS. [No. 10536] in the king's library at Paris, though anonymous, seem correctly ascribed to Las Casas. One is a treatise on the donation of Alexander VI.: the object of it is to contend that the kings of Castille are bound to restore their possessions to the natives. The second is a Letter, written in 1555, in which the author advocates strongly the claims of the Indians, on the principles of natural law, and on scriptural declarations of the equality of all men. He speaks of the blacks, as existing in America, but makes no allusion to them in the remedies he proposes for the misfortunes of the natives. He even went so far as to enjoin the priests of his diocese to refuse absolution to those who would not give liberty and indemnity to their slaves. Can we believe that

their black skins would make all the difference with a man of this sort, so as to justify the infliction of more multiplied cruelties?

The real history of the final establishment of the Slave Trade, as it appears on the pages of Herrera himself, is this:—From the first conquest of America, negro slaves had more or less been imported; in the first instance, by owners of born slaves carrying them from Spain; afterwards, by importation, chiefly through the Portuguese, from Guinea. The settlers, however, found it much cheaper to enslave the native Indians, though less competent to the work, than either to bring over their slaves, who were valuable property in Spain and the islands, or to procure new importations. The consequence was, a profligate, indiscriminate destruction of life. By degrees the importation of Africans increased, and the Spanish government encouraged it as a relief to the Indians, perhaps justly, because the Indians were free, while the Africans imported were most of them born slaves, or brought from a country where slavery was sanctioned by immemorial usage; and because the destruction of life, with these men, was only as one to four of the Indians.

When commissioners were sent out, in 1516, to superintend and assist in the amelioration of the state of the Indians, Ximenes himself, who is to be extolled at the expense of Las Casas, pointed out to them, in their instructions, the propriety of so assisting the Indians, and of encouraging the negro importation; nay, further, he gave directions that armaments should be furnished for assisting the settlers in attacking and enslaving the Caribs, whom he coolly delivers over, *en masse*, "as fit only for labour, and proper to be condemned to it." That these orders were consistent with the views of Las Casas, no one pretends; on the contrary, we find him protesting against the tolerance which the commissioners thought it necessary, on account of the exhausted state of the country, to extend to the principle of slavery; and, when unsuccessful, setting out once more for Spain.

Ximenes, however, soon after issued orders to suspend the further importation of negroes into America; but Herrera himself gives a reason more creditable to the fiscal than the humane views of this statesman, viz. that the Indians were found to be so reduced in numbers that it was seen the working population must soon be supplied from Africa; and the general importation was therefore suspended for a season, in order that the Spanish government might turn it to account by putting it under the grasp of the revenue. The consequence was, as might be expected, that particular privileges were obtained by individuals, and monopolies were created. Charles I. then in

Flanders, was besieged by Flemish merchants, who sought to obtain these exclusive privileges. The effect of this was, that the settlers gave more for their slaves, and consequently had more inducement to attack the Indians.

In this state of things Las Casas met the new king in Spain, in 1517, when he is stated to have contrived the slave trade, and, according to Robertson's apparent arrangement of facts, to have vanquished the philanthropy of Ximenes, then dead. In this year, at the earnest instance of the commissioners, it is true that the fiscal scheme of Ximenes was revoked by the new ministry, so far as to authorize all Spaniards residing in America to import and purchase slaves; but the trade, it must be recollected, had never for a moment ceased; the only dispute was as to the terms on which it should be permitted with a view to the revenue.

The utmost then that can be brought against Las Casas is, that he countenanced the proceeding by which the Flemish monopolies were destroyed, (or rather were intended to be, for the king again interfered with the freedom of the trade by granting an exclusive privilege to his major domo, which the colonists, in 1523, once more exerted their influence to destroy.) If he *had* done so, it would have amounted only to this, that, being brought up in a country where slavery was supported by immemorial usage, and sanctioned by the church, he bounded his efforts to prevent the subjugation of newly discovered nations, instead of directing his energies to the destruction of the principle of slavery in any shape. So Wilberforce and Clarkson might be blamed for not emancipating the present and future slave population of our colonies, while they placed bounds to the extension of the trade. He found one race of men in slavery; men whose value would ensure some consideration in their treatment from their masters, and was of opinion, that it was impolitic and inhuman to drive them to enslave and murder a population free and independent, and totally unfit for laborious employment, by throwing difficulties in the way of the colonists using what the existing laws of society, however erroneously, treated as their property.

But we have shown that there is no ground for fixing Las Casas even with the tolerance of slavery in any form, or with any participation in these schemes, which were, after all, mere fiscal regulations, and it does not seem necessary to say any thing more on the strange looseness of Robertson's statements, by which a previous trading regulation of Ximenes is converted into a moral opposition to the arguments of Las Casas in favour of a proposal made, if at all, after that minister's death.

We have already remarked on the comprehensive princi-

ples on which his arguments against any infringements of the liberties of man were founded. His writings breathe any thing but the spirit of a partial advocate for a favourite class, and it is impossible to conceive that such a man, if conscious of even a momentary concession to arbitrary or temporizing policy, should not attempt to shield himself from the obvious charge of inconsistency by some apology or palliation.

The acts of Las Casas, in this very year, form a striking comment on what must have been his feelings upon the question, and the means which suggested themselves to his mind, as most honourable to his country, and most consistent with sound policy as well as enlightened humanity. We actually find him zealously employed in collecting a number of Spanish labourers, to whom, by the permission of government, he held out inducements to proceed with him to the colonies; and, if this plan failed, it was not for want of the unwearied exertions of this disinterested friend of his species.

The seeds of error were, however, sown, and historians found the topic favourable for declamation. The tale would turn a paragraph with effect, and no one inquired whether it was true.

Las Casas had many enemies; two centuries later he would have had still more, for cruelty and rapaciousness would have had more time to know the value of the ill-gotten plunder, which his efforts were directed towards preventing. It is not very probable, that all would have refrained from the practical answer which his conduct would have offered to his arguments. We find they were not slow in fixing the blame of their enormities at the door of others. One of their earliest resources was to ascribe the desolation and depopulation of America to the intolerant and fanatic zeal of the church. How willing would they have been to attribute the miseries of their slaves to Las Casas, the indefatigable labourer in the benevolent task of conciliating and civilizing the minds of the natives; of whom he observes, that it was far easier to make them Christians, than to keep their oppressors so!

Nothing is more unfounded than the charges attempted to be brought by the oppressors of America against the missionaries, who spread over the country in the pious work of conversion. Above all, the Dominicans are entitled to the highest praise, and their mode of conversion is worthy of imitation, even in these more enlightened days of zeal for bringing in the Heathen. Their plan was to conciliate the natives by perpetual and unwearied acts of kindness, to teach them useful arts, and to better their temporal, as well as spiritual, condition: whatever became of their doctrines, they did good, and paved the way for the reception of higher degrees of moral improvement.

Marmontel has lent his name to the absurd and ignorant cry against fanaticism, as the cause of the destruction of the Indians. The time is, we hope, past, when any one who has learned to repeat with emphasis the words superstition and fanaticism, can set up for a philosopher. No assertion was ever more unjust, and opposed to every line of authentic history. Almost without exception, the ecclesiastics of America were the active, nay (if in any thing), the *fanatic* opposers of the cruelty, avarice, and ambition of the settlers. It was not religion which brought on the misery of the natives; on the contrary, it was religion, and religion alone, which lifted up its voice and its exertions against the oppressors, and has received its reward in all the calumnies which thwarted vice could heap upon the men who stood in the gap of destruction.

Having thus taken a view of the allegations against Las Casas, we willingly leave it with any impartial judge to say, whether they can be considered as proved against a man, whose works and writings were always founded on honest, straight-forward principles of attachment to liberty on the widest basis. On all occasions, we have found him strenuously advocate the equal rights of all men, without distinction of colour, religion, or country; in short, every principle which he professed gives the lie to the calumny attached to his name.

Few men have employed so long a life in such eminent services towards mankind. The friends of religion, morality, and liberty, owe the tribute of the deepest respect to his memory. He was the ornament and benefactor of America, and deserves to be the glory of Europe which gave him birth. We discharge this duty to his memory, not only because we think it of some importance that history should be a tissue of truth rather than of falsehood, but because we feel a consolation in observing, that the enormities practised on America were not without their counterbalance in the heroic virtue of some of the champions of freedom and humanity. We have a duty to discharge, as well towards the departed as towards posterity, and none more sacred than that of tearing down the mark of disgrace, that would disfigure the escutcheon of a great and good man who has descended into the tomb. His talents and virtues often place him in advance of the age in which he lives, and his only appeal for protection and due estimation is to posterity; to it descend his good deeds and his example, and with them should pass the obligation of rendering that debt of homage and respect, which was denied to him by his cotemporaries.

ART. VII.—*The Life of Bishop Latimer, as compiled from* Fox's *Book of Martyrs. Three Volumes, folio,* (*black letter*) 1641.

The worthy champion, and old practised soldier of Christ, Master Hugh Latimer, was the son of one Hugh Latimer, of Thureaston, in the county of Leicester, a husbandman of right good estimation; with whom also he was brought up until he was of the age of four years or thereabouts. At which time his parents (having him as then left for their only son, with six daughters,) seeing his ready, prompt, and sharp wit, purposed to train him up in erudition and knowledge of good literature; wherein he so profited in his youth, at the common schools of his own county, that at the age of fourteen years, he was sent to the university of Cambridge; where, after some continuance of exercises in other things, he gave himself to the study of such school divinity as the ignorance of that age did suffer. Zealous he was then in the Popish religion, and therewith so scrupulous, as himself confessed, that being a priest, and using to say mass, he was so servile an observer of the Romish decrees, that he thought he had never sufficiently mingled his massing wine with water; and, moreover, that he should never be damned if he were a professed friar, with divers such superstitious fantasies. And in this blind zeal he was a very enemy to the professors of Christ's gospel, as both his oration made when he proceeded bachelor of divinity against Philip Melancthon, and also his other works, did plainly declare. But, especially, his popish zeal could in no case abide in those days good Master Stafford, reader of the Divinity Lectures in Cambridge; most spitefully railing against him, and willing the youth of Cambridge in no wise to believe him. Notwithstanding such was the goodness and merciful purpose of God, that when he saw his good time, by the which way he thought to have utterly defaced the professors of the gospel and true church of Christ, he was at length himself, by a member of the same, prettily caught in the blessed net of God's word. For Mr. Thomas Bilney, being at that time a trier out of Satan's subtilities, and a secret overthrower of Antichrist's kingdom, seeing Master Latimer to have a zeal in his ways, although without knowledge, was stricken with a brotherly pity towards him, and bethought by what means he might best win this zealous ignorant brother to the true knowledge of Christ. Wherefore, after a short time, he came to Master Latimer's study, and desired him to hear him make his confession. Which thing he willingly granted; by hearing whereof he was, through the good spirit of God, so touched, that hereupon he forsook

his former studying of the school doctors, and other such fopperies, and became an earnest student of true divinity, as he himself, as well in his conference with Master Ridley, as also in his first sermon made upon the Paternoster, doth confess.

So that whereas before he was an enemy, and almost a persecutor, of Christ, he was now a zealous seeker after him; changing his old manner of reviling and railing, into a diligent kind of conferring, both with Master Bilney and others, and came also to Master Stafford, before he died, and desired him to forgive him. After this his winning to Christ, he was not satisfied with his own conversion only, but, like a true disciple of the blessed Samaritan, pitied the misery of others, and therefore became both a public preacher, and also a private instructor to the rest of his brethren within the university, by the space of three years, spending his time partly in the Latin tongue among the learned, and partly amongst the simple people in his natural and vulgar language. Howbeit, as Satan never sleepeth when he seeth his kingdom to begin to decay: so likewise now, seeing that this worthy member of Christ would be a shrewd shaker thereof, he raised up his impious imps to molest and trouble him. Amongst these there was an Augustine friar, who took occasion, upon certain sermons that Master Latimer made about Christmas, 1529, as well in the church of St. Edward, as also in St. Augustine's, within the university of Cambridge, to inveigh against him; for that Master Latimer, in the said sermons, alluding to the common usage of the season, gave the people certain cards out of the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of St. Matthew, whereupon they might, not only then but always else occupy their time. For the chief triumph in the cards he limited the heart, as the principal thing, that they should serve God withal; whereby he quite overthrew all hypocritical and external ceremonies not tending to the necessary furtherance of God's holy word and sacraments. For the better attaining hereof, he wished the scriptures to be in English, whereby the common people might the better learn their duties, as well to God as their neighbours.

The handling of this matter was so apt for the time, and so pleasantly applied of him, that not only it declared a singular towardness of wit in the preacher, but also wrought in the hearers much fruit, to the overthrow of popish superstition, and setting up of perfect religion.

This was upon the Sunday before Christmas day; on which day, coming to the church, and causing the bell to be tolled to a sermon, he entered into the pulpit, taking for his text the words of the gospel aforesaid, read in the church that day; *Tu quis es*, &c. In delivering the which cards, as is abovesaid, he made the heart to be triumph, exhorting and in-

viting all men thereby to serve the Lord with inward heart and true affection, and not with outward ceremonies; adding, moreover, to the praise of that triumph, that though it were never so small, yet it would take up the best court card beside in the bunch, yea, though it were the king of clubs; i. e. meaning thereby how the Lord would be worshipped and served in simplicity of heart and verity, wherein consisteth true Christian religion, and not in the outward deeds of the letter only, or in the glistering show of man's traditions or pardons, pilgrimages, ceremonies, bows, devotions, voluntary works, and works of supererogation, foundations, oblations, the pope's supremacy, *i. e.* so that all these either were needless where the other is present, or else were of small estimation in comparison of the other.

It would ask a long discourse to declare what a stir there was in Cambridge upon this preaching of Master Latimer. Belike Satan began to feel himself and his kingdom to be touched too near, and therefore thought it time to look about him, and to make out his men of arms. First came out the prior of the black friars called Buckneham, otherwise surnamed Domine Dewface, who, thinking to make a great head against M. Latimer, about the same time of Christmas, when M. Latimer brought forth his cards to deface belike the doings of the other, brought out his Christmas dice, casting them to his audience *cinque* and *quater*; meaning by the *cinque* five places of the New Testament, and the four doctors by the *quater;* by which his *cinque quater*, he would prove that it was not expedient for the Scripture to be in English, lest the ignorant vulgar sort, through the occasion thereof, might haply be brought in danger to leave their vocation, or else to run into some inconvenience: as for example: The ploughman, when he heareth this in the gospel, 'No man that layeth his hand on the plough and looketh back is meet for the kingdom of God;' might, peradventure, hearing this, cease from the plough. Likewise, the baker, when he hears that a little leaven corrupted a whole lump of dough, may, percase, leave our bread unleavened; and so our bodies shall be unseasoned. Also, the simple man, when he heareth the gospel, 'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee,' may make himself blind and so fill the world full of beggars. These with more this clerkly friar brought out, to the number of five, to prove his purpose. M. Latimer hearing this friarly sermon of Dr. Buckneham, cometh again the afternoon, or shortly after, to the church, to answer the friar, where resorted to him a great multitude, as well of the university as of the town, both doctors and other graduates, with great expectation to hear what he could say; among whom, also directly in the face of Latimer, underneath the

pulpit, sat Buckneham, the foresaid friar, prior of the Black Friars, with his black friars' cowl about his shoulders. When Master Latimer, first repeating the friarly reasons of Doctor Buckneham, whereby he would prove it a dangerous thing for the vulgar people to have the scripture in the vulgar tongue, so refuted the friar; so answered to his objections; so dallied with his bold reason of the ploughman looking back, and of the baker leaving his bread unleavened, that the vanity of the friar might to all men appear; well proving and declaring to the people, how there was no such fear nor danger for the scriptures to be in English as the friar pretended; at least requiring this, that the scriptures might be so long in the English tongue till Englishmen were so mad that either the ploughman durst not look back, or the baker should leave his bread unleavened; and proceeding moreover in his sermon, he began to discourse of the mystical speeches and figurative phrases of the scripture; which phrases, he said, were not so diffuse and difficult, as they were common in the scripture, and in the Hebrew tongue are commonly used and well known; and not only in the Hebrew tongue, but also every speech, saith he, has his like metaphors and figurative signification, so common and vulgar to all men, that the very painters do paint them on walls and on houses. As for example, saith he, looking towards the friar, that sat over against him, when they paint a fox preaching out of a friar's cowl, none is so mad as to take this to be a fox that preacheth, but know well enough the meaning of the matter, which is to paint out unto us what hypocrisy, craft, and subtil dissimulation lieth hid many times in these friars' cowls, willing us thereby to beware of them. In fine, friar Buckneham with this sermon was so dashed, that never after he durst peep out of the pulpit against M. Latimer.

Besides this Buckneham, there was also another eviling friar, not of the same coat, but of the same note and fashion, a gray friar and a doctor, an outlandishman, called Doctor Venetus; who, likewise, in his brawling sermons, railed and raged against Doctor Latimer, calling him a mad and brainless man, and willing the people not to believe him, &c. To whom Master Latimer answering again, taketh for his ground the words of our Saviour Christ, Matthew v. 'Thou shalt not kill,' &c. 'but I say unto you, whosoever is angry with his neighbour shall be in danger of judgement; and whosoever shall say unto his neighbour Racha, or any other like words of rebuking, as brainless, shall be in danger of counsel: and whosoever shall say to his neighbour, Fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.' But why should I here stand deciphering the names of his adversaries, when whole swarms of friars and doctors flockt against him on every side almost through the whole university, preach-

ing likewise and barking against him. Amongst whom was Doctor Watson, master of Christ's college, whose scholar Latimer had been afore; Doctor Notaries, master of Clare Hall; Doctor Philo, master of Michael House; Doctor Metcalfe, master of St. John's; Doctor Blythe, of King's Hall; Doctor Bullock, master of the Queen's College; Doctor Cliffe, of Clement House; Doctor Downes, of Jesus College; Doctor Psalmes, master of St. Nicholas Hostel; Bain; Rud; Greenwood, bachelor of divinity, all three of St. John's College; also Brikenden, bachelor of divinity; of the same house, and scholar sometimes to the said Latimer. Briefly, almost as many as were heads then of houses, so many impugners did this worthy standard-bearer of Christ's gospel sustain. Then came at last Doctor West, bishop of Ely, who, preaching against Master Latimer, at Barnwell Abbey, forbade him, within the churches of that university, to preach any more. Notwithstanding so the Lord provided that Doctor Barnes, prior of the Augustine Friars, did licence Master Latimer to preach in his church of the Augustines, and he himself preached at the church by, called St. Edward's church, which was the first sermon of the gospel which Doctor Barnes preached, being upon Christmas, even upon a Sunday. Whereupon certain articles were gathered out of his sermon and were commenced against him by Master Tirrell, fellow of King's Hall, and so by the Vice Chancellor presented to the cardinal (Wolsey).

This M. Latimer (as you have heard) being baited by the friars, doctors, and masters of that university, about the year 1529, notwithstanding the maugre and malice of these malignant adversaries, continued yet in Cambridge, preaching for the space of three years together, with favour and applause of the godly, also with such admiration of his enemies that heard him, that the bishop himself coming in, and hearing his gift, wished himself to have the like, and was compelled to commend him upon the same.

So M. Latimer, with M. Bilney, after this continued yet in Cambridge a certain space, where he, with the said Bilney, used to confer and company together, insomuch, that the place where they most used to walk in the fields was called long after, the *Heretics' Hill.*

The society of these two, as it was much noted of many in that university, so it was full of many good examples to all such as would follow their doings, both in visiting the prisoners, in relieving the needy, and in feeding the hungry. In a place of his sermons Master Latimer maketh mention of a certain history which happened about this time in Cambridge, between them two and a certain woman, then prisoner in the castle or tower of Cambridge, which I thought here not unworthy to be

remembered. The history is this: It so chanced that after Master Latimer had been so acquainted with the aforesaid Bilney, he went with him to visit the prisoners in the Tower of Cambridge; and being there, among other prisoners there was a woman which was accused that she had killed her own child, which act she plainly and stedfastly denied, whereby it gave them occasion to search for the matter and at length they found that her husband loved her not, and therefore sought all means he could to make her away. The matter was thus: a child of hers had been sick a whole year, and at length died in harvest time, as it were in consumption; which, when it was gone, she went to have her neighbours to help her to the burial, but all were in harvest abroad, whereby she was enforced, with heaviness of heart, alone to prepare the child to the burial. Her husband coming home, and not loving her, accused her of murdering the child. This was the cause of her trouble, and Master Latimer, by earnest inquisition of conscience, thought the woman not guilty. Then immediately after was he called to preach before King Henry the eighth at Windsor, where, after his sermon, the king's majesty sent for him, and talked with him familiarly. At which time Master Latimer, finding opportunity, kneeled down, opened this whole matter to the king, and begged her pardon, which the king most graciously granted, and gave it him at his return homeward.

In the mean time, the woman was delivered of a child in the prison, whose godfather was M. Latimer, Mistress Cheek godmother. But all the while he would not tell her of the pardon, but laboured to have her confess the truth of the matter. At length the time came when she should look to suffer, and Master Latimer came as he was wont to instruct her; unto whom she made great lamentations and moan, to be purified before her suffering, for she thought to be damned if she should suffer without purification. When Master Bilney being with Master Latimer, both told her that that law was made to the Jews, and not to us, and how women be as well in the favour of God before they be purified as after; and rather it was appointed for a civil and politic law, for natural honesty sake, than that they should any thing the more be purified from sin thereby, &c. So thus they travelled with this woman, till they had brought her to a good trade, and then at length showed her the king's pardon, and let her go.

After M. Latimer had thus travelled in preaching and teaching in the university of Cambridge, about the space of three years, at length he was called up to the cardinal for heresy, by the procurement of certain of the said university, where he was content to subscribe and grant to such articles as then they propounded unto him, &c. After that he returned to the

university again, where shortly after, by the means of Doctor Buts, the king's physician, a singular good man, and a special favourer of good proceedings, he was in the number of them which laboured in the cause of the king's supremacy. Then went he to the court, where he remained a certain time in the said Doctor Buts' chamber, preaching then in London very often. At last, being weary of the court, having a benefice offered by the king, at the suit of the L. Cromwell, and Doctor Buts, was glad thereof, seeking by that means to be rid out of the court, wherewith in no case he could agree; and so having a grant of the benefice, contrary to the mind of Doctor Buts, he would needs depart, and be resident at the same. This benefice was in Wiltshire, under the diocess of Sarum, the name of which town was called West Kingston, where this good preacher did exercise himself with much diligence of teaching to instruct his flock, and not only to them did his diligence extend, but also to all the country about. In fine, his diligence was so great, his preaching so mighty, the manner of his teaching so zealous, that there in like sort he could not escape without enemies, so true it is, that St. Paul foretelleth us, 'Whosoever will live godly in Christ, shall suffer persecution.'

It so chanced, that whereas, he preaching upon the blessed Virgin, Christ's mother, (whom we call our Lady,) had thereupon declared his mind, referring and reducing all honor only to Christ our only Saviour, certain Popish priests, being therewith offended, sought and wrought much trouble against him, drawing out articles and impositions, which they untruly, unjustly, falsly, and uncharitably imputed unto him. *First*, That he should preach against our Lady, for that he reproved in a sermon the superstitious rudeness of certain blind priests, which so held together upon that blessed Virgin, as though she never had any sin, nor were saved by Christ, the only Saviour of the whole world.

Item, That he should say, that saints were not to be worshipped.

Item, That Ave Maria was a salutation only, and no prayer.

Item, That there was no material fire in hell.

Item, That there was no purgatory, in saying, that he had liefer be in purgatory than in Lollard's tower.

The chief impugners and molesters of him, besides these country priests, were Doct. Powel of Salisbury, Dr. Wilson, sometime of Cambridge, Dr. Hubberdin, and Dr. Sherwood. Of whom some preached against, some also did write against him, insomuch, that by their procurement, he was cited up and called to appear before Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, and John Stokesley, Bishop of London, 1531, Jan. 29.

Although Master Latimer did appeal to his own *divinaria*, requiring by him to be ordered; yet, all that notwithstanding, he was had up to London, before Warham, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London, where he was greatly molested and detained a long space from his cure at home, where, he being called thrice every week before the said bishops, to make answer for his preaching, had certain articles or propositions drawn out and laid to him, whereunto they required him to subscribe. At length, he, not only perceiving their practical proceedings, but also much grieved with their troublesome unquietness, which neither would preach themselves, nor yet suffer him to preach, and to do his duty, writeth to the foresaid archbishop, partly excusing his infirmity, whereby he could not appear at their commandments, partly expostulating with them for so troubling and detaining him from his duty doing, and that for no just cause, but only for preaching the truth against certain vain abuses crept into religion, much needful to be spoken against.

He appeareth by this epistle, to have written to the bishop, that he durst not consent unto them, where he writeth in these words: *His ego nudis sententiis subscribere non audeo, quia popularis superstitionis diutius duraturæ, quoad possum, authorculus esse nolo*, &c. But yet, whether he was compelled afterwards to agree, through the cruel handling of the bishops, it is in doubt. By the words and the title in Lonstal's Register, prepared before the articles, it may be seen that he subscribed.—The words of the Register be these: *Hugo Latimerus in sacra theologia Bacch. in Universitate Cantab. coram Cant. Archiepisc. Joha. Lond. episcopo, reliquaq. concione apud Wistom. vocatus, confessus est, &c. recognovit fidem suam sic sentiendo ut sequitur in his artic.* 21 *die Martij, anno* 1551. If these words be true, it may be thought that he subscribed. And whether he so did, no great matter nor marvel, the iniquity of the time being such, that either he must needs so do, or else abide the bishops' blessing, that is, cruel sentence of death, which he at that time (as he himself confesses, preaching at Stamford) was loath to abstain for such matters as these were, unless it were for articles necessary of his belief; by which his words, I conjecture rather, that he did subscribe at length, albeit it was long before he could be brought so to do. Yet this, by the way, is to be noted, concerning the crafty and deceitful handling of these bishops in his examination, what subtil devices they used the same time to entrap him in their snares. The truth of the story, he sheweth forth himself in a certain sermon preached at Stamford, An. 1550, Octob. 9; his words be these: I was once (said he) in examination before five or six bishops, where I had much turmoiling; every week thrice I came to examina-

tion, and many snares and traps were laid to get something. Now God knoweth I was ignorant of the law, but that God gave me answer and wisdom what I should speak; it was God, indeed, for else I had never escaped them. At the last I was brought forth to be examined into a chamber hanged with arras, where I was wont to be examined: but now at this time the chamber was somewhat altered, for whereas before there was wont ever to be a fire in the chimney, now the fire was taken away, and an arras hanged over the chimney, and the table stood near the chimney's end. There was amongst these bishops that examined me, one with whom I have been very familiar, and took him for my great friend, an aged man, and he sat at the table's end. When, amongst all other questions, he put forth one, a very subtil and crafty one, and such a one, indeed, as I could not think so great danger in. And when I should make answer, I pray you, M. Latimer, said one, speak out; I am very thick of hearing, and here be many that set far off. I marvelled at this, that I was bidden speak out, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney; and, sir, there I heard a pen working in the chimney behind the cloth, they had appointed one there to write all mine answers; for they made sure, that I should not start from them: there was no starting from them. God was my good Lord, and gave me answer, I could never else have escaped it. The question to him there and then objected was this; whether he thought in his conscience that he had been suspected of heresy. This was a captious question. There was no holding of peace would serve; for that was to grant himself faulty. To answer it was every way full of danger. But God which alway giveth in need what to answer, helped him, or else (as he confessed himself) he had never escaped their bloody hands. Albeit, what was his answer he doth not there express. And thus hitherto you have heard declared the manifold troubles of this godly preacher, in the time not only of his being in the university, but especially at his benefice, as partly in his own words above mentioned, and partly by his own letters hereafter following, may better appear. In these so hard and dangerous straits, and such snares of the Bishops, hard it had been for him and impossible to have escaped, and continued so long, had not the Almighty helping hand of the highest, as he stirred him up, so preserved him through the favour and power of his Prince; who with much favour embraced him, and with his mere power sometime rescued and delivered him out of the crooked claws of his enemies. Moreover, at length also, through the procurement partly of Doctor Buttes, partly of good Cromwell, he advanced him to the dignity and degree of a Bishop, making him the Bishop Worcester, which so continued a few years, instructing his

diocess according to the duty of a diligent and vigilent pastor, with wholesome doctrine and example of perfect conversation duely agreeing to the same. It were a long matter to stand particularly upon such things as might here be brought to the commendations of his pains; as study, readiness, and continual carefulness in teaching, preaching, exhorting, visiting, correcting and reforming either as his ability could serve, or else the time would bear. But the days then were so dangerous and variable that he could not in all things do that he would; yet what he might do, that he performed to the uttermost of his strength, so that although he could not utterly extinguish all the sparkling reliques of old superstition, yet he so wrought, that though they could not be taken away, yet they should be used with as little hurt, and with as much profit as might be, as (for example) in this thing, and in divers other it did appear, that when it could not be avoided, but holy water and holy bread must needs be received, yet so he prepared and instructed them of his diocess, with such informations and lessons, that in receiving thereof superstition should be excluded, and some remembrance taken, thereby teaching and charging the ministers of his diocess in delivering the holy water and the holy bread, to say these words following:

Words spoken to the people in giving them holy waters.

" Remember your promise in baptism,
Christ his mercy and blood-shedding,
By whose most holy sprinkling
Of all your sins you have free pardoning."

What to say in giving holy bread.

" Of Christ's body this a token
Which on the cross for our sins was broken,
Wherefore of your sins you must be forsakers
If of Christ's death ye will be partakers."

By this may be considered what the vigilant care of this bishop was in doing the duty of a faithful pastor among his flock. And moreover it is to be thought, that he would have brought more things else to pass, if the time then had answered to his desire; for he was not ignorant, how the institution of holy water and holy bread not only had no ground in Scripture, but also how full of prophane exorcisms and conjurations they were, contrary to the rule and learning of the gospel. Thus this good man behaved himself in his diocese; but (as before) both in the university and at his benefice, he was tossed and

turmoiled by wicked and evil disposed persons; so in his bishoprick, also, he was not all clear and void of some that sought his trouble. As among many other evil willers, one especially there was, and that no small person, which accused him then to the king for his sermons. The story, because he himself sheweth in a sermon of his before King Edward, I thought, therefore, to use his own words, which be these.

In the king's days that is dead, a great many of us were called together before him, to say our minds in certain matters. In the end, one kneeled down and accuseth me of a sedition; and that I had preached seditious doctrine. A heavy salutation, and a hard point of such a man's doing, as if I should name, ye would not think. The king turned to me, and said, What say you to that, sir? When I kneeled down, and turned me first to my accuser, and required him, Sir, what form of preaching would you appoint me in preaching before a king? would you have me preach nothing as concerning a king in the king's sermon? have you any commission to appoint me what I shall preach? besides this I asked him divers other questions, and he would make me no answer to any of them all; he had nothing to say. Then I turned me to the king and said, I never thought myself worthy, nor did I ever sue to be a preacher before your grace, but I was called to it, and would be willing (if you mislike me) to give place to my betters; for I grant there be a great many more worthy of the room than I am; and if it be your grace's pleasure so to allow them for preachers, I could be content to bear their books after them; but if your grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire your grace to give me leave to discharge my conscience, give me leave to frame my doctrine according to my audience. I had been a very dolt to have preached so at the borders of your realm, as I preach before your grace; and I thank Almighty God (which has always been my remedy) that my sayings were well accepted of the king, for, like a gracious lord, he turned into another communication. It is even as the Scripture saith, *Cor regis in manu domini*, i. e. the Lord directeth the king's heart. Certain of my friends came to me with tears in their eyes, and told me they looked I should have been in the Tower the same night. Besides this, divers other conflicts and combats this godly bishop sustained in his own country and diocess, in taking the cause of right and equity against oppressions and wrong. As, for another example, there was at that time, not far from the diocess of Worcester, a certain justice of peace, whom here I will not name, being a good man afterwards, and now deceased. This justice, in purchasing of certain land for his brother, or for himself, went about to wrong or damnify a poor man, who made his complaint to Master Latimer; he first hearing, the

tendering his rightful cause, wrote his letter to the gentleman, exhorting him to remember himself, to consider his cause, and to abstain from injury. The justice of peace, not content withall, (as the fashion of men is when they are told of their fault), sendeth word again in great displeasure, that he would not so take it at his hands with such threatening words, &c. Master Latimer hearing this, answered again by writing to a certain gentleman, the copy whereof, among his letters, hereafter followeth in the sequel of this story to be seen. It were a large and long process to story out all the doings, travels, and writings of this Christian bishop, neither have we expressed all that came to our hands; but this I thought sufficient for this present. Thus he continued in this laborious situation of a bishop the space of certain years, till the coming in of the six articles: when being distressed through the straightness of time, so that either he must lose the quiet of a good conscience, or else forsake his bishoprick,—he did of his own free accord resign his pastorship; at which time, Wharton, the Bishop of Salisbury, resigned likewise with him his bishoprick. And so these two remained a great space unbishopped, keeping silence till the time of King Edward of blessed memory. At what time he first put off his rochet in his chamber among his friends, suddenly he gave a skip in the floor for joy, feeling his shoulders so light, and being discharged (as he said) of such an heavy burden. Howbeit, neither was he so lightened, but that troubles and labours followed him wheresoever he went. For a little after he had renounced his bishoprick, first he was almost slain, but sore bruised with the fall of a tree. When coming up to London for remedy, he was molested and troubled of the bishops, whereby he was again in no little danger, and, at length, was cast into the Tower, where he continually remained prisoner, till the time that blessed King Edward entered his crown, by means whereof the golden mouth of this preacher, long shut up before, was now opened again. And so he beginning afresh to set forth his plough again, continued all the time of the said king, labouring in the Lord's harvest most fruitfully, discharging his talent as well in divers other places of this realm, as in Stamford, and before the Dutchess of Suffolk (whose sermons be extant and set forth in print), as also in London in the convocation house; and especially before the king at the court: in the same place of the inward garden, which was before applied to lascivious and courtly pastimes, there he dispensed the fruitful word of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, preaching there before the king and his whole court to the edification of many. In this his painful travel, he occupied himself all King Edward's days, preaching for the most part every Sunday twice, to the no small shame of all other

loytering and unpreaching prelates, which occupy great rooms, and do little good; and that so much more to their shame, because he being a sore bruised man by the fall of a tree, mentioned a little before, and above sixty-seven years of age, took so little ease and care of sparing himself to do the people good. How to speak here of his indefatigable travel and diligence in his own private studies, who notwithstanding both his years, and other pains in preaching, every morning ordinarily, winter and summer, about two of the clock in the morning, was at his book most diligently.

How careful his heart was of the preservation of the church, and the good success of the gospel, his letter can testify, wherewith he admonished such as then were in authority of their duty, and assisted them with his godly counsel. As the diligence of this man of God never ceased all the time of King Edward to profit the church, both publickly and privately, so among other doings in him to be noted, this is not lightly to be overpassed, but worthy to be observed, that God not only gave unto him his spirit, plenteously and comfortably, to preach his word unto his church, but also by the same Spirit he did so evidently foreshew and prophecy of all those kinds of plagues afore, which afterward ensued, that if England ever had a prophet, he might seem to be one; and as touching himself, he ever affirmed, that the preaching of the gospel would cost him his life, to the which he no less cheerfully prepared himself, than certainly was persuaded that Winchester was kept in the Tower for the same purpose, as the event did too truly prove the same. For after the death of the said blessed King Edward, not long after Queen Mary was proclaimed, a pursuivant was sent down (by the means, no doubt, of Winchester) into the country, to call him up, of whose coming, although Master Latimer lacked no fore-warning, being premonished about six hours before by one John Careless, yet so far off was it that he thought to escape, that he prepared himself towards his journey before the said pursuivant came to his house. At the which thing, when the pursuivant marvelled, seeing him so prepared towards his journey, he said unto him, My friend, you be a welcome messenger to me; and be it known unto you, and to all the world, that I go as willingly to London at this present, being called by my prince to render a reckoning of my doctrine, as ever I was at any place in the world. I doubt not but that God, as he hath made me worthy to preach his word before two excellent princes, so will he enable me to witness the same unto the third, either to her comfort or discomfort eternally, &c. At the which time the pursuivant, when he had delivered his letters, departed, affirming that he had commandment not to tarry for him. By whose sudden departure, it was

manifest that they would not have him appear, but rather to have fled out of the realm. They knew that his constancy would deface them in their popery, and confirm the godly in the truth. Thus M. Latimer being sent for, and coming up to London, through Smithfield (where merrily he said, that Smithfield had long groaned for him), was brought before the council, where he, patiently bearing all the mocks and taunts given him by the scornful papists, was cast again into the Tower, where, he being assisted with the heavenly grace of Christ, sustained most patient imprisonment a long time, notwithstanding the cruel and unmerciful handling of the lordly papists, which thought then their kingdom would never fall; yet he shewed himself not only patient, but also cheerful in and above all that which they could or would work against him; yea, such a valiant spirit the Lord gave him, that he was able not only to despise the terribleness of prisons and torments, but also to deride and laugh to scorn the doings of his enemies: as it is not unknown to the ears of many what he answered to the lieutenant being then in the Tower: for when the lieutenant's man upon a time came to him, the aged father, kept without fire in the frosty winter, and well nigh starved for cold, merrily bade the man tell his master, that if he did not look the better to him, perchance he would deceive him. The lieutenant hearing this, bethought himself of these words, and fearing lest that indeed he thought to make some escape, began to look more straightly to his prisoner, and so coming to him, beginneth to charge him with his words, reciting the same unto him which his man had told him before, how that if he were not better looked unto, perchance he would deceive him, &c. Yea, Master Lieutenant, so I said, quoth he, for you look, I think, that I should burn; but except you let me have some fire, I am like to deceive your expectation, for I am like here to starve for cold. Many such like answers and reasons, merry but savoury, coming not from a vain mind, but from a constant and quiet reason, proceeded from that man, declaring a firm and stable heart, little passing for all this great blustering of their terrible threats, but rather deriding the same.

Thus, Master Latimer passing a long time in the Tower, with as much patience as a man in his case could do, from thence was transported to Oxford, with Doctor Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Master Ridley, Bishop of London, there to dispute upon articles sent down from Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, as is before touched, the manner and order of which disputations between them and the University Doctors, is also before sufficiently expressed; where also is declared, how and by whom the said Latimer, with his other fellow prisoners, were condemned after the disputations, and so com-

mitted again to the prison; and there they continued from the month of April above-mentioned to this present month of October; where they were most godly occupied, either with brotherly conference, or with fervent prayer, or with fruitful writing.

Albeit, Master Latimer, by reason of the feebleness of his age, wrote least of them all in this later time of his imprisonment; yet in prayer he was fervently occupied, wherein oftentimes so long he continued kneeling, that he was not able to rise without help; and, amongst other things, these were three principal matters he prayed for:

First, that as God had appointed him to be a preacher of his word, so also he would give him grace to stand to his doctrine until his death, that he might give his heart's blood for the same.

Secondly, that God, of his mercy, would restore his gospel to England once again, and these words, once again, once again, he did so inculcate and beat into the ears of the Lord God, as though he had seen God before him, and spoken to him face to face.

The third matter was, to pray for the preservation of the Queen's majesty that now is, whom in his prayers he was wont to name, and even with tears desired God to make her a comfort to this comfortless realm of England. These were the matters he prayed for so earnestly; neither were these things desired of him in vain, as the good success thereof after following declare; for the Lord most graciously did grant all those his requests. First, concerning his constancy, even in the most extremity the Lord graciously assisted him. For when he stood at the stake without Bocardo gate at Oxford, and the tormenters about to set the fire to him, and to the learned and godly Bishop M. Ridley, he lifted up his eyes towards heaven, with an amiable and comfortable countenance, saying these words, *Fidelis est Deus, qui non sinit nos tentari supra id quod possumus.* God is faithful, which doth not suffer us to be tempted above our strength; and so afterwards, by and bye, shed his blood in the cause of Christ; the which blood ran out of his heart in such abundance, that all those that were present, being godly, did marvel to see the most part of the blood in his body to be gathered to his heart, and with such violence to gush out, his body being opened by the force of the fire; by which thing God most graciously granted his request, which was, that he might shed his heart blood in the defence of the gospel. How mercifully was heard his second request in restoring the gospel once again unto this realm, these present days can best record. And what then shall England say now for his defence, which being so mercifully visited and refreshed with

the word of God, so slenderly and unthankfully considereth either her own misery past, or the great benefit of God now present? The Lord be merciful unto us. Amen.

Again, concerning his third request, it seemeth likewise most effectually granted, to the great praise of God, the furtherance of his gospel, and to the unspeakable comfort of this realm. For whether at the request of his prayer, or of other God's holy saints, or whether God was moved with the cry of his whole church, the truth is, that when all was deplorate and in a desperate case, and so desperate that the enemies mightily flourished and triumphed, God's word banished, Spaniards received, no place left for Christ's servants to cover their heads, so suddenly, so mainly the Lord called to remembrance his mercy, and forgetting our former iniquity, made an end of all those miseries, and wrought a marvellous change of things; at the change thereof, the said Queen Elizabeth was appointed and anointed, for whom this gray-headed father so earnestly prayed in his imprisonment: through whose true, natural, and imperial crown, the brightness of God's word was set up again to confound the dark and false kingdom of Antichrist, the true temple of Christ re-edified, the captivity of sorrowful Christians released, which so long was wished for in the prayers of so many good men, especially of this faithful and true servant of the Lord, Master Latimer. The same God which, at the request of his holy and faithful saints, hath poured upon us such benefits of his mercy, peace, and tranquillity, assist our most virtuous and Christian princess and her subjects, that we may every one in his state and calling, serve to his glory and walk in one vocation, that we lose not that which they have obtained, but may proceed in all faithfulness to build and keep up the house and temple of the Lord, to the advancing of his glory and our everlasting comfort in him. And thus much concerning the doings and laborious travels of Master Latimer.

And thus hast thou, gentle reader, the whole life of Master Latimer, a worthy doer in the church of Christ, set forth with all his sufferings and painful travels, faithful preachings, studious service in Christ's church, his patient imprisonment and constant fortitude in that which he had taught, with all his other proceedings from time to time, since his first springing years to this present time and month of Queen Mary, being the month of October, 1555. In the which month, he and Master Ridley were both brought forth together, to their final examination and execution. Wherefore we will now, by the grace of Christ, prosecute the rest that remaineth concerning his last examination, degrading and constant suffering, with the order and manner also of the commissioners, which were, Master

White, Bishop of Lincoln, Master Brooks, Bishop of Gloucester, with others. First, the commission from Cardinal Pole, legate *à latere*, was read; and Dr. Ridley was examined, and after Master Ridley was committed to the Mayor, then the Bishop of Lincoln commanded the bailiff to bring in the other prisoner, who, as soon as he was placed, said to the lords:

Lat. My lords, if I appear again, I pray you not to send for me until you be ready; for I am an old man, and it is great hurt to mine old age, to tarry so long gazing upon the cold walls. When the Bishop of Lincoln said:

Lin. M. Latimer, I am sorry you are brought so soon, although it is the bailiff's fault, and not mine; but it shall be amended.

When Master Latimer bowed his knee down to the ground, holding his hat in his hand, having a kerchief on his head, and upon it a night-cap or two, and a great cap (such as townsmen use, with two broad flaps to button under the chin) wearing an old thred-bare Bristol frize gown, girded to his body with a penny leather girdle, at the which hanged by a long string of leather his testament, and his spectacles, without case, depending about his neck upon his breast. After this, the Bishop of Lincoln began on this manner:

Lin. Master Latimer, you shall understand, that I and my lords here, have a commission from my lord Cardinal Pole's Grace, legate *à latere* to this realm of England, from our most reverend father in God, the Pope's Holiness, to examine you upon certain opinions and assertions of yours, which you, as well here openly, in disputations, in the year of our Lord, 1554, as at sundry and at divers other times, did affirm, maintain, and obstinately defend. In the which commission, he specified two points: the one which we must desire you is, that, if you shall now recant, revoke, and disannul these your errors, and, together with all this realm, yea, all the world, confess the truth, we, upon due repentance of your part, should receive you, reconcile you, acknowledge you no longer a strayed sheep, but adjoin you again to the unity of Christ's church, from the which you, in the time of schism, fell. So that it is no new place to the which I exhort you. I desire you to return thither from whence you went. Consider, Master Latimer, that without the unity of the church is no salvation, and in the church can be no errors. Wherefore, what should stay you to confess that which all the realm confesseth, to forsake that which the King and Queen their majesties have renounced, and all the realm recanted; it was a common error, and it is now of all confessed; it shall be no more shame to you than it was to us all. Consider, Master Latimer, that within these twenty years, this realm also, with all the world, confessed one church, ac-

knowledged in Christ's church one head, and by what means, and for what occasion, it cut off itself from the rest of Christianity, and renounced that which in all times and ages was confessed; it is well known and might be now declared upon what good foundation the See of Rome was forsaken, save that we must spare them that are dead, to whom the rehearsal would be opprobrious: it is no usurped power, as it hath been termed, but founded upon Peter by Christ, a sure foundation, a perfect builder, as by divers places, as well of the ancient Fathers, as by the express word of God, may be proved. With that M. Latimer, which before leaned his head to his hand, began somewhat to remove his cap and kerchief from his ears. The Bishop proceeded, saying—for Christ spake expressly to Peter, saying, *Pasce oves meas et rege oves meas,* the which word doth not only declare a certain ruling of Christ's flock, but includeth also a certain pre-eminence and government; and therefore is the king called *Rex à regendo:* So that in saying, *rege,* Christ declared a power which he gave to Peter, which jurisdiction and power, Peter, by hand, delivered to Clement, and so in all ages hath it remained in the See of Rome. This if you shall confess with me, and acknowledge, with all the realm, your errors and false assertions, then shall you do that which we most desire, then shall we rest upon the first part of our commission, then shall we receive you, acknowledge you one of the church, and according to the authority given unto us, minister unto you, upon due repentance, the benefit of absolution, to the which the King and Queen, their majesties, were not ashamed to submit themselves, although they of themselves were unspotted, and therefore needed no reconciliation: Yet, lest the putrefaction and rottenness of all the body might be noisome, and do damage to the head also, they (as I said) most humbly submitted themselves to my lord Cardinal his grace, by him as a legate to the Pope's Holiness, to be partakers of the reconciliation. But if you shall stubbornly persevere in your blindness, if you will not acknowledge your errors, if you, as you stand now alone, will be singular in your opinions, if by schism and heresy you will divide yourself from your church, then must we proceed to the second part of the commission, which we would be loath to do, that is, not to condemn you, for that we cannot do, (that the temporal sword of the realm, and not we, will do), but to separate you from us, acknowledge you to be none of us, to renounce you as no member of the church, to declare that you are *filius perditionis,* a lost child, and as you are a rotten member of the church, so to cut you off from the church, and so to commit you to the temporal judges, permitting them to proceed against you, according to the tenor of their laws. Wherefore, Master Latimer, for God's

love, consider your estate; remember you are a learned man, you have taken degrees in the school, borne the office of bishop, remember you are an old man, spare your body, accelerate not your death, and specially remember your soul's health, quiet of your conscience; consider that, if you should die in this state, you shall be a stinking sacrifice to God; for it is the cause that maketh the martyr, and not the death; consider that, if you die in this state, you die without grace, for without the church can be no salvation. Let not vain glory have the upper hand; humiliate yourself, captivate your understanding, subdue your reason, submit yourself to the determination of the church; do not force us to do all that we may do, let us rest in that part which we most heartily desire; and I, for my part, (then the bishop put off his cap) again, with all my heart, exhort you.

After the Bishop had somewhat paused, then M. Latimer lift up his head, (for before he leaned on his elbow) and asked, whether his lordship had said? and the bishop answered, yea.

Lat. Then will your lordship give me leave to speak a word or two?

Lin. Yea, Master Latimer, so that you use a modest kind of talk, without railing or taunts.

Lat. I beseech your lordship, license me to sit down.

Lin. At your pleasure, Master Latimer, take as much ease as you will.

Lat. Your lordship gently exhorted me, in many words, to come to the unity of the church. I confess (my lord) a Catholic church, spread throughout all the world, in the which no man may err; without the which unity of the church, no man can be saved. But I know perfectly, by God's word, that this church is in all the world, and hath not his foundation in Rome only, as you say; and methought your lordship brought a place out of the scriptures to confirm the same, that there was a jurisdiction given to Peter, in that Christ bade him *regere*, govern his people. Indeed, my lord, St. Peter did well and truly his office, in that he was bid *regere;* but since the Bishops of Rome have taken a new kind of *regere*. Indeed they ought to *regere*, but how, my lord? not as they will themselves, but this *regere* must be hedged and ditched in. They must *regere*, but *secundum verbum Dei*—they must rule, but according to the word of God. But the Bishops of Rome have turned *regere secundum verbum Dei*, into *regere secundum voluntatem suam:* they have turned the rule according to the word of God, into the rule according to their own pleasures, and as it pleased them best. As there is a book set forth which hath divers points in it, and amongst others, this point is one, which your lordship went about to prove by this word *regere;* and the argument which he bringeth forth for the proof of that matter is taken out of

Deuteronomy, where it is said, if there ariseth any controversy among the people, the priests, *Levitici generis*, of the order of Levi, shall decide the matter *secundum legem Dei*, according to the law of God, so it must be taken. This book, perceiving the authority to be given to the priests of the old law, taketh occasion to prove the same to be given to the bishops and other clergy of the new law; but in proving this matter, whereas it was said there, as the priests of the order of Levi, should determine according to God's law, that, *according to God's law* was left out, and only is recited, as the priests of the order of Levi shall decide the matter; so it ought to be taken of the people—a large authority, I ensure you. What gelding of scripture is this? What clipping of God's coin? *With the which terms the audience smiled.* This is much like the *regere* which your lordship talked of. Nay, nay, my lords, we may not give such authority to the clergy, to rule all things as they will. Let them keep themselves within their commission. Now, I trust, my lords, I do not rail yet.

Lincoln. No, Master Latimer, your talk is more like taunts than railing: but in that I have not read the book which you blame so much, nor know not of any such, I can say nothing therein.

Lat. Yes, my lord, the book is open to be read, and is intituled to one which is Bishop of Gloucester, whom I never knew, neither did I at any time see him to my knowledge. *With that the people laughed, because the Bishop of Gloucester sat then in commission.* Then the Bishop of Gloucester stood up, and said it was his book.

Lat. Was it yours, my lord! Indeed I knew not your lordship, neither ever did see you before, neither yet see you now, through the brightness of the sun shining betwixt you and me. *Then the audience laughed again*, and Master Latimer spake unto them, saying, Why, my masters, this is no laughing matter. *Væ vobis qui ridetis nunc, quoniam flebitis.*

The Bishop of Lincoln commanded silence, and then said,

Lin. Master Latimer, if you had kept yourself within your bounds, if you had not used such scoffs and taunts, this had not been done.

After this, the Bishop of Gloucester said, in excusing of his book:

Gloucester. Master Latimer, hereby every man may see what learning you have.

Then M. Latimer interrupted him, saying:

Lat. Lo! you look for learning at my hands which have gone so long to the school of oblivion, making the bare walls my library, keeping me so long in prison without book or pen and ink, and now you let me look to come and answer to

articles. You deal with me as though two were appointed to fight for life and death, and over-night the one, through favour, is cherished and hath good counsel given him how to encounter with his enemy; the other, for envy or lack of friends, all the whole night is set in the stocks. In the morning when they shall meet, the one is in strength and lusty, the other is stark of his limbs, and almost dead for feebleness. Think you not, that to run through this man with a spear is a goodly victory. But the Bishop of Gloucester interrupting his answer, proceeded, saying:

Glo. I went not about to recite any places of scripture in that place of my book: for then, if I had not recited it faithfully, you might have had just occasion of reprehension: but I only in that place formed an argument *a majore*, in this sense: that if, in the old law, the priests had powers to decide matters of controversies, much more then ought the authority to be given to the clergy in the new law; and I pray you, in this point, what availeth the rehearsal, *secundum legem Dei*.

Lat. Yes, my lord, very much. For I acknowledge authority to be given to the spiritualty to decide matters of religion, and as my lord said even now, *regere*, but they must do it *secundum verbum Dei*, and not *secundum voluntatem suam*, according to the word and law of God, and not after their own will, after their own imaginations and fantasies.

The Bishop of Gloucester would have answered more, saving, that the Bishop of Lincoln said, that they came not to dispute with Master Latimer, but to take his determinate answers to their articles; and so began to propose the same articles which were proposed to Master Ridley. But Master Latimer interrupted him, speaking to the Bishop of Gloucester.

Well, my lord, I could wish more faithful dealing with God's word, and not to leave out a part, and scratch a part here, and another there, but to rehearse the whole faithfully.

But the Bishop of Lincoln, not attending to this saying of Master Latimer, proceeded in rehearsing the articles, in form and sense, as followeth:

1. We do object to thee, Hugh Latimer, in this high University of Oxford, Anno 1554, in the months of April, May, June, July, or in some one or more of them, thou hast affirmed, and openly defended and maintained, and in many other times and places besides, that the true and natural body of Christ, after the consecration of the priest, is not really present in the sacrament of the altar.

2. *Item*, That in the year and months aforesaid, thou hast publicly affirmed and defended, that in the sacrament of the altar remaineth still the substance of bread and wine.

3. *Item*, That in the said year and months thou hast open-

ly affirmed, and obstinately maintained, that in the mass is no propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and dead.

4. *Item*, That in the year, place, and month aforesaid, these thy foresaid assertions solemnly have been condemned by the scholastical censure of this school, as heretical and contrary to the Catholic faith, by the worshipful master Doctor Weston, prolocutor then of the convocation-house, as also by other learned men of both the universities.

5. *Item*, That all and singular the premises be true, notorious, famous, and openly known by public fame, as well to them near hand, as also to them in distant places far off.

Then Master Latimer making his protestation, that notwithstanding these his answers, it should not be taken that thereby he would acknowledge any authority of the Bishop of Rome, saying that he was the King and Queen their majesties subject, and not the Pope's, neither could serve two masters at one time, except he should first renounce one of them: required the notaries so to take his protestation, that whatsoever he should say or do, it should not be taken as though he did thereby agree to any authority that came from the Bishop of Rome.

The Bishop of Lincoln said, his protestation should be so taken; but he required him to answer briefly, affirmatively or negatively, to the first article, and so recited the same again; and Master Latimer answered as followeth:

Lat. I do not deny, my lord, that in the sacrament, by spirit and grace, is the very body and blood of Christ, because that every man by receiving bodily that bread and wine, spiritually receiveth the body and blood of Christ, and is made partaker thereby of the merits of Christ's passion; but I deny that the body and blood of Christ is in such sort in the sacrament as you would have it.

Lin. Then, Master Latimer, you answer affirmatively.

Lat. Yea, if you mean of that gross and carnal being, which you do take.

The notaries took his answer to be affirmatively.

Lin. What say you, Master Latimer, to the second article? and recited the same.

Lat. There is, my lord, a change in the bread and wine, and such a change as no power but the omnipotence of God can make, in that that which before was bread should now have that dignity to exhibit Christ's body, and yet the bread is still bread, and the wine still wine: for the change is not in the nature, but the dignity, because now that which was common bread hath the dignity to exhibit Christ's body: for whereas it was common bread, it is now no more common bread, neither ought it to be so taken, but as holy bread sanctified by God's word.

With that the Bishop of Lincoln smiled, saying:

Lin. So, Master Latimer, see what stedfastness is in your doctrine. That which you abhorred and despised most, you now most establish; for whereas you most railed at holy bread, you now make your communion holy bread.

Lat. Tush, a rush for holy bread. I say the holy bread in the communion is a holy bread indeed.

But the Bishop of Lincoln interrupted him, and said,

Lin. O you make a difference between holy bread and holy bread *(with that the audience laughed)*. Well, Master Latimer, is not this your answer, that the substance of bread and wine remaineth still the same?

Lat. Yes, verily, it must needs be so. For Christ himself calleth it bread, St. Paul calleth it bread, the Doctors confess the same, the nature of a sacrament confirmeth the same, and I call it holy bread, not in that I make no difference betwixt your holy bread and this, but for the holy office which it beareth, that is, to be a figure of Christ's body, and not only a bare figure, but effectually to represent the same.

So the notaries penned his answer to be affirmatively.

Lin. What say you to the third question? and recited the same.

Lat. No, no, my lord; Christ made one perfect sacrifice for all the whole world, neither can any man offer him again, neither can the priest offer up Christ again for the sins of man, which he took away by offering himself once for all (as St. Paul saith) upon the cross, neither is there any propitiation for our sins, saving his cross only.

So the notaries penned his answer to this article also to be affirmatively.

Lin. What say you to the fourth? and so recited it. After the recital whereof, when Master Latimer answered not, the Bishop asked him whether he heard him or no?

Lat. Yes; but I do not understand what you mean thereby.

Lin. Marry only this, that these your assertions were condemned by Master Doctor Weston as heresies; is it not so, Master Latimer?

Lat. Yes, I think they were condemned, but how unjustly, he that shall be the Judge of all, knoweth.

So the notaries took his answer to this article also, to be affirmatively.

Lin. What say you, Master Latimer, to the fifth article? and recited it.

Lat. I know not what you mean by these terms. I am no lawyer, I would you would propose the matter plainly.

Lin. In that we proceed according to law, we must use their

terms also. The meaning only is this, that these four assertions are notorious, evil spoken of, and yet common and frequent in the mouths of the people.

Lat. I cannot tell how much, nor what men talk of them. I come not so much among them, in that I have been secluded a long time. What men report of them I know not, nor care not.

This answer taken, the Bishop of Lincoln said:

Lin. Master Latimer, we mean not that these your answers shall be prejudicial to you. To-morrow you shall appear before us again, and then it shall be lawful for you to alter and change what you will. We give you respite till to-morrow, trusting, that after you have pondered well all things against to-morrow, you will not be ashamed to confess the truth.

Lat. Now, my lord, I pray you give me license in three words, to declare the causes why I have refused the authority of the Pope.

Lin. Nay, Master Latimer, to-morrow you shall have license to speak forty words.

Lat. Nay, my lords, I beseech you to do with me now as it shall please your lordships: I pray you, let not me be troubled to-morrow again.

Lin. Yes, Master Latimer, you must needs appear again to-morrow.

Lat. Truly, my lord, as for my part, I require no respite, for I am at a point. You shall give me respite in vain. Therefore, I pray you, let me not trouble you to-morrow.

Lin. Yes, for we trust God will work with you against to-morrow. There is no remedy, you must needs appear again to-morrow, at eight of the clock, in St. Mary's church. And forthwith the Bishop charged the Mayor with Master Latimer, and dismissed him; and then brake up their session for that day, about one of the clock at afternoon.

The next day following, (which was the first day of October), somewhat after eight of the clock, the said lords repaired to St. Mary's church, and after they were set on a high throne well trimmed with cloth of tissue and silk, then appeared Master Ridley, who was set at a framed table a good space from the Bishop's feet, which table had a silk cloth cast over it, the which place was compassed about with framed seats in quadrate form, partly for gentlemen which repaired thither, (for this was the session day also of gaol delivery) and heads of the university to sit, and partly to keep off the press of the audience: for the whole body, as well of the university as of the town, came thither to see the end of these two persons. After the examination and condemnation of Master Ridley, immediately Master Latimer

was sent for: but in the mean season the carpet or cloth which lay upon the table whereat Master Ridley stood, was removed because (as men reported) M. Latimer had never the degree of a doctor as M. Ridley had. But eftsoons as M. Latimer appeared, as he did the day before, perceiving no cloth upon the table, he laid his hat, which was an old felt, under his elbows, and immediately spake to the commissioners, saying:

Lat. My Lords, I beseech your Lordships to set a better order here at your entrance: for I am an old man, and have a back, so that the press of the multitude doth me much harm.

Lin. I am sorry, Master Latimer, for your hurt. At your departure we will see to better order.

With that, M. Latimer thanked his Lordship, making a very low courtesy. After this, the Bishop of Lincoln began in this manner:

Lin. Master Latimer, although yesterday after we had taken your answers to those articles which we proposed, we might have justly proceeded to judgment against you, especially in that you require the same; yet we having a good hope of your returning, desiring not your destruction, but rather that you would recant, revoke your errors, and turn to the Catholic church, deferred farther process till this day, and now according to the appointment, we have called you here before us, to hear whether you are content to revoke your heretical assertions, and submit yourself to the determination of the church, as we most heartily desire; and I for my part, as I did yesterday, most earnestly do exhort you, or to know whether you persevere still the man that you were, for the which we would be sorry.

It seemed that the Bishop would have farther proceeded, saving that M. Latimer interrupted him, saying,

Lat. Your lordship often doth repeat the Catholic church as though I should deny the same. No, my lord, I confess there is a Catholic church, to the determination of which I will stand, but not the church which you call Catholic, which sooner might be termed diabolic. And whereas you join together the Romish and Catholic church, stay there I pray you. For it is one thing to say Romish church, and another thing to say Catholic church. I must use here in this mine answer the counsel of Cyprianus, who at what time he was ascited before certain Bishops that gave him leave to take deliberation and counsel, to try and examine his opinion, he answereth them thus: "In sticking and persevering in the truth, there must no counsel nor deliberation be taken." And again, being demanded of them sitting in judgement, which was most like to be of the church of Christ, whether he which was persecuted, or they which did persecute? Christ, said he, hath foreshowed that he that doth follow him must take up his cross and follow him. Christ gave knowledge

that the disciples should have persecution and trouble. How think you, then, my lords, is it like that the see of Rome, which hath been a continual persecutor, is rather the church, or that small flock which hath been continually persecuted even to death? Also the flock of Christ hath been but few in comparison to the residue, and ever in subjection: which he proved, beginning at Noah's time even to the Apostles.

Lin. Your cause and St. Cyprian's is not one but clean contrary, for he suffered persecution for Christ's sake and the Gospel: but you are in trouble for your errors and false assertions, contrary to the word of God and the received truth of the Church.

Master Latimer interrupting him said, yes verily, my cause is as good as St. Cyprian's: for his was for the word of God, and so is mine.

But Lincoln goeth forth in his talk.

Lin. Also at the beginning and foundation of the church it could not be but that the Apostles should suffer great persecution. Further, before Christ's coming, continually there were very few which truly served God: but after his coming began the time of grace, then began the church to increase and was continually augmented until it came unto this perfection, and now hath partly that jurisdiction which the unchristian princes before by tyranny did resist. There is a diverse consideration of the estate of the church now in the time of grace and before Christ's coming. But, Master Latimer, though we had instructions given as determinately to take your answer to such articles as we should propose, without any reasoning or disputation, yet we, hoping by talk somewhat to prevail with you, appointed you to appear before us yesterday in the Divinity School, a place for disputations. And whereas then, notwithstanding you had license to say your mind, and were answered to every matter, yet you could not be brought from your errors. We, thinking that from that time ye would, with good advisement, consider your estate, gave you respite from that time yesterday when we dismissed you, until this time, and now have called you again here in this place by your answer to learn whether you are the same man you were then or no? Wherefore, we will propose unto you the same articles which we did then, and require of you a determinate answer without further reasoning; and eftsoons recited the first article.

Lat. Always my protestation saved, that by these mine answers it should not be thought that I did condescend and agree to your Lordship's authority in that you are legated by authority of the Pope; so that hereby I might seem to consent to his jurisdiction. To the first article I answer now as I did yesterday, that in the sacrament the worthy receiver receiveth

the very body of Christ, and drinketh his blood by the spirit and grace. But after a corporal being, which the Romish church prescribeth, Christ's body and blood is not in the sacrament under the forms of bread and wine.

The notaries took his answer to be affirmatively; for the second article he referred himself to his answers made before.

After this, the Bishop of Lincoln recited the third article, and required a determinate answer.

Lat. Christ made one oblation and sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, and that a perfect sacrifice, neither needeth there be any other, neither can there be any other propitiatory sacrifice.

The notaries took his answer to be affirmatively.

In like manner did he answer to the other articles, not varying from his answers made the day before.

After his answers were penned of the notaries, and the Bishop of Lincoln had exhorted him in like sort to recant as he did Master Ridley, and revoke his errors and false assertions, and Master Latimer had answered that he ne could ne would deny his Master Christ, and his verity; the Bishop of Lincoln desired Master Latimer to hearken to him: and then Master Latimer hearkening for some new matter and other talk, the Bishop of Lincoln read his condemnation, which was written in a long process; the tenor of which, because it is sufficiently already expressed before, we thought meet in this place to omit, forasmuch as they are rather words of course, than things devised upon deliberation. Howbeit, indeed, the effect was, that forasmuch as the said Hugh Latimer did affirm, maintain, and stubbornly defend certain opinions, assertions, and heresies, contrary to the word of God, and the received faith of the church, as in denying the true and natural body of Christ, and his natural blood to be in the sacrament of the altar: secondarily, in affirming the substance of bread and wine to remain after the words of the consecration: thirdly, in denying the mass to be a living sacrifice of the church for the quick and the dead, and by no means would be perduced and brought from these his heresies: they therefore, the said J. of Lincoln, James of Gloucester, John of Bristow, did judge and condemn the said Hugh Latimer as an heretic, and so adjudged him presently, both by word and also in deed, to be degraded from the priesthood and all ecclesiastical order, declaring moreover the said Hugh Latimer to be no member of the church, and therefore committed him to the secular powers of them to receive due punishment according to the tenor of the temporal laws; and further excommunicating him by the great excommunication. After the publication of the which, the said three bishops brake up their sessions and dismissed the audience.

But Master Latimer required the Bishop to perform his promise, in saying the day before that he should have license briefly to declare the cause why he refused the Pope's authority.

But the Bishop said that now he could not hear him, neither ought to talk with him.

Then Master Latimer asked him, whether it were not lawful for him to appeal from this his judgement. And the Bishop asked him again, to whom he would appeal. To the next general council (quoth Master Latimer) which shall be truly called in God's name: with that appellation the Bishop was content: but he said it would be a long season before such a convocation, as he meant, would be called. When the Bishop committed Master Latimer to the Mayor, saying, now he is your prisoner, Master Mayor, because the press of the people was not diminished, each man looking for further process, the Bishop of Lincoln commanded avoidance, and willed Master Latimer to tarry till the press were diminished, lest he should take hurt at the egression, as he did at his entrance; and so continued Bishop Ridley and Master Latimer in durance till the 16th day of the said month of October.

Upon the north side of the crown, in the ditch over against Bailey College, the place of execution was appointed; and for fear of any tumult that might arise to let the burning of them, the Lord Williams was commanded by the Queen's letters, and the householders of the city, to be their assistants, sufficiently appointed; and when every thing was in readiness, the prisoners were brought forth by the Mayor and the bailiffs. Master Ridley had a fair black gown furred, and faced with some such as he was wont to wear, being bishop, and a tippet of velvet, furred likewise, about his neck; a velvet night-cap upon his head, and a corner cap upon the same, going in a pair of slippers to the stake, and going between the Mayor and Aldermen, &c.

After him came Master Latimer, in a poor Bristow frize frock all worn, with his buttoned cap and a kerchief upon his head, all ready for the fire, a new long shroud hanging over his hose down to the feet: which at the first sight stirred men's hearts to see upon them, beholding on the one side the honour they sometime had, on the other the calamity whereunto they were fallen.

Master Doctor Ridley, as he passed toward Bocardo, looked up where Master Cranmer did lie, hoping belike to have seen him at the glass window, and to have spoken unto him, but then Master Cranmer was busy with friar Soto and his fellows, disputing together, so that he could not see him through that occasion; when Master Ridley, looking back, espied Master Latimer coming after, unto whom he said, '*Ah! be ye there?*—'*Yea,*' said Master Latimer, '*have after as fast as I can follow.*' So he following a pretty way off, at length they came both to

the stake, the one after the other; when, first, Doctor Ridley entering the place, marvellously earnestly holding up both his hands, looked towards heaven; then, shortly after, espying Master Latimer, with a monstrous cheerful look, he ran to him, embraced and kissed him; and, as they that stood near reported, comforted him, saying '*Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.*' With that went he to the stake by it, kissed it, and effectuously prayed; and behind him, Master Latimer, as earnestly calling upon God as he. After they arose, the one talked with the other a little while, till they, which were appointed to see execution, removed themselves out of the sun. What they said I can learn of no man.

When Dr. Smith began his sermon to them upon this text of St. Paul, in the 13th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, "If I give my body to the fire to be burnt, and have not charity, I shall gain nothing thereby." Wherein he alledged that the goodness of the cause, and not the order of death, maketh the holiness of the person; which he confirmed by the example of Judas, and of a woman in Oxford that of late hanged herself; for that they, and such like as he recited, might then be adjudged righteous, which desperately sundered their lives from their bodies, as he feared that those men who stood before him would do; but he cried still to the people to beware of them, for they were heretics, and died out of the church; and, on the other side, he declared their diversities in opinion, as Lutherans, Æcolampadians, Zuinglians, of which sect they were, he said, and that was the worst. But the old church of Christ and the catholic faith, believed far otherwise. *At which place they lifted up both their hands and eyes to heaven, as it were, calling God to witness of the truth, the which countenance they made in many other places of his sermon, whereas they thought he spake amiss.* He ended with a very short exhortation to them to recant, and to come home again to the church, and save their lives and souls, which else were condemned. His sermon was scant in all a quarter of an hour.

Doctor Ridley said to Master Latimer, "Will you begin to answer the sermon, or shall I?" Master Latimer said, "Begin you first, I pray you." "I will," said Doctor Ridley.

Then the wicked sermon being ended, Doctor Ridley and Master Latimer kneeled down upon their knees towards my Lord Williams of Tame, the vice chancellor of Oxford, and divers other commissioners, appointed for that purpose, which sate upon a form thereby, unto whom Doctor Ridley said, "I beseech you, my lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak out two or three words;" and, whilst my lord bent his head to the mates and vice chancellor, to know (as it appeared) whether

he might give him leave to speak, the bailiffs and Doctor Marshall, vice chancellor, ran hastily unto him, and with their hands stopped his mouth, and said, "Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not only have liberty so to do, but also the benefit of a subject, that is, have your life." "Not otherwise," said Master Ridley. "No," quoth Doctor Marshall; "therefore if you will not so do, then there is no remedy but you must suffer for your deserts." "Well, (quoth Doctor Ridley,) so long as the breath is in my body I will never deny my Lord Christ and his known truth: God's will be done in me." And with that he rose up, and said, with a loud voice, "Well, then, I commit our cause to Almighty God, which shall indifferently judge all."

To whose saying, Master Latimer added his old posie: "Well, there is nothing hid but it shall be opened;" and he said he could answer Smith well enough if he might be suffered. Incontinently they were commanded to make them ready, which they, with all meekness, obeyed. Master Ridley took his gown and his tippet, and gave it to his brother-in-law, Master Shipside, who, all his time of imprisonment, although he might not be suffered to come to him, lay there, at his own charges, to provide him necessaries, which, from time to time, he sent him by the serjeant, that kept him. Some other of his apparel, that was little worth, he gave away, other the bailiffs took.

He gave away, besides, divers other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifully weeping. As to Sir Henry Lea he gave a new groat; and to divers of my Lord Williams' gentlemen, some napkins, some nutmegs, and races of ginger, his dial, and such other things as he had about him to every one that stood next him. Some plucked the points off his hose: happy was he that might get any rag of him.

Master Latimer gave nothing, but very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose and his other array, which to look unto was very simple; and being stripped into his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that were there present, as one should lightly see; and whereas in his clothes he appeared a crooked and silly old man, he now stood bolt upright as comely a father as one might lightly behold.

Then Master Ridley, standing as yet in his truss, said to his brother, "It were best for me to go in my truss still?" "No, quoth his brother, "it will put you to more pain, and the truss may do a poor man good." Whereunto Master Ridley said, "Be it in the name of God," and so unlaced himself. Then being in his shirt, he stood upon the foresaid stone, and held up his hands and said, "Oh! heavenly Father, I give thee most hearty thanks for that thou hast called me to be a pro-

fessor of thee, even unto death: I beseech thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

Then the smith took a chain of iron and brought the same about both Doctor Ridley's and Master Latimer's middles; and as he was knocking in a staple, Doctor Ridley took the chain in his hand and shaked the same, for it did gird in his belly, and looked aside to the smith, said, "Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have his course." Then his brother did bring him gunpowder in a bag, and would have tied the same about his neck; Master Ridley asked what it was; his brother said, "Gunpowder;" then, said he, "I will take it to be sent of God, therefore I will receive it as sent of him. And have you any," said he, "for my brother?" meaning Master Latimer. "Yea, that I have," (quoth his brother) "then give it unto him," said he, "betime, lest ye come too late." So his brother went and carried of the same gunpowder unto Master Latimer.

In the mean time, Doctor Ridley spake unto my Lord Williams, and said, My lord, I must be a suiter unto your lordship in the behalf of divers poor men, and especially in the cause of my poor sister. I have made a supplication to the queen's majesty in their behalves. I beseech your lordship, for Christ's sake, to be a mean to her grace for them. My brother here hath the supplication, and will resort to your lordship to certify you hereof. There is nothing in all the world that troubleth my conscience, (I praise God,) this only excepted. Whilst I was in the Tower of London, divers old men took leases of me, and agreed with me for the same; now I hear say, the bishop, that now occupieth the same room, will not allow my grants unto them made, but contrary to all law and conscience hath taken from them their livings, and will not suffer them to enjoy the same. I beseech you, my lord, be a mean for them, you shall do a good deed, and God will reward you.

Then they brought a faggot kindled with fire, and laid the same down at Dr. Ridley's feet. To whom M. Latimer spake in this manner: "Be of good comfort D. Ridley, and play the man, we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as, I trust, shall never be put out."

And so the fire being given unto them, when Dr. Ridley saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a wonderful loud voice, *In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum; Domine recipe spiritum meum!* And after repeating this latter part often in English, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" Master Latimer crying on the other side, Oh, Father of heaven receive my soul! who received the flame, as it were embracing of it. After that he had stroaked his face with his hands, and as it were

bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died, as it appeareth, with very little pain or none. And thus much concerning the end of this old and blessed servant of God, Master Latimer, for whose laborious travel, fruitful life, and constant death, the whole realm hath cause to give thanks to God.

But Master Ridley, by reason of the evil making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laid about the gosse, and over high built, the fire burned first beneath, being kept down by the wood, which, when he felt, he desired them for Christ's sake, to let the fire come unto him; which, when his brother-in-law heard, but not well understood, intending to rid him out of his pain, (for the which cause he gave attendance,) as one in such sorrow, not well advised what he did, heaped faggots upon him, so that he clean covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned clean all his nether parts, before it once touched the upper, and that made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, I cannot burn; which, indeed, appeared well, for after his legs were consumed, by reason of his struggling through the pain, (whereof he had no release but only his contentation in God,) he showed that side towards us clean, shirt and all untouched with flame. Yet, in all this torment, he forgot not to call unto God, still having in his mouth, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" intermingling his cry, "Let the fire come unto me, I cannot burn." In which pain, he laboured till one of the standers by, with his bill, pulled off the faggots above, and where he saw the fire flame up, he pressed himself into that side; and when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more, but burned on the other side, falling down at Master Latimer's feet. Which, some said, happened by reason that the chain loosed: others said that he fell over the chain by reason of the poise of his body, and the weakness of the limbs. Some said, that before he was like to fall from the stake, he desired them to hold him to it with their bills. However it was, surely it moved hundreds to tears, in beholding the horrible sight. For I think there was none that had not clean exiled all humanity and mercy, which would not have lamented to behold the fury of the fire so to rage upon their bodies. Signs there were of sorrow on every side. Some took it grievously to see their deaths, whose lives they had held full dear. Some pitied their persons, that thought their souls had no need thereof. His brother moved many men, seeing his miserable case, seeing (I say) him compelled to such infelicity, that he thought then to do him best service when he hastened his end. Some cried, out of the luck to see his endeavour who most dearly loved him, and sought his release, turn to his greater vexation and increase of pain. But whoso

considered their preferment in time past, the places of honour that they sometime occupied in this commonwealth, the favour they were in with their princes, and the opinion of learning they had, could not choose but sorrow with tears, to see so great dignity, honour, and estimation, so necessary members sometime accounted, so many godly virtues, the study of so many years, such excellent learning, to be put into the fire and consumed in one moment. Well, dead they are, and the reward of this world they have already. What reward remaineth for them in heaven, the day of the Lord's glory, when he cometh with his saints, shall shortly, I trust, declare.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the Duke of Sully, Prime Minister of Henry the Great; with the Trial of Francis Ravaillac, for the Murder of Henry the Great.* 1649.

If we except those solemn inquiries connected with his future existence, there is no subject of research or consideration so interesting and important to man as that of history. It is the golden chain by which we fathom the depths of time, and obtain the lessons of experience — every link, however remote, is full of vitality—the errors and sufferings, the melancholy degradations, and the glorious capabilities of our nature, pass in procession before us; and we feel a conscious relationship to every performer in the great drama of human life, of which we cannot be sensible in any other branch of philosophic pursuit, or scientific examination.

To the historian we are indebted not only for distant records and insulated facts, but that developement of the progress of existence, which renders recollections of the past a code of instruction for the future; through every gradation of intellect, every impulse of passion, and peculiarity of situation, he traces the slowly-forming organizations of civilized legislature, the duties of social life, and the virtues which belong to its complicated and extended claims. Philanthropy, patriotism, the love of liberty, the approbation of order, the energies of valour, the attachments of loyalty, the affections of humanity, spring successively in the bosom, as we peruse the page which unites us in the trials, conduct, and feelings of our departed brethren; and even when, sickened with the review of crime and suffering, we turn from the scene, yet we are rendered rather humble than misanthropic, from the contemplation

of errors seen through the ameliorating vista of intervening years; and we gladly press forward to meet some brilliant emanation of a better nature, some gloriously redeeming character or circumstance, which restores us to the sweetest perceptions and the loftiest emotions of our nature.

Next to the author who devotes genius and learning to the wearisome occupation of historic research, and the laborious task of pursuing truth through the labyrinths which time, language, and custom, have interwoven around her; we apprehend one of the greatest benefits a public character can bestow upon his countrymen (and we may say upon his species), is transmitting to posterity a well-digested detail of those scenes which he has witnessed, and those transactions in which he has borne a part. We find all nations are agreed in holding such memoirs in especial estimation, and the labours of Thucydides and Lord Clarendon are alike standard works, that pass on from age to age, uninjured by the oblivious hand of time, as things which, appertaining to man's nature, adhere to him in despite of the mutabilities which affect his situation. Thus the work before us will go down to posterity, valued alike by the historian, biographer, and financier, and held in high respect by the general reader, for the accuracy and simplicity of its details, the importance and variety of its facts; and, above all, the honesty and unvarnished integrity by which it is dictated, on which the mind reposes with an unquestioning security.

Few men have existed whose account of passing events, and whose personal share in controlling and influencing the circle of public affairs, could offer equal interest with the *Memoirs of the Duke of Sully*. His determined courage, unbending integrity, and energetic perseverance, peculiarly fitted him for the times in which he began his honourable career, the confusion which arose out of them, and the prosperity that eventually ensued. He seemed born to be the minister of a king whose manifold difficulties, splendid qualities, and unhappy foibles, alike demanded the valour, the investigation, and the inflexibility of this most devoted servant—who, as a general, a minister, and a personal friend, was alike invaluable to the monarch and the people.

This important work, we are informed by the editor, is collected from the papers of the Duke of Sully, Baron de Rosny, principally written by his own hands, but occasionally by those of his secretaries, during the period of his public life. The *Memoirs* are divided into thirty books, which contain the history of the author and his own times, including, of course, that of the king, his master. This, which may be pro-

perly termed his own work, is succeeded by a memoir of the remainder of his life, his death and burial; after which, we have the trial of Francis Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry the great, and the dreadful, we may say diabolical, sentence passed upon him. These, with a copious index, constitute five thick octavo volumes, admirably translated by an English lady. In making the copious extracts which we propose to transfer to our pages, we shall select such only as are rendered peculiarly interesting from the important historical circumstances they relate, or the private anecdotes they record; that tend to display the manners of an age which blended ferocity with politeness, cruelty and bigotry with valour and elegance, in a manner which nothing less than the most authentic records could induce us to believe.

For the better understanding the commencement of these *Memoirs*, which naturally enter on their subject as if the reader were well acquainted with the previous history of France, we shall recapitulate the affairs of that country for so many years previous, as to render the names and parties, hereafter alluded to, familiar to recollection.

Catherine de Medicis, the most cruel, intriguing, violent, but accomplished princess of her time, on the death of her husband Henry II. (who was killed at a tournament) procured herself the title of regent, during the minority of her son, Francis II., now only sixteen (the husband of the unfortunate Queen Mary of Scotland). At this time, the oppressions practised by the court against the Calvinists or Huguenots, had driven them to seek redress by taking up arms, being secretly aided by the Queen of England, and more openly by the Prince of Condé, and the young King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV.

The Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, who were joined with the queen in the government, gave battle to these unhappy people, and having conquered, pursued their victory rather as murderers than soldiers, and the Prince of Condé, falling into their hands, was sentenced to be beheaded; but the sudden death of the king, and the well known circumstance, that the Protestants, headed by Admiral Coligny, were about to rise in far more formidable numbers, suspended his fate.

Charles IX., the second son of Catherine (likewise a minor), succeeded, and the ambitious queen retaining the power she loved, and fearing the open force of the Protestants, began to practise those underhand means of aggrandizement in which she was already too well skilled; though, abhorring the Huguenots, and perpetually practising against them, she affected the utmost candour, liberated the Prince of Condé, and

proposed uniting her only daughter, Margaret, to Henry, King of Navarre (himself a Protestant), then in his fifteenth year.

The successes of the Protestants in several battles which followed, and the assassination of the Duke of Guise, together with the known disposition of Philip, King of Spain, to foment all the divisions of France, rendered Catherine only the more anxious to conciliate matters with her injured and rebellious subjects; but her treachery rendered ineffectual every truce which was made from time to time, and immense armies and frequent battles made the whole country one scene of civil warfare, in which Spain now assisted the court of France to persecute its Protestant subjects; and young Henry of Navarre, at the head of the League, was aided by Elizabeth of England, and Protestants from every part of Europe in vigorous opposition.

After various successes, a change to the disadvantage of the League took place, and Catherine who, with her son, possessed the most profound dissimulation, was again willing to make peace, and cement it by a marriage with Henry, which she was the more inclined to, because he was the heir to the throne of France after the death of her sons; and Charles (now on the throne) was very sickly. Her negotiations succeeded, and Henry, now eighteen, came to Paris to celebrate the nuptial ceremony, accompanied by his mother, the Queen of Navarre; who died soon after her arrival, as it was believed by some, from poison, although it was *said* to be from fatigue; and all the court went into mourning for her. It was on this occasion that Maximilian Bethune, second son of the Baron de Rosny, then only in his eleventh year, was first introduced by his father to Henry, King of Navarre; and here, in the year 1570, his memoirs commence.

The author gives a long, and, in him, excusable detail of his noble ancestors; after which, he informs us, that owing to the natural imperfections and weak constitution of his eldest brother, his father ever looked upon *him* as the head of his family, "a strong and vigorous constitution recommending me to his favour." And adds,

"My parents bred me in the opinions and doctrine of the reformed religion, and I have continued constant in the profession of it; neither threatenings, promises, variety of events, nor the change even of the king, my protector, joined to his most tender solicitations, have ever been able to make me renounce it."

He then begins to speak of his royal master:

"Henry, king of Navarre, who will have the principal share in these memoirs, was seven years older than me, and when the peace of

1570 was concluded, entered into his eighteenth year.* A countenance noble, open, and insinuating; free, easy and lively manners, with an uncommon dexterity in performing all the exercises suitable to his age, drew the esteem and admiration of all that knew him. He began early to discover those great talents for war, which have so highly distinguished him among other princes. Vigorous and indefatigable by the education of his infancy, he breathed nothing but labour, and seemed to wait with impatience for occasions of acquiring glory. The crown of France not being yet the object of his aspiring wishes, he indulged himself in forming schemes for the recovering that of Navarre, which Spain had unjustly usurped from his family; and this he thought he might be enabled to perform, by maintaining a secret intelligence with the Moors in Spain. The enmity he bore to this power was open and declared; it was born with him, and he never condescended to conceal it. He felt his courage inflamed at the relation of the battle of Lepanto, which was fought at that time;

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* "He was born at Pau, in Bearn, December 13, 1553. M. de Perefixe relates some very curious particulars concerning his birth. 'Henry d'Albret, his grandfather, made his daughter promise to sing a song to him while she was in labour; in order, said he, that you may bring me a child who will neither weep nor make wry faces. The princess had fortitude enough, in the midst of her pains, to keep her word, and sang a song in Bearnois, her own country language, as soon as Henry entered the chamber: the child came into the world without crying; his grandfather immediately carried him to his own apartment, and there rubbed his little lips with a clove of garlic, and made him suck some wine out of a gold cup, to make his constitution strong and vigorous.'—*Perefixe's History of Henry the Great*, p. 1. *Cayet*, vol. i. p. 241."

"In the memoirs of Nevers, we meet with some letters written in 1567, by the principal magistrates of Bourdeaux, that contain several very interesting particulars concerning the person and manners of young Henry. 'We have here, says one, the Prince of Bearn; it must be confessed, that he is a charming youth. At thirteen years of age, he has all the riper qualities of eighteen or nineteen: he is agreeable, polite, obliging, and behaves to every one with an air so easy and engaging, that wherever he is, there is always a crowd. He mixes in conversation like a wise and prudent man, speaks always to the purpose, and when it happens that the court is the subject of discourse, it is easy to see that he is perfectly well acquainted with it, and never says more nor less than he ought, in whatever place he is. I shall all my life hate the new religion for having robbed us of so worthy a subject.' And in another, 'His hair is a little red, yet the ladies think him not less agreeable on that account: his face is finely shaped, his nose neither too large nor too small, his eyes full of sweetness, his skin brown but clear, and his whole countenance animated with an uncommon vivacity: with all these graces, if he is not well with the ladies, he is extremely unfortunate.'"

and a like opportunity of distinguishing himself against the infidels, became one of his most ardent wishes. The vast and flattering expectations which the astrologers agreed in making him conceive, were almost always present to his mind. He saw the foundation of them in that affection which Charles IX. early entertained for him, and which considerably increased a short time before his death: but animated as he was with these happy presages, he laboured to second them only in secret, and never disclosed his thoughts to any person but a small number of his most intimate confidents."

We now come to that terrible event, which took place during Henry's visit to Paris, where he was undoubtedly invited for the purpose of becoming a victim, even in his bridal days, and under the protection of royal hospitality.

"If I was inclined to increase the general horror, inspired by an action so barbarous as that perpetrated on the 24th of August, 1572, and too well known by the name of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, I should in this place enlarge upon the number, the quality, the virtues, and great talents of those who were inhumanly murdered on this horrible day, as well in Paris as in every part of the kingdom: I should mention at least the ignominious treatment, the fiendlike cruelty, and savage insults, these miserable victims suffered from their butchers, and which in death were a thousand times more terrible than death itself. I have writings still in my hands, which would confirm the report of the court of France having made the most pressing instances to the neighbouring courts, to follow its example with regard to the Protestants, or at least to refuse an asylum to those unfortunate people; but I prefer the honour of the nation to the satisfying a malignant pleasure, which many persons would take in lengthening out a recital, wherein might be found the names of those who were so lost to humanity as to dip their hands in the blood of their fellow-citizens, and even their own relations. I would, were it in my power, for ever obliterate the memory of a day that divine vengeance made France groan for, by a continued succession of miseries, blood, and horror, during six and twenty years; for it is not possible to judge otherwise, if one reflects on all that passed from that fatal moment till the peace of 1598. It is with regret that I cannot pass over what happened upon this occasion to the prince, who is the subject of these memoirs, and to myself.

"I was in bed, and awaked from sleep three hours after midnight, by the sound of all the bells, and the confused cries of the populace. My governor St. Julian, with my valet de chambre, went hastily out to know the cause; and I never afterwards heard more of these men, who, without doubt, were amongst the first that were sacrificed to the public fury. I continued alone in my chamber dressing myself, when, in a few moments, I saw my landlord enter, pale, and in the utmost consternation: he was of the reformed religion, and having learned what the matter was, had agreed to go to mass, to save his life, and preserve his house from being pillaged. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not

think proper to follow him, but resolved to try if I could gain the college of Burgundy, where I had studied: though the great distance between the house where I then was, and the college, made the attempt very dangerous. Having disguised myself in a scholar's gown, I put a large prayer-book under my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with horror inexpressible, at the sight of the furious murderers; who, running from all parts, forced open the houses, and cried aloud, 'Kill, kill, massacre the Huguenots:' the blood which I saw shed under my eyes redoubled my terror. I fell into the midst of a body of guards; they stopped me, interrogated me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for me, the book that I carried was perceived, and served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the same danger, from which I extricated myself with the same good fortune. At last I arrived at the college of Burgundy, where a danger, still greater than any I had yet met with, awaited me. The porter having twice refused me entrance, I continued standing in the midst of the street, at the mercy of the furious murderers, whose numbers increased every moment, and who were greedily seeking for their prey, when it came into my mind to ask for La Faye, the principal of this college, a good man, by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, prevailed upon by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, admitted me; and my friend carried me to his apartment, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard mention Sicilian vespers, wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me in pieces, saying the order was, not to spare even infants at the breast. All the good man could do, was to conduct me privately to a distant chamber, where he locked me up. Here I was confined three days, uncertain of my destiny; and saw no one but a servant of my friend's, who came from time to time to bring me provisions.

"At the end of these three days, the prohibition for murdering and pillaging any more of the Protestants being published, I was suffered to leave my cell; and immediately after I saw Ferriere and La Vieville, two soldiers of the guard, who were my father's creatures, enter the college. They were armed, and came, without doubt, to rescue me by force wherever they should find me. They gave my father a relation of what had happened to me; and eight days afterwards I received a letter from him, in which he expressed the fears he had suffered on my account, and advised me to continue in Paris, since the prince I served was not at liberty to quit it. He added, that to avoid exposing myself to an evident danger, it was necessary I should resolve to follow that prince's example, and go to mass. In effect, the King of Navarre had found no other means of saving his life. He was awaked, with the Prince of Condé, two hours before day, by a great number of soldiers who rushed boldly into the chamber in the Louvre, where they lay, and insolently commanded them to dress themselves, and attend the king. They would not suffer the two princes to take their swords with them; who, as they passed, beheld several of their gentlemen massacred before their eyes. The king waited for them, and received them with a countenance and eyes in which fury was visibly painted: he ordered them, with oaths and blasphemies, which were familiar with him, to quit a religion that had

been only taken up, he told them, to serve for a cloak to their rebellion. The condition to which these princes were reduced, could not hinder them from discovering the regret they should find in obeying him. The king, transported with anger, told them, in a fierce and haughty tone, 'That he would no longer be contradicted in his opinions by his subjects; that they, by their example, should teach others to revere him as the image of God, and cease to be enemies to the images of his mother.' He ended by declaring, that if they did not go to mass, he would treat them as criminals guilty of treason against divine and human majesty. The manner in which these words were pronounced, not suffering the princes to doubt if they were sincere, they yielded to necessity, and performed what was required of them. Henry was even obliged to send an edict into his dominions, by which the exercise of any other religion but the Romish was forbid. Though this submission preserved his life, yet in other things he was not better treated; and he suffered a thousand capricious insults from the court: free by intervals, but more often closely confined, and treated as a criminal, his domestics sometimes permitted to attend him, then all on a sudden not suffered to appear."

We are told a little farther, that the number of Protestants thus murdered in cold blood, during eight days, all over the kingdom, amounted to seventy thousand. And soon afterwards we find,

"It was not long before Charles felt the most violent remorse for the barbarous action to which they had forced him to give the sanction of his name and authority. From the evening of the 24th of August, he was observed to groan involuntarily at the recital of a thousand strokes of cruelty, which every one boasted of in his presence. Of all those who were about the person of this prince, none possessed so great a share of his confidence, as Ambrose Paré, his surgeon. This man, though a Huguenot, lived with him in so great a degree of familiarity, that, on the day of the massacre, Charles telling him, the time was now come when the whole kingdom would be Catholics; he replied, without being alarmed, 'By the light of God, sire, I cannot believe that you have forgot your promise never to command me to do four things, namely, to enter again into my mother's womb, to be present in the day of battle, to quit your service, or to go to mass.' The king soon after took him aside, and disclosed to him freely the trouble of his soul: 'Ambrose,' said he, 'I know not what has happened to me these two or three days past, but I feel my mind and body as much at enmity with each other, as if I was seized with a fever: sleeping or waking, the murdered Huguenots seem ever present to my eyes, with ghastly faces, and weltering in blood. I wish the innocent and helpless had been spared.' The order which was published the following day, forbidding the continuance of the massacre, was in consequence of this conversation."

This prince died at the castle of Vincennes, at the age of

twenty-three, in the most exquisite torments, bathed in his own blood which oozed from his skin. The third son of Catherine, Duke of Anjou, and King of Poland, succeeded him.

From this period to the end of the book, we have an account of the renewal of the war, the first exploits of Rosny, (the author); and a very ingenuous description of the errors of his own conduct at nineteen, concludes it thus:

"I was at supper one night with Beauvais, the son of the King of Navarre's governor, and an officer named Useau, who, happening to quarrel, resolved to fight, and intreated me to provide them with the means. Instead of immediately acquainting the King of Navarre with their design, that prince being very solicitous to prevent these sort of combats, which a false sense of honour made very frequent at that time, I was imprudent enough to promise to comply; and after having in vain endeavoured to reconcile them, conducted them myself to the meadow where they fought, and each received a very dangerous wound. The King of Navarre, who loved Beauvais, was extremely offended with me for the part I had acted in this affair. He ordered me to be sent for, and told me in a rage, that I abridged the sovereign's authority, even in his own court, and that, were strict justice to be done on me, I should lose my head. Instead of repairing my fault by an ingenuous confession of it, I added another still greater: Piqued at this prince's threatening, I answered haughtily, That I was neither his subject nor vassal; and threatened him, in my turn, with quitting his service. The king discovered no other resentment for this insolence, than a contemptuous silence. I went out of his presence, with an intention to leave this good prince, and perhaps for ever, had not the princesses undertook to make my peace with the king, who, listening only to the dictates of his friendship for me, contented himself with punishing me no otherwise for my fault, than by treating me, during some time, with great coldness: at length, when he was convinced of the sincerity of my repentance, he resumed his former sentiments. This instance of his goodness made me know in what manner so worthy a prince ought to be served. I attached myself to him more strongly than before, resolving, from that moment, never to have any other master: but I saw myself removed from him for some time, by an imprudent promise which I had made to the Duke of Alençon."

The marriage of the narrator took place in the year 1583, an account of which must not be omitted, as it is full of character.

"I became violently enamoured of the daughter of the President de St. Mesmin, one of the most beautiful ladies in France.

"At first, I wholly abandoned myself to a passion, which, in the beginning, is so delightful, that when I would have stifled it afterwards, upon reflecting that this alliance was not convenient for me, I

found that consideration too weak, when opposed to the friendship this whole family expressed for me, the esteem of a father truly respectable, and the charms of a mistress worthy my tenderest affection. My own endeavours alone would not have been sufficient to have broken this chain. La Fond, to divert the course of my thoughts, proposed to me to visit Mademoiselle de Courtenay, whom he wished I would make my addresses to, as a person who, in all respects, was much more suitable to me. I saw her, and approved this choice, but Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin soon destroyed all these wise reflections.

"Being one day at Nogent upon the Seine, attended by this La Fond, and some other persons, I went to lodge at an inn, whither chance had conducted both Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin, and Mademoiselle de Courtenay, which I learned the moment I entered the inn. This was one of the most delicate conjunctures imaginable, and I judged it would be impossible to leave the place without breaking for ever with that lady of the two, to whom I should neglect to pay my first visit and assiduities. In a case of this nature, no artifice, no address, can satisfy two women at the same time.

"Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin's youngest sister coming down stairs that moment, found me absorbed in reflection, like a man that was labouring to reconcile his reason with his love. She perceived it, and my confusion affording her a fine opportunity to display the vivacity of her wit, she endeavoured to draw me to her sister's feet; when La Fond approaching me, whispered in my ear, 'Turn to the right, monsieur: there you will find a large estate, a royal extraction, and equal beauty, when it shall have attained to the age of perfection.' These few words, so seasonably uttered, recalled my scattered reason, and fixed my wavering purpose. I was convinced the advice La Fond gave me was good, and that the only difference between the beauty of Mademoiselle de Courtenay and her rival, was, that the one was already in the possession of charms, which a year or two more promised the other. I sent an excuse for not attending Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin, which drew upon me great reproaches; but I sustained the assault, and went immediately after to visit Mademoiselle de Courtenay, who valued this sacrifice at its full price. She was pleased with the preference; and I applauded myself for it, when I considered my new mistress with more attention, and that a few visits more had given me a perfect knowledge of her character. My addresses were favourably received, and a short time after this adventure we were married."

The second book concludes with a victory obtained by Henry, at Coutras, and the third commences with lamenting the errors committed after it. The assassination of the Duke and Cardinal Guise follow; also the death of Catherine de Medicis, of which little is said; but it appears to have made way for the reconciliation of her son, Henry III. with his successor, the King of Navarre. This circumstance had, however, scarcely

taken place, when the former, by a violent death*, followed (in the prime of his days) his wicked and ill-fated family: but we are now interested in the death of Madame de Rosny, which is mentioned in a manner that gives a lively picture of the horrors of civil warfare.

"I was upon the point of leaving this place, when a courier brought me news that my wife was dangerously ill. I flew to Rosny, with D'Orthoman, first physician to the King of Navarre, whom this prince ordered to accompany me. All this canton was in the interests of the league; and one of my brothers, who had taken possession of my house, the same wherein my wife lay ill, had the cruelty to draw up the bridge, and refuse me entrance. Pierced to my inmost soul, with a treatment so inhuman, I swore I would enter, or perish in the attempt, and already began to apply ladders to the walls, when my brother, who did not perhaps expect so much resolution, ordered the gate to be opened.

"The only consolation I had was to find my wife still alive, and to receive her last embraces: all remedies were ineffectual, and she died four days after my arrival. The loss of a wife so dear to me, and whose life had been exposed to such cruel vicissitudes of fortune, closed my heart during a whole month to every other passion but grief. I heard with insensibility the progress of the arms of the two kings, which, at any other time, would have inflamed me with an ardent desire of sharing in their dangers and glory."

The critical situation of the King roused the mind of his faithful servant, and all his courage and activity were soon engaged in combating the many enemies, and the unparalleled difficulties which surrounded Henry, who, although undoubtedly the heir of the French crown, was opposed by the nobility and the people as a Huguenot, headed by the Duke of Maienne, and aided by all the power of Spain, together with a new branch of the League which had long separated from him. Innumerable proofs of personal valour and ability in war come continually before us; and we find, with some surprise, the prudence of Henry, at this period, frequently necessary to check the impetuosity of Rosny, who, it may be remembered, was seven years his junior, and had not yet adopted that management of his kingdom, which afterwards became his highest praise.

Henry, surrounded with enemies, harassed with the diversity of his opponents, as well as their actual strength, and his finances utterly deranged, was under the necessity of conciliating his Catholic subjects, which compelled him to appear un-

* He was stabbed with a pen-knife which had been poisoned, and the wound, though trifling, thence proved mortal. He died bequeathing his crown to his heir, the King of Navarre, who was with him.

kind to his old servants; and Rosny himself was discontented naturally enough with seeing the cities he had himself won given to others, a conduct he afterwards severely reprobates in himself.

The historian slightly touches upon that passion of Henry for the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées, which has been so often the subject of poets and romance writers, but was little likely to engage the attention of the austere financier, any more than the hardy besieger: we find, however, that this year (1592) our author took time to marry again, and his second choice appears not less happy than his first. We find at this period, Henry took the only effectual way of sitting easy on his throne, and rendering his past conquests secure—a way which even the Huguenots themselves thought adviseable in the state to which the kingdom was reduced. This was by renouncing his religion, and entering the pale of the Catholic church, a mode of conduct which Sully himself strongly advised, as a duty which circumstances imposed upon a king, on whom the tranquillity of so large a portion of people depended. The king's abjuration was followed with the happiest effects; for we find, in the course of this year, he was received in Paris, numerous cities surrendered to him, and his accession of power enabled him to subdue others. Every where his moderation in victory, his forgetfulness of past injuries, the generosity of his nature, and the sweetness of his temper, are not less conspicuous than the valour, patience, and perseverance, he had displayed; and the ingenuousness of his nature was equal to his other good qualities. This openness of temper was, generally speaking, still more conspicuous in his minister; but, at this time, we find him put upon a piece of dissimulation in the parting two lovers, which he relates with all the just embarrassment which belongs to a naturally honest heart forced into the crooked paths of a courtier: but we cannot garble the account, and must therefore pass it over, being desirous to see this great prince placed firmly on a throne, for which he had fought so bravely, and which he filled so nobly. We offer one short extract.

"The next day a prodigious concourse of the populace of Paris assembled at St. Denis. The king showed himself to the people, assisted publicly at mass; wherever he turned his steps, the crowd was so great, that it was * sometimes impossible to pierce through them:

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* "'They are wild,' said Henry, 'to see a king.' *Etoile*, ibid. In a letter which he wrote to Mademoiselle D'Estrées upon this or some other such occasion, he says, 'A pleasant adventure happened to me at church: an old woman of 80 years of age seized me by the head and kissed me: I was not the first who laughed at it; to-

at the same moment, a million of voices cried, ' Long live the king.' Every one returned, charmed with the gracefulness of his person, his condescension, and that popular air which was natural to him.—' God bless him,' said they, with tears in their eyes, ' and grant that he may soon do the same in our church of Notre Dame in Paris.' I observed to the king this disposition of the people with regard to him; tender and sensible as he was, he could not behold this spectacle without a strong emotion."

War still continued; and private as well as public enemies harassed the king, whose life was attempted in the following manner.

" On the 26th of December, the king being then at Paris, in his apartments in the Louvre, where he gave audience to Messieurs de Ragny and de Montigny, who entered with a great number of other persons; at the very moment when he stooped to embrace one of them, he received a wound in the face with a knife, which the murderer let fall as he was endeavouring to escape through the crowd. I was present, and approached in an agony of grief, seeing the king all covered with blood, and fearing, with reason, that the stroke was mortal. The king removed our apprehensions by a composed and agreeable behaviour: and we perceived immediately that his lip only was wounded; the stroke having been aimed too high, the force of it was stopped by a tooth, which it broke.

" The parricide was discovered, without any difficulty, though he had mixed among the crowd. He was a scholar, named John Chatel; and readily answered, when he was interrogated, that he came from the college of the Jesuits, accusing those fathers with being the authors of his crime. The king, who heard him, said, with a gaiety, which, on such an occasion, few persons could have been capable of, that he had heard from the mouths of many persons, that the society never loved him, and he was now convinced of it by his own. Chatel was delivered up to justice; and the prosecutions against the Jesuits, which had been suspended, were now resumed more vigorously than before, and terminated by the banishment of the whole order from the kingdom."

Rosny begins now to examine the state of the finances, and to expose the dreadful abuses, which in the late confusion of the times had crept into every branch of the revenue; on which subject we shall only give the following passage.

" The following fact I had from the king himself.—Very considerable arrears were due from the royal treasury to the Swiss soldiers, German horse, and other foreigners in the French pay. The

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morrow you shall sweeten my mouth.'—*Recueil des Lettres d'Henry Grand.*"

council suborned a man, named Otoplote, who gave the receivers deputed by these foreigners to understand, that they must never expect to be paid, unless they consented to reduce their demands to such a moderate sum as could be given them, without draining the exchequer. The reduction was agreed to; but the gentlemen of the council charged the whole sum to the king's account, and by this means robbed his majesty, or rather the lawful creditors, of the overplus.

"To this, many other frauds of the same kind may be added. These gentlemen revelled in luxury, while the king and his household wanted necessaries. A few days after that on which his majesty wrote to me, he sent to inform them that he had occasion for eight hundred thousand crowns, for an enterprise of great importance, (the siege of Arras); he entreated, he conjured them to let him have this sum, but in vain; all the answer he could get was, that so far from being able to furnish him with what he demanded, they knew not how to supply the expenses of his household. It is, indeed, curious to see how this household was supported. 'I am,' says this amiable and worthy prince, in a letter to me, 'very near my enemies, and hardly a horse to carry me into the battle, nor a complete suit of armour to put on; my shirts are all ragged, my doublets out at elbow, my kettle is seldom on the fire, and these two last days I have been obliged to dine where I could, for my purveyors have informed me, that they have not wherewithal to furnish my table.' Those belonging to the gentlemen of the council were better provided. Henry, in his letter, deplored these monstrous abuses, less on his own account than on his people's, whom, he said, he looked upon as his children, since heaven had given him no others, and proposed to me the design of assembling the states of the kingdom, to consider of a remedy for all these misdemeanors."

Our author now mentions Madame de Liancourt (the fair Gabrielle) as "having attended her litter when she was in danger," but he rests as short a time as possible on the subject, having, indeed, little success in the service of the ladies, as we soon find that his affair with the king's sister, which we alluded to, brought him at last only the anger of the king, whose wishes he had fulfilled.

"I was overwhelmed, I confess, with this unexpected blow, and so much the more, as, having no reason to imagine that the king had not received my letter, I saw that it was after he had read it that I was thus treated. What reflections did I not then make upon the misfortune of being employed in settling the differences of persons of such rank, and the danger of serving kings. I had nothing to reproach myself with, in regard to Henry; I had served him four-and-twenty years with an unwearied assiduity, and a zeal that nothing could allay: it was with reluctance that I accepted this last disagreeable commission: the writing which I had obtained of the king contained many things much more severe than any I had said to the princess; and I had suppressed them at a time when it would, per-

haps, have been excusable to have aggravated them. My guilt was, at most, a too faithful obedience; yet his majesty sacrificed me cruelly, without any regard to my reasons, or his own express commands. I was sensibly affected with this injustice, and all my thoughts ran upon forming strong resolutions to quit the court for ever.

"But scarce had I taken these resolutions, when a thousand motives concurred to make me change them. Henry, as I had already often proved, had acquired such an empire over my will, that after repeated oaths on my side to quit him, a single word from him has drawn me to him as it were by enchantment. To this was added the consideration of my own interest: by listening to my resentment, I was exposing myself to lose the rewards of my long services, when I was just upon the point of obtaining them, and at a time when, being disinherited by the Viscount de Gand, I lost an estate of fifty thousand livres a-year; exhausted by a long and painful service, having a house to establish, and menaced with a numerous family by the fertility of my wife, these expected rewards were all my resource, and the only foundation I had to build upon. But, on the other side, how could I endure to suffer, like a criminal, the haughty and contemptuous behaviour of a princess, with whom I had just before maintained a character so different, and who would make this cup as bitter for me as she was able? The agitation and grief of my mind may be easily imagined."

The tenth book, commencing in 1598, opens at length with a prospect of peace, the disbanding of the army, and those cares which belong to the restoration of a long harassed country. Gabrielle, now raised to be Dutchess of Beaufort, and more than ever the object of Henry's tenderness, endeavours to prevail on the monarch to make her his queen; a consummation of her greatness opposed in the warmest and firmest manner by Rosny, who, although he sincerely wished Henry to marry, and even took steps to expedite a divorce from his first queen (Margaret, the daughter of Catherine, from whom he had many years separated), yet could not bear to think of his marriage with his mistress. The devoted servant, firm to his purpose, and faithful to the honour of his master, drew upon him all the anger of the offended beauty, and the courtiers fully expected the downfall of one whose manners were their aversion, and whose virtue was their reproach; but we learn:

"The king continuing to converse with me apart, told me, that he did not doubt but that Madam De Beaufort was greatly enraged against me, and advised me to go to her, and endeavour, by solid reasons, to give her satisfaction: 'If that will not do,' added he, 'I will speak to her as her master.'

"I went directly to the duchess's apartment, which was in the cloister of Saint Germain. I knew not what notion she conceived of a visit which she found I began with a sort of explanation; she did

not allow me time to go on: the rage with which she was animated not permitting her to observe any measures, she interrupted me with a reproach that I had imposed upon the king, and made him believe that black was white. ' 'Tis well, madam!' said I, interrupting her in my turn, but with great calmness, ' since you think fit to talk in this manner, I shall take my leave, but I shall not, however, neglect to do my duty.' Saying this, I left her, not being willing to hear more, that I might not be tempted to say any thing more severe. I put the king in a very ill humour with his mistress, when I repeated to him what she had said. ' Come along with me,' said the king, with an emotion that pleased me greatly, ' and I will let you see that women do not wholly possess me.' His coach not being ready soon enough for his impatience, his majesty got into mine: and as we drove to the duchess's lodgings, he assured me that he would never have cause to reproach himself, that, through his complaisance for a woman, he had banished or even disgusted servants, that, like me, were only solicitous for his glory and interest.

" Madam de Beaufort, upon my leaving her apartment so hastily, had expected to see the king soon after: and during that time had taken sufficient pains to prepare herself; believing, like me, that the victory which one or other of us was to gain, would be the happy or miserable presage of our fortune. As soon as she was informed of the king's arrival, she came as far as the door of the first hall to receive him. Henry, without saluting her, or showing any part of his usual tenderness, ' Let us go, madam,' said he, ' to your chamber, and suffer no one to enter but yourself, Rosny, and me; for I want to talk to you both, and make you live together upon friendly terms.' Then ordering the door to be shut, and examining whether any one remained in the chamber, wardrobe, or closet, he took her hand, holding one of mine at the same time, and with an air that she had good reason to be surprised at, told her, that the true motive which had determined him to attach himself to her, was the gentleness he had observed in her disposition; but that her conduct for some time past had convinced him, that what he had believed to be real was only dissembled, and that she had deceived him: he reproached her with the bad counsels she had listened to, and the very considerable faults they had occasioned. He covered me with praises, to show the duchess, by the difference of our proceedings, that I only was truly attached to his person: he commanded her to get so far the better of her aversion for me, as to be able to regulate her conduct by my advice, since, she might depend upon it, his passion for her should never induce him to banish me from his presence.

" Madam de Beaufort began her answer by sighs and tears; she assumed a tender and submissive air; she would have kissed the hand of Henry; omitting no artifice which she thought capable of melting his heart. It was not till she had played over all these little arts, that she began to speak, which she did by complaining, that instead of those returns she might have expected from a prince to whom she had given her heart, she saw herself sacrificed to one of his grooms: she recalled all that I had said or done against her children,

in order to awake his majesty's resentment against me: then, feigning to sink under the violence of her grief and despair, she let herself fall upon a couch, where she was determined to expect death, not being able to endure life after so cruel an affront. The attack was a little strong; Henry did not expect it: I observed him heedfully, and saw his countenance change; but recovering himself immediately, that his mistress might not perceive it, he continued to tell her in the same tone, that she might spare herself the trouble of having recourse to so many artifices on so slight an occasion. Sensibly affected at this reproach, she redoubled her tears, crying, that she plainly perceived she was abandoned, and that doubtless it was to augment her shame and my triumph, that the king had resolved to make me a witness of the severest behaviour that was ever shown to a woman. This thought seemed to plunge her into a real despair. 'By heaven, madam,' said the king, losing patience, 'this is too much, I know to what all this artifice tends; you want to prevail upon me to banish a servant, whose assistance I cannot be without: I declare to you, if I was reduced to the necessity of choosing to lose one or the other, I would rather part with ten mistresses like you, than one servant such as him.' He did not forget the term of groom which she had made use of; and was still more offended, that she had applied it to a man whose family had the honour of being allied to his own.

"After this harsh speech, the king quitted the duchess suddenly, and was going out of her apartment without seeming to be moved at the condition he left her in; probably because he knew her well enough to be sensible that all this violence of grief was affectation and grimace. As for me, I was so far deceived by it as to be greatly concerned for her; and was not drawn out of this error till Madam de Beaufort, perceiving the king was going to leave her, so much offended that she had reason to apprehend he would never return again, changed her behaviour in an instant, ran to stop him, and threw herself at his feet; no longer to impose upon his tenderness, but to sooth him to a forgetfulness of her fault: she began by apologizing for her past conduct; assumed an air of gentleness and complacency, and swore she never had, nor ever would, have any will but his. Never was there a change of scene more sudden: I now saw a woman perfectly agreeable, easy, and compliant, who acted towards me as if all that had just passed had been a dream; and we separated very good friends."

We have next a very instructive account of the manner in which a man passed his time, who held all the chief offices of state, and performed their laborious duties.

We cannot withhold the following extracts. After observing that the year had been fatal to many great people, he adds:

"Mademoiselle de Bourbon died likewise this year; and Monsieur D'Espinac, archbishop of Lyons, who may be said to have tasted all kinds of fortunes; then Madam la Connetable; and after her, Madam de Beaufort. These two last deaths made a great noise every where, and were attended with a great similarity of very uncommon circum-

stances; both were seized with a violent distemper, that lasted only three or four days; and both, though extremely beautiful, became horribly disfigured, which, together with some other symptoms, that at any other time would have been thought natural, or only the effects of poison, raised a report in the world, that the deaths of these two young ladies, as well as their elevation, was the work of the devil, who made them pay for that short felicity he had procured them. And this was certainly believed, not only amongst the people, generally credulous to a high degree of folly, but the courtiers themselves: so prevalent at that time was the infection of trading in the occult sciences, and so great was the hatred and envy to these two ladies, on account of the high rank they enjoyed.

"This is what was related of the constable's lady, and (as it is said) by the ladies that were then at her house: She was conversing gaily with them in her closet, when one of her women entered in great terror, and told her that a certain person, who called himself a gentleman, and had indeed a good presence, saving that he was quite black, and of a gigantic stature, had just entered her anti-chamber, and desired to speak to her about affairs of great consequence, which he could not communicate to any but her. At every circumstance relating to this extraordinary courier, which the woman was ordered to describe minutely, the lady was seen to turn pale, and was so oppressed with grief, that she could scarce tell her woman to entreat the gentleman, in her name, to defer his visit to another time; to which he replied, in a tone that filled the messenger with horror, that since the lady would not come willingly, he would take the trouble to go and seek her in her closet. She, who was still more afraid of a public than a private audience, resolved at last to go to him, but with all the marks of a deep despair.

"The terrible message performed, she returned to her company, bathed in tears, and half dead with dismay; she had only time to speak a few words to take leave of them, particularly of three ladies who were her friends, and to assure them that she should never see them more. That instant she was seized with exquisite pains, and died at the end of three days, inspiring all who saw her with horror at the frightful change of every feature in her face. Of this story, the wise thought as they ought to think.

"Madam de Beaufort was the weakest of her sex with regard to divination; she made no secret of her consulting with astrologers, and always had a great many of them about her, who never quitted her; and what is most surprising, although she always, doubtless, paid them well, yet they never foretold her any thing but what was disagreeable. One said, that she would never be married but once; another, that she should die young; a third, that she should take care of being with child; and a fourth, that she should be betrayed by one of her friends. Hence proceeded that melancholy which oppressed her, and which she could never afterwards get rid of. Gracienne, one of her women, has since told me, that she would retire from all company to pass whole nights in grief, and in weeping on account of these predictions.

" Being then far advanced in her pregnancy, people will be at no loss to guess the cause of that misfortune which attended it. She was already greatly indisposed both in body and mind, when, at the latter end of Lent, she was desirous of making one of the party with the king at Fontainebleau: she staid there but a few days. The king, who was not willing to incur the censure of keeping this lady with him during the Easter holidays, entreated her to leave him to spend them at Fontainebleau, and to return herself to Paris. Madam de Beaufort received this order with tears: it was still worse when they came to part; Henry, on his side, more passionately fond than ever of this lady, who had already brought him two sons, and a daughter, named Henrietta, did himself equal violence. He conducted her half-way to Paris; and although they proposed only an absence of a few days, yet they dreaded the moment of parting, as if it had been for a much longer time. Those who are inclined to give faith to presages, will lay some stress upon this relation. The two lovers renewed their parting endearments, and in every thing they said to each other at that moment, some people have pretended to find proofs of those presages of an inevitable fate.

" Madam de Beaufort spoke to the king as if for the last time; she recommended to him her children, her house of Monceaux, and her domestics: the king listened to her, but, instead of comforting her, gave way to a sympathizing grief. Again they took leave of each other, and a secret emotion again drew them to each other's arms. Henry would not so easily have torn himself from her, if the Marechal D'Ornano, Roquelure, and Frontenac, had not taken him away by force. At length they prevailed upon him to return to Fontainebleau; and the last words he said were, to recommend his mistress to La Varenne, with orders to provide every thing she wanted, and to conduct her safely to the house of Zamet, to whom he had chosen to confide the care of a person so dear to him."

Her presentiment was realized, for she died a few days after she had parted from the king.

When the sorrow of the king had somewhat subsided, Rosny, anxious for his marriage, completed the dissolution of his union with Margaret of Valois, whom he describes as generous and honourable in her conduct. Henry, however, counteracted the wishes of his wise adviser, by taking a new mistress, Mademoiselle d'Entragues, to whom, with the imprudence of inconsiderate passion, he gave a promise of marriage, provided " she bore him a son in the course of a year." The king in evident confusion showed Rosny the paper he had drawn up to confirm his verbal promise—he was overwhelmed with consternation—and

" Henry, seeing that I returned him the paper coldly, but with a visible agitation of mind, said to me, ' Come, come, speak freely, and do not assume all this reserve.' I could not immediately find words to express my thoughts, nor need I here assign reasons for my

perplexity, which may be easily imagined by those who know what it is to be the confidant of a king, on occasions when there is a necessity of combating his resolution, which is always absolute and unalterable. The king again assured me, that I might say and do what I pleased without offending him; which was but a just amends, he said, for having forced from me three hundred thousand livres. I obliged him to repeat this assurance several times, and even to seal it with a kind of oath; and then no longer hesitating to discover my opinion, I took the paper out of the king's hands and tore it to pieces, without saying a word. 'How!' said Henry, astonished at the boldness of this action, '*Morbleu!* what do you mean? I think you are mad.' 'I am mad, I acknowledge, sire,' replied I, 'and would to God I was the only madman in France.' My resolution was taken, and I was prepared to suffer every thing rather than, by a pernicious deference and respect, to betray my duty and veracity; therefore, notwithstanding the rage I saw that instant impressed on the king's countenance, while he collected together out of my hands the torn pieces of the writing, to serve as a model for another, I took advantage of that interval to represent to him, in a forcible manner, all that the subject may be imagined to suggest to me. The king, angry as he was, listened till I had done speaking, but, overcome by his passion, nothing was capable of altering his resolution; the only effort he made was not to banish a confidant too sincere. He went out of the gallery without saying a single word to me, and returned to his closet, whither he ordered Lomenie to bring him a standish and paper; he came out again in half a quarter of an hour, which he had employed in writing a new promise. I was at the foot of the staircase when he descended; he passed by without seeming to see me, and went to Malesherbes to hunt, where he staid two days."

The king afterwards consented that his marriage with Mary de Medicis, daughter of the grand Duke of Florence, should go forward.

"I was pitched upon to communicate this news to the king, who did not expect the business would have been concluded so suddenly. As soon as I replied to his question from whence I came, 'We come, sire, from marrying you,' this prince remained a quarter of an hour as if he had been struck with a thunderbolt. He afterwards walked up and down his chamber hastily, gnawing his nails, rubbing his head, and delivered up to reflections, with which his mind was so violently agitated, that for a long time he could not utter a word. I did not doubt but that all I had represented to him had now a proper effect: at length recovering himself like a man who had taken his resolution, 'Well!' said he, striking his hands together, 'well, *depardieu!* be it so, there is no remedy: since for the good of my kingdom you say I must marry, I must.' He acknowledged to me, that the fear of succeeding no better in his second than his first marriage, was the cause of his irresolution. Strange caprice of the human mind! A prince who had extricated himself with glory and success from a

thousand cruel dissensions, which war and policy had occasioned, trembled at the very thoughts of domestic quarrels, and seemed more troubled than when, that very year, upon notice sent from a Capuchin of Milan, an Italian, who had come to Paris with an intention to poignard him, was seized in the midst of the court. The marriage, though concluded on, was not solemnized till the following year."

In the year 1601, Henry the Great and Elizabeth of England (who, according to Sully, had also a right to that appellation) set out to meet each other, but the straits of Dover were not passed by either; Rosny going over to the queen, and obtaining from her the plans she wished Henry to share or prosecute. Between these sovereigns there had long existed the most entire friendship, and their union offered the only check to the power of Spain, and effected the liberation of the Low Countries. In this year, Lewis XIII. was born, and we have a most agreeable picture of Henry as the tender husband; yet it is evident, that his last mistress, although she was unfaithful, treacherous, and insolent, preserved over him an almost unbounded power even now. This is the more to be deplored, because we find him a man capable of feeling the tender ties of connubial life, and the affections that spring from them: speaking of the queen, Sully informs us, that, during the king's absence,

"He recommended to me with great earnestness to be assiduous about her, and endeavour to make her approve of this journey; as likewise to procure her every kind of diversion that might alleviate her concern during the first days of his absence. He never wrote to me without making inquiry about the state of her health, and the manner in which she passed her time: and it may be truly said, that he never omitted giving her every instance of respect and tenderness that was able to make her forget the uneasiness she received from his amours."

Yet we find in this book, that this illustrious couple had many quarrels, which the grave minister had the misfortune to witness, and the heavy task to conciliate, for which his grateful master made him all the recompense in his power. The Duke of Sully is ever open on this subject, showing explicitly his stile of living, expense, means of support, &c.; when he accepted the munificent, but well-merited rewards of his sovereign. On one occasion, Henry says,

"I cannot do more for you than ought to be done for a servant, however faithful he may be, by a prince who has his honour, his reputation, and the interest of his people, at heart.

"Henry, without giving me time to reply, added, that till proper opportunities offered for completing my fortune, he, from this moment,

would join to my salaries and pensions, which were but sufficient to answer the expenses of my table and house, an extraordinary gratuity of sixty thousand livres a year; that by uniting this sum to my own estate I might purchase more lands, build upon them, furnish and embellish my new houses, and more advantageously settle my children; telling me graciously, that he still reserved to himself to give me other proofs of his friendship and liberality: 'And this,' pursued he, 'I shall do with the more willingness, as I am assured you will not squander these sums foolishly on entertainments, dogs, horses, birds, and mistresses.'"

The last articles were the source of much expense, as well as inquietude, to the king himself; and we can readily conceive the smile which illumined his countenance, as if to cover his own self-reproach, when he thus addressed his grave, undeviating, but affectionate servant.

The most material event of the year 1603 was the death of Queen Elizabeth, of whom Henry wrote, "she was the irreconcilable enemy of his irreconcilable enemies, and a second self." He was himself dangerously ill soon after; but on his amendment, he deputed no less an ambassador to the new monarch of England, than this great minister. We find, he departed with a retinue of upwards of two hundred gentlemen, many of whom were of the first distinction; one of whom (Servin) is thus described.

"I found him to be at once both a wonder and a monster; for I can give no other idea of that assemblage of the most excellent and most pernicious qualities. Let the reader represent to himself a man of a genius so lively, and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarce ignorant of any thing that could be known: of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of what he attempted; and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned; he possessed all parts of philosophy and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing; even in theology he was so well skilled, that he was an excellent preacher whenever he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able disputant for and against the reformed religion indifferently; he not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all the languages which we call learned, but also all the different jargons or modern dialects; he accented and pronounced them so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners both of the several nations of Europe, and the particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all or any of these countries; and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully: he was, moreover, the best comedian and greatest droll that perhaps ever appeared; he had a genius for poetry, and had wrote many verses; he played upon almost all instruments, was perfect master of music, and sung most agreeably and justly; he likewise could say mass; for he

was of a disposition to do as well as to know all things: his body was perfectly well suited to his mind, he was light, nimble, dexterous, and fit for all exercises; he could ride well, and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was admired: there are not any recreative games that he did not know; and he was skilled in almost all mechanic arts. But now for the reverse of the medal: here it appeared that he was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, deceitful; a liar, a cheat, a drunkard and glutton; a sharper in play, immersed in every species of vice, a blasphemer, an atheist: in a word, in him might be found all the vices contrary to nature, honour, religion, and society; the truth of which he himself evinced with his latest breath, for he died in a common brothel, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with the glass in his hand, cursing and denying God."

In the account of the embassy, we see much of that character in our "gude King Jamie," which made Henry stile him "Captain of arts, and clerk of arms;" he inveighed against the Spaniards, but he had neither the high spirit nor the comprehensive views of Elizabeth, of whose plans he would not hear, and whose very name was disagreeable to him (for which he ought certainly to be forgiven). We are told, "he was fond of comparing himself to Henry the Great;" but by what ingenuity of sophistry he could find a point to fasten similarity upon we cannot conceive—happily, it was "not in his love of strange women," certainly not in his love of fighting.

We have also a farther account of the affairs of England, and the splendid presents made by the ambassador on his quitting the country. Rosny was affectionately received on his return by his sovereign, but soon got into trouble with the Marchioness de Verneuil, who had imposed on the too-easy temper of the king, to procure grants by which the people were oppressed, and which soon roused the righteous indignation of the minister; who informs us,

"I set out with a full resolution to make a new attempt upon the king, in favour of the people, who would be prevented by these extortions from paying the land-tax. The marchioness asking what paper it was I had in my hand, 'This is a pretty business, madam,' answered I in a passion, yet affecting to be much more angry than I really was, 'you are not the last among those that are concerned in it;' in effect, her name made the sixth article. I then opened the memorial, and read to her all the names, with the titles of the edicts. 'And what do you intend to do with this?' said she. 'I intend,' answered I, 'to make some remonstrances to the king upon it.' 'Truly,' replied she, no longer able to contain her spleen, 'he will have little to do to take your advice, and offend so many great people. And on whom, pray, would you have the king confer favours, if not on those who are mentioned in this writing, his cousins, friends, and mis-

tresses?' 'What you say, madam,' replied I, 'would be reasonable enough, if his majesty took the money all out of his own purse; but to make a new levy upon the merchants, artists, labourers, and countrymen, it will never do; it is by them that the king and all of us are supported, and it is enough that they provide for a master, without having so many cousins, friends, and mistresses, to maintain.'

"Madam de Verneuil lost none of my words, she dwelt particularly upon the last; and, in the rage with which she was transported, made use of them to form a thousand wicked slanders."

This quarrel with an unreasonable woman led to one with a man not more reasonable, the count de Soissons; which, but for the interposition of the king, would have ended seriously.

The twentieth book commences with the process against the Counts of Auvergne and Entragues, whose sentence was perpetual imprisonment in the Bastille. The Marchioness de Verneuil, who was equally implicated, had a full pardon, "and even dictated the conditions herself."

These affairs were scarcely concluded, when the sovereign and his minister were alike harassed by an endeavour to separate them by rendering the faithful servant an object of suspicion and dislike to his master. This was the work of father Cotton, a Jesuit, who was seconded by the many who envied the power and loathed the virtues of Sully. There have been many similar seasons of coldness during the years we have passed; but none so bad as this, in which the king seems to have suffered nearly a month of anxiety and estrangement; but which, like every other trial, only established their friendship more permanently. When the explanation was complete, the candid monarch observed:

"'You cannot conceive, my friend, how easily and happily I have slept this night, after having opened my heart to you, and had all my doubts cleared up.' He then asked me if I did not feel the same calm satisfaction; I replied that I did, and that he should always find in me the same fidelity."

We have, in the twenty-first book, an account of the finances, the expenditure, the debts, and the payments of France; and abundant proof of the wise and liberal economy, the immense resources, the unremitting diligence, and the comprehensive views of this great minister; who not only retrieved the affairs of his impoverished country, but reimbursed all who had adventured in her service, and liquidated the debts of a king whose gifts rendered him expensive, and whose dependants were insatiable. We learn that the Countess Maret revived the passion of love in the heart of Henry, but did not therefore awaken the discontent formerly evinced by the queen towards the Marchioness de Verneuil.

Rosny now receives the title of Duke of Sully, which is bestowed in the most splendid and honourable manner; but is most interesting where it presents another picture of this delightful monarch:

"I carried sixty persons of the highest quality home with me to the arsenal, where an entertainment of flesh and fish was prepared for them, and was most agreeably surprised to find his majesty, who went thither during the ceremony without giving me notice of his intention. 'Grand master,' cried the king, as soon as I entered, 'I am come to the feast without being invited: shall I have a bad dinner?' 'It is possible you may, sire,' I replied, 'since I did not expect to be honoured with your presence.' 'I assure you I shall not,' returned the king, preventing my acknowledgements, 'for while I waited your return, I visited your kitchen, where I have seen the finest fish imaginable, and ragouts in my own taste; and because you staid too long, I have allayed my hunger with some oysters, and drank some of your wine of Arbois, which I think is the best I ever tasted.' The king's gaiety heightened the pleasure of the entertainment; and the rest of the day was passed to the entire satisfaction of the guests."

The *Memoirs* next narrate the circumstance of the king and queen having a narrow escape from drowning, as they crossed the river Neuilly. The king was preserved in the first place, but he rushed back into the river to save the queen, who was insensible; but on coming to herself heaved a sigh, and "eagerly inquired for the king." We cannot resist offering another view of Henry, pained with the thought that it will be nearly the last we can take of a monarch, whom we leave it to others to censure, and therefore content ourselves with the love and admiration he is so calculated to inspire.

"It was to make a party for the chase that Henry had risen so early that morning, and he was resolved to dine upon the partridges he should take in hawking: he used to say, that he never thought them so tender and good as when they were taken in this manner; and especially, when he could snatch them himself from the hawks. Towards the middle of the day Henry returned, extremely well satisfied with his morning's diversion, and in a gaiety of humour, which his good state of health, and the happy situation of his affairs, contributed greatly to increase: he entered the great hall, holding the partridges in his hand, and cried aloud to Coquet, (who waited there for his return, and was talking to Parfait at one end of the hall), 'Coquet, Coquet, you must not complain of Roquelaure, Thermes, Frontenac, Arambure, and me, for want of a dinner, for we have brought something to treat ourselves with; but go immediately and order them to be dressed; let eight be reserved for my wife and me; Bonneval here shall carry them to her from me, and shall tell her, that I am going to drink her health; but take care and keep those birds that are a little

bit by the hawks for me; there are three very fat, which I took from them myself, and which they have scarce touched.'

"As Henry was distributing his partridges, La-Clielle came in, and with him Parfait, bringing in a large bason, gilt with gold, and covered with a napkin; 'Sire,' cried he twice, 'embrace my knees, for I have brought you a great many, and very fine ones.' 'See how rejoiced Parfait is,' said the king, 'this will make him fatter by an inch upon the ribs; I find he has brought me some good melons; I am glad of it, for I am resolved to eat my fill of them to-day; they never hurt me when they are good, and when I eat them while I am very hungry, and before meat, as the physicians direct.' I will give each of you a melon before you have your partridges, when I have first chosen out some for my wife and myself, and for another person to whom I have promised some.' The king then going to his own apartment, gave a couple of melons to two boys who were at the door, whispering something in their ear at the same time: and as he came out of his long closet to go to his aviary, perceiving Fourcy, Beringhen, and La-Font, the latter bringing something covered up in his hand, 'La-Font,' said Henry to him, 'are you bringing me a ragout for my dinner?' 'Yes, sire,' replied Beringhen, 'but these are raw meats, fit only to feast the eyes with.' 'That is not what I want,' replied his majesty, 'for I am excessively hungry, and would rather have my dinner than any other thing: but, La-Font, what is it you have wrapped up so?' 'Sire,' says Fourcy, 'he has got patterns of several sorts of stuffs, carpets, and tapestry, which your best manufacturers have undertaken to make.' 'Oh!' replied Henry, 'they will afford us some amusement after dinner; I will show them to my wife, and to another person, whose opinion and mine do not always agree, especially when we are talking of what he calls baubles and trifles: I believe, Fourcy,' added he, 'you guess whom I mean; I should be glad to have him present with my wife when you show us these stuffs, it will bring something to my remembrance which I want to communicate to them when they are together, that I may have their opinions: he often tells me,' pursued his majesty, still speaking of me, but without naming me, 'that he never thinks any thing fine or good that costs double its real value; and that I should think the same of all goods extremely dear: I know his reasons for talking in this manner, although I pretend to be ignorant of them; but we must suffer him to talk, for he is not a man of few words. Fourcy, go for him immediately; or, that he may be here the sooner, send one of my coaches for him, or your own.'

"The coachman meeting one of my footmen, whom I had sent to the Louvre to inquire if his majesty was returned, he came to the duchess of Guise's, where I had just dined: I surprised his majesty when I came in, for he did not expect to see me so soon. 'You have made great haste,' said this prince to me when I entered the room, where he was still at table, 'you could not possibly have come directly from the arsenal.' When I told him where I had dined; 'that whole family being related to you,' said he, 'and loving you so much as they do, for which I am very glad, I am persuaded that while they follow

your counsels, as they say they are determined to do, they will never do an injury either to my person or state.' 'Sire,' returned I, 'your majesty says this in a manner so unreserved, that I see you are in a good humour, and better satisfied with me than you have been these fifteen days.' 'What! you still remember that then,' interrupted Henry, 'I assure you I do not; you know that our little resentments ought never to last more than a day: I know that yours did not hinder you from undertaking, the very next day, something for my advantage in my finances. I have not,' continued Henry, with great gaiety, 'found myself so light and so easy these three months as this day; I mounted my horse without help; I have had great pleasure in the chase this morning; my hawks have flown, and my greyhounds have run so well, that the former have taken a great number of young partridges, and the latter three large hares; one of the best of my hawks, which I thought lost, has been found and brought back to me: I have a very good appetite, have eat some excellent melons, and they have served me up some quails, the fattest and tenderest I have ever eat. By letters from Provence,' continued the king, to show me that every thing conspired to his happiness, 'I am informed that the seditions in Marseilles are entirely quelled: and from several other provinces I have news, that there never has been so fruitful a season, and that my people will grow rich, if I permit them to export corn. Saint-Antoine writes me word, that the prince of Wales is always talking of me, and of the friendship which he promised you he would ever preserve for me. From Italy I am informed, that affairs there are in such a situation, that I shall have the honour of reconciling the pope and the Venetians. Bongars writes me word from Germany, that the new king of Sweden is upon better terms every day with his subjects; and that the landgrave of Hesse acquires me constantly new friends and allies. Buzenval has written to Villeroi, that both the Spaniards and Flemings are brought so low, that they will soon be obliged to listen to proposals for a peace or a truce, of which I must necessarily be the mediator and protector: and thus begin to render myself the arbitrator of all the differences among the princes of Christendom. And for an increase of satisfaction,' said the prince gaily, 'behold me here at table, surrounded with all these you see,' (for he had with him Du-Laurens, Du-Perron the younger, Gutron, Des-Yvetaux, Chaumont, and the fathers Cotton, and Gonthier), 'of whose affection for me I am well assured, and who, as you know, are capable of entertaining me with useful as well as agreeable conversation; which shall not, however, hinder me from talking of business as soon as I have dined, for then I will listen to every body, and will satisfy all, if reason and justice can do it.'"

"This conversation, which, from being gay and lively, had taken a very serious turn, was interrupted by the queen, who had left her chamber, and was going to her closet. The king, rising from table, went to meet her, saying, 'Well, my dear, were not the melons, partridges, and quails I sent you very good? if your appetite has been as keen as mine, you have dined extremely well; I never eat so much as I have done to-day, or was ever in a better humour; ask Rosny, he

will tell you the occasion of it, and will acquaint you with the news I have received, and the conversation we have had.' The queen, who was likewise more than usually cheerful, replied, that to contribute, on her side, to divert his majesty, she had been making preparations for a ballet and an interlude of her own invention; the ballet was to represent the felicity of the golden age; and the interlude, the amusements of the four seasons of the year. 'I do not say,' added she, 'that I have not had a little assistance, for Duret and La-Clavelle have been with me the whole morning, while you were at the chase.' 'How charmed am I to see you in this humour, my dear,' said Henry to her, 'I beseech you let us always live together in this manner.' Fourcy was then ordered to show the patterns for the stuffs and tapestry. The king desired the queen to tell him her opinion of them; and turning to me, 'I know what yours is already,' said he; 'but now let us see your abstracts of accounts?'"

Sully is again in danger of disgrace from the freedom of his remonstrances:

"My servants were all afflicted; but many others, I believe, inwardly rejoiced at it.

"At seven o'clock the next morning, the king came to the arsenal, with five or six persons whom he brought with him in his coach. He would not allow my people to give me notice of his arrival; but walked up to my apartment, and tapped at my closet-door himself. Upon my asking, 'Who is there?' he replied, 'It is the king.' I knew his voice, and was not a little surprised at this visit. 'Well, what are you doing here?' said he, entering with Roquelaure, De Vic, Zamet, La Varenne, and Erard the engineer; for he had occasion to speak to me about the fortifications of Calais. I replied, that I was writing letters, and preparing work for my secretaries. And, indeed, my table was all overspread with letters and states of affairs, which I was to lay before the council that day. 'And how long have you been thus employed?' said his majesty, 'Ever since three o'clock,' I replied. 'Well, Roquelaure,' said the prince, turning to him, 'for how much money would you lead this life?' 'Faith, sire, not for all your treasures,' replied Roquelaure. Henry made no answer; but commanding every one to retire, he began to confer with me upon matters in which it was impossible for me to be of his opinion; which he easily perceived when I told him coldly, that I had no advice to give: that his majesty having, doubtless, taken his resolution after mature deliberation, all that remained to be done was to obey him, since he was displeased when my sentiments happened not to agree with his. 'Oh, oh,' said Henry, 'smiling, and giving me a little tap on the cheek, 'you are upon the reserve with me, and are angry at what happened yesterday: however, I am so no longer with you; come, come, embrace me and live with me with the same freedom as usual; for I know you well, were you to act otherwise, I should think you took no farther interest in my affairs. Though I am sometimes hasty," added he, with a candour natural to him, 'you should bear with it; for I

love you not the less for it: on the contrary, from the moment you cease to contend with me in these matters, which I am convinced you cannot approve, I shall believe you no longer love me.'"

We soon after find the grave duke a kind of master of the revels, as he is preparing halls for ballets, and making a gallery for the ladies *only:* a regulation he personally enforced, when

"One day when a very fine ballet was represented in this hall, I perceived a man leading in a lady, with whom he was preparing to enter one of the women's galleries: he was a foreigner, and I easily distinguished of what country by the swarthy colour of his skin. 'Monsieur,' said I to him, 'you must seek for another door if you please; for I do not imagine that, with such a complexion, you can hope to pass for a fair lady.' 'My lord,' answered he, in very bad French, 'when you know who I am, I am persuaded you will not refuse to let me sit among those fair ladies, as swarthy as I am. My name is Pimentel, I have the honour to be very well with his majesty, who plays very often with me:' which was, indeed, too true; for this foreigner, whom I had already heard often mentioned, had gained immense sums from the king. 'How, *Ventre-de-ma-vie*,' said I to him, affecting to be extremely angry, 'you are then that fat Portuguese,* who every day wins the king's money. *Pardieu*, you are come to a bad place; for I neither like, nor will suffer such people to come here.' He offered to speak, but I would not hear him. 'Go, go,' said I, pushing him back, 'you shall not enter here: I am not to be prevailed upon by your gibberish.' The king afterwards asking him if he did not think the ballet very fine, and the dances exquisitely performed, Pimentel told him that he had a great inclination to see it, but that he met his grand financier, with his negative front, at the door, who turned him back. He then related his adventure with me, at which the king was extremely pleased, and laughed heartily at his manner of telling it; nor did he forget to divert the whole court with it afterwards."

We now enter on the *last* book of Henry's history; and from the memoirs before us we learn, that something like a presentiment of his death might be said to affect this great monarch for a considerable time before it took place. This arose, undoubtedly, from the various attempts of a treasonable nature which had occurred during his reign, aided by several prognostications pointing out this year of his life as his last. The Queen, who had never been crowned, now insisted on the performance of this ceremony, and she was the more urged to it by the insults of the Marchioness, who maintained that she had no right to the distinction, on account of Henry's former promise. The matter

* Pimentel was not a Portuguese, but an Italian.

was therefore finally settled and the day appointed; but, speaking on this subject, we find the King thus deploring it :

" ' Oh ! my friend,' said he, ' this coronation does not please me: I know not what is the meaning of it; but my heart tells me, some fatal accident will happen.' He sat down, as he spoke these words, upon a low chair,which I had caused to be made on purpose for him, and which was kept always in my closet, and, resigning himself up to all the horror of his melancholy apprehensions, he beat on the case of his reading glass with his fingers, and continued in a profound reverie; then, suddenly starting up, and striking his hands together, he exclaimed; ' *Pardieu*, I shall die in this city; they will murder me here; I see plainly that they have made my death their only resource. Oh ! this cursed coronation, it will be the cause of my death.' ' My God, sire,' said I to him one day, ' what a thought have you entertained: if you persist in it, it is my opinion, that you ought to break off this coronation, your journey, and your war; if you wish it should be so, it is not difficult to satisfy you.' ' Yes,' said he at length, after I had several times made the same proposal to him, ' yes, break off this coronation, and let me never hear more of it; my mind will then be freed from those apprehensions which the advices I have received have given rise to: I shall then leave this city, and have nothing to fear.'

" ' I shall not conceal from you,' added he, ' that it has been foretold to me I should be murdered at a public ceremony, and die in a coach; and hence proceed my fears.' ' You never mentioned this to me, sire,' replied I; ' and I have been often surprised to hear you cry out when in a coach, and seem so much alarmed at a danger so inconsiderable; you whom I have often beheld unmoved in all the rage of war, amidst volleys of cannon and musquet shots, and environed by swords and pikes. However, since this notion affects you to such a degree, I would advise you, sire, to depart to-morrow: let the coronation be performed without you, or defer it till some other time; and let it be long e'er you return to Paris, or get into a coach. Shall I send directly to Notre Dame and St. Denis, to put a stop to the preparations, and send back the workmen?' ' I would consent to it willingly,' said the king; ' but what will my wife, who has this coronation strangely in her head, say to it?' ' Let her say what she will,' resumed I, finding my proposal had greatly pleased the king; ' however, I cannot believe that she will continue obstinate, when she knows what apprehensions you have of some disaster happening.'

" I did not wait for any other order, but sent immediately to put a stop to the preparations for the coronation. It is with much regret, that I am obliged to confess, that, notwithstanding all my endeavours, the queen would not give her husband this satisfaction. I shall pass over in silence, the prayers, entreaties, and arguments, with which, for three whole days, I endeavoured to move her. It was Henry's part to yield; and, as in certain moments he was the first to condemn himself for his fears, he left off speaking to me of the coronation; or by me to the queen. The preparations again went forward, and again his apprehensions returned. It was in these words, which he had perpetually in his mouth, that he expressed those apprehensions.—' Ah !

my friend, I shall never go out of this city: they will murder me here: this cursed coronation will be the cause of my death.' I shall never forget those sad words.

The ceremony of the Queen's coronation was performed at St. Denis; and the following Wednesday, May 17th, was fixed upon for her public entry into Paris, but on some account it was suspended. The Duke of Sully was ill, and being desired to bathe, the King, who wished to speak with him, gave strict orders that he should not leave his room, "for that he would himself come to the Duke's house:" the memoir concludes thus:

"At four o'clock in the afternoon, as I had just entered my wardrobe, I heard Castenet, and afterwards my wife, utter a great cry, and that instant my whole house resounded with this mournful exclamation: 'Ah! my God, all is lost! France is undone!' I went out precipitately, undressed as I was. 'Ah! Monsieur,' cried they on all sides, 'the king has just been dangerously wounded in his side with a knife.' It was not possible for me to doubt a moment whether the dreadful news was true. St. Michel entered immediately: he had been a witness almost of the blow, and brought the knife with which it was given, still reeking with blood. 'Oh!' cried I, raising my hands and eyes to heaven, in a distraction no words can describe, 'this is what the poor prince always apprehended: Oh! my God, have pity upon him, upon us, and the state: it is all over if he is murdered—God would not have permitted so cruel an accident, but to let loose all his wrath upon France; into what strange hands is she about to be delivered!*'"

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* "One would imagine, that upon a fact so public and so recent as the assassination of Henry IV., there would be found a perfect conformity in the histories and memoirs of that time; yet many of the cotemporary writers do not agree either as to the number of the persons who were in the coach with this prince when he was assassinated, the wounds he received, nor many other circumstances no less essential. In order, therefore, to make this recital in a manner equally faithful and complete, it is necessary to collect and join together what has been said on this subject by Messieurs de Péréfixe, Matthieu, L'Etoile, the continuator of Du Thou, and the French Mercury for the year 1610.

"'The night before this most unhappy day his majesty could take no rest, and was in continual uneasiness. In the morning he told those about him, that he had not slept, and that he was very much disordered. Thereupon M. de Vendôme entreated his majesty to take care of himself that day, and not to go out; for that day was fatal to him. 'I see,' answered the king, 'that you have consulted the almanack, and have heard of the prediction of La-Brosse, from my cousin the count of Soissons: he is an old fool, and you, who are young, have still less wisdom.' The duke of Vendôme then went to the queen, who likewise

The Duke dares not enter into farther particulars of the awful catastrophe he deplores, but thus speaks of his murdered King.

" Such was the tragical end of a prince, on whom nature, with a lavish profusion, had bestowed all her advantages, except that of a death such as he merited. I have already observed, that his nature was so happy, and his limbs formed with such proportion, as constitutes

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begged the king not to go out of the Louvre that day; but he made her the same answer.' *P. de L'Etoile.*

" ' The coach turned from the street St. Honoré into that part called Féronnerie, which was then very narrow, and made more so by the little shops erected against the wall of the churchyard of St. Innocent. A little embarrassment was occasioned by the meeting of two carts, one loaden with wine, the other with hay; so that the coach was obliged to stop in a corner of the street, over against the study of a certain notary, whose name was Poutrain. The footmen took a nearer way, that they might with less difficulty come up with the coach at the end of the street; so that there were only two which followed the coach, and one of these went to make way for it to go on, while the other in the mean time took that opportunity to fasten his garter.' *Ibid.*

" ' Ravillac, who had followed the coach from the Louvre, perceiving that it stopped, and that there was no person near it, advanced to that side where he observed the king sat. His cloak being wrapped round his left arm served to conceal the knife, which he held in his hand; and sliding between the shops and the coach, as if he was attempting to pass by, like others, he supported one foot upon one of the spokes of the wheel, and the other upon a stone, and, drawing a knife edged on both sides, gave the king a wound a little above the heart, between the third and fourth rib. His majesty had just turned towards the duke of Epernon, and was reading a letter; or, as others say, leaning towards the marechal Lavardin, to whom he was whispering. Henry, feeling himself struck, cried out, ' I am wounded;' and, in the same instant, the assassin perceiving that the point of his knife had been stopped by a rib, he repeated the blow with such quickness, that not one of those who were in the coach had time to oppose nor even to perceive it. Henry, by raising his arm, gave a fairer aim for the second blow, which, according to *Péréfixe* and *L'Etoile*, went directly to his heart; and according to *Rigault* and the *French Mercury*, near the auricle of the heart; so that the blood gushing out of his mouth, and from his wound, the unhappy prince expired, breathing a deep sigh; or, as *Matthieu* asserts, pronouncing, with a faint and dying voice, these words,—' It is nothing.' The murderer aimed a third stroke at him, which the duke of Epernon received in his sleeve.' *Ibid.*

" ' It is the opinion of the author of the *French Mercury*, that Henry IV. died at the first blow, ' which,' said he, ' entering between the fifth and sixth rib, pierced the vein within, round the auricle of the heart, and reached to the vena cava, which, being cut, that great prince was in an instant deprived of speech and life. The second stroke only razed the skin, and made no impression.' "

not only what is called a well-made man, but indicates strength, vigour, and activity; his complexion was animated; all the lineaments of his face had that agreeable liveliness which forms a sweet and happy physiognomy, and perfectly suited to that engaging easiness of manners which, though sometimes mixed with majesty, never lost the graceful affability and easy gaiety so natural to that great prince. With regard to the qualities of his heart and mind, I shall tell the reader nothing new, by saying that he was candid, sincere, grateful, compassionate, generous, wise, penetrating; in a word, endowed with all those great and amiable qualities which in these Memoirs we have so often had occasion of admiring in him.

"He loved all his subjects as a father, and the whole state as the head of a family: and this disposition it was, that recalled him even from the midst of his pleasures, to the care of rendering his people happy, and his kingdom flourishing: hence proceeded his readiness in conceiving, and his industry in perfecting, a great number of useful regulations; many I have already specified: and I shall sum up all, by saying, that there were no conditions, employments, or professions, to which his reflections did not extend; and that with such clearness and penetration, that the changes he projected could not be overthrown by the death of their author, as it but too often happened in this monarchy. It was his desire, he said, that glory might influence his last years, and make them, at once, useful to the world, and acceptable to God: his was a mind, in which the ideas of what is great, uncommon, and beautiful, seemed to rise of themselves: hence it was, that he looked upon adversity as a mere transitory evil, and prosperity as his natural state."

Thus warned, and knowing that all was over, the Duke, overwhelmed with sorrow, returned to his house, but he was soon drawn thence by the importunities of the Queen, whose grief at the sight of so dear a friend proved how sensible she was of the severity of the loss she had sustained. Even now it appears, however, that some in her household rejoiced; and from this time Conchini and his wife Leonora, who had ever been the enemies of Henry's peace, gain a complete ascendancy over the Queen, who is in the general consternation declared Regent, and of course the downfall of Sully and the perversion of his excellent system may be foreseen,—this weak Princess, though affectionately attached to her late husband, and well aware of all he owed to the Duke of Sully, being entirely governed by her insidious Florentines.

The "Supplement to the life of the Duke of Sully," is very interesting, and we regret that our limits forbid further extracts.

This great man closed a life so full of useful exertion, and dignified tranquillity; so honourable to himself, and beneficial to his country; "at the castle of Villebon, Dec. 22d, 1641, aged 82 years." His widow erected a noble mausoleum to perpetuate his virtues, and honours; and survived him until 1659, when she died in her 97th year.

ART. IX.—*Pithy, Pleasant, and Profitable Workes of* Maister Skelton, *Poet Laureate to Henry VIII.*

Britannicarum Literarum lumen et decus.
Erasmi Epist. ad Hen. VIII.

London, 1736.

There are many cogent reasons for not pursuing the order of time in these our notices of the authors of ages gone by. One, among others, is,—that such an arrangement would lose us many a good critique; for we should only be able to accept the offers of those who had chosen a subject suited in time as well as in subject. For our readers must not imagine that *we* are some particular few who devote ourselves to the studies necessary for establishing and adorning a work of this kind, and who might just as well commence at the beginning as well as any where else, and thus pioneer our way through all the rubbish of antiquity, and arrive at the remarkable and the interesting by regular approaches. This mode has been recommended to us by more than one kind anonymous friend, but such individuals have however mistaken the nature of our constitution. They who will cast an eye over our contents, and give but a peep into the various styles of writing, and different modes of thinking, in our volumes, will readily perceive that we are not a body organized in the most regular fashion; and that we by no means proceed on any settled and determinate plan. A great number of our articles have been written by those who had a decided partiality for the author they were reviewing, whose beauties had long been intimately known to them, and had often, perhaps, afforded a consolation and a resource. While this circumstance may give somewhat of an eulogical character to our work, it assures a vivid feeling and relish for the subject, and very frequently a spirit in the expression, and delight in the analysis of it, which we may, with boldness, contrast to the lifelessness which the necessity of proceeding in a regular chronological series would have necessarily produced. In our literary and friendly intercourse, it is no uncommon occurrence to meet with lovers of old English books: amongst these, we almost invariably find each has some two or three favourites. The temptation of spreading the fame of a dear but antiquated and, perhaps, obscure friend; of dwelling upon his character; retracing the source of the pleasure he has felt in his society; and dragging into light those hidden and secret virtues, only known to

himself; is generally too much for him who has a real attachment; and he, at length, yields to gracing our pages with as accurate a portrait as his art and zeal will permit him to take. In this kind we may instance the papers on the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, by Defoe; and the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney; which never could have been written without a sincere and ardent love of the subject, which a wading and plodding up to them in regular succession must have damped or destroyed. Besides, we have long tasks in the performance of our duty, which cannot fail to be attended with some portion of weariness and disgust; so that, unless we were privileged to light now and then upon a flower, though not in the beaten path, we should be inclined to throw up our labours at once. We may add, that an attention to chronological order would have filled our earlier numbers with such authors as we are at present about to review; an argument which may be more forcibly felt at the end than at the beginning of this article: we well know that such an arrangement would have conferred as little pleasure upon our readers as profit upon ourselves. While, however, Skelton is not exactly of our choice, he is yet a curious, able, and remarkable writer, and one who was styled, in his turn, by as great a scholar as ever lived, the light and ornament of Britain. And as he doubtless produced a considerable effect upon English poetry and the English language, he is well worthy of a notice here.

Very little is known of the life of John Skelton, and that little to be got from the *Athenæ Oxonienses*. He passed through Oxford with a high reputation, and became rector of Dysse, in Norfolk, when he fell under the displeasure of Nykke, bishop of Norwich. Not only because he "was esteemed more fit for the stage than the pew or pulpit," but because he indulged too freely in his writings, in censures on the Monks and Dominicans; and, moreover, had the hardihood to reflect, in no very mild terms, on the manners and life of Cardinal Wolsey. For which last offence he was so closely pursued by the cardinal's officers, that he was obliged to take sanctuary at Westminster, where he was kindly entertained by John Islip, the abbot, and continued there till the time of his death. Anthony Wood adds, that "Erasmus, in an epistle to King Henry VIII., stiles this poet *Britannicarum Literarum Lumen et Decus*, and of the like opinion were many of his time. Yet the generality said, that his witty discourses were biting; his laughter opprobrious and scornful; and his jokes commonly sharp and reflecting." Skelton's reputation was undoubtedly high among his cotemporaries; and we cannot give a better evidence of it, nor, at the same time, introduce Skelton better to the notice of our readers,

than by the praises of his friend Thomas Churchyard, who is, at the same time, recommending the early English poets in general.

" Nor scorne your mother-tongue,
O babes of English breed:
I have of other language seen
And you at full may read
Fine verses trimly wrought,
And couch'd in comely sort;
But never you or I, I trowe,
In sentence plaine and short,
Did ever yet beholde with eye,
In any foraigne tongue,
A higher verse, a statelyer style,
That may be read or sung,
Than is this day, indeed,
Our English verse and rhyme,
The grace whereof doth touch the Gods,
And reach the cloudes sometime!
Thro' earth and waters deepe
The pen by skill doth passe,
And featly nips the worlde's abuse,
And shows us, in a glass,
The vertue and the vice
Of every wight alive:
The hony-combe that bee doth make
Is not so sweet in hive,
As are the golden leaves
That drop from poets' head,
Which do surmount our common talke
As far as gold doth lead.
The flour is sifted cleane,
The bran is cast aside,
And so good corne is known from chaffe,
And each fine grain is spied.
Piers Ploughman was full plaine,
And Chaucer's spreet was great;
Earl Surrey had a goodly veine,
Lord Vaux the marke did beat.
And Phaer did hit the pricke
In things he did translate,
And Edwards had a special gift;
And divers men, of late,
Have helpt our English tongue,
That first was base and brute.

Oh! shall I leave out Skelton's name,
The blossom of my fruit!
The tree whereon, indeed,
My branches all might grow:
Nay, Skelton wore the laurel wreath,
And past in schools, ye know,
A poet for his art,
Whose judgement sure was high,
And had great practise of the pen,
His workes they will not lie;
His termes to taunts did leane,
His talke was as he wrate;
Full quick of wit, right sharp of wordes,
And skilful of the state;
Of reason ripe and good,
And to the hateful minde,
That did disdaine his doings still,
A scorner of his kinde;
Most pleasant every waye,
As poets ought to be,
And seldom out of princes' grace,
And great with each degree:
Thus have you heard at full
What Skelton was, indeed;
A further knowledge shall you have
If you his books do read.
I have, of mere good will,
These verses written here,
To honour virtue as I ought,
And make his fame appear;
That wore the garland gay
Of laurel leaves but late,
Small is my pain, great is his praise,
That thus such honour gate."

The contents of this book appear to have been printed separately in small pamphlets, and afterwards collected by Skelton himself; at least they are preceded by an introduction from the hand of the poet himself, in which he, however, in enumerating his works, speaks of many which are not to be found here. This introduction is an allegorical piece, in which the Queen of Fame and Dame Pallas are personages, who at length hand the poet over to Occupation, who gives him employment, and sets certain fair ladies about composing him a laurel. To each of them, Skelton addresses copies of verses. One set, to Mistress Margaret Hussey, is beautiful, and gives one an idea

of a most amiable character. In this instance we will modernize the spelling.

"*To Mistress Margaret Hussey.*

Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower,
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good, and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still,
And as full of good will
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Stedfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought
Erst you can find
So courteouse, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower."

After the introduction, which is styled the *Crown of Laurel*, the different pieces follow; the principal of which, are *The Bouge of the Court*, an allegorical poem on the vices of a court; *The Duke of Albany*, full of virulent abuse of the Scots; *Ware the Hawk*, against the vices of the clergy; *The Tunning of Eleanor Rumming*, a very singular and humorous but very

coarse description of an old ale-woman, and her female customer. *Why come ye not to court,* a satire on Cardinal Wolsey; with various others.

In the Bouge of Court there are some striking short passages out of the usual style of Skelton, such as this personification of Suspicion.

> " And when he came walking soberly
> With *hum*, and *hah*, and with a crooked look,
> Methought his head was full of jealousy,
> His eyne rolling, his handes fast they quoke,
> And to-me-ward the straight way he took:
> God speed, brother, quoth he then,
> And thus to talk with me he began."

And this, of Riot.

> " With that came Riot rushing all at once,
> A rustic galand to ragged and to rente:
> And on the board he whirl'd a pair of bones,
> Quartre, treye, deuce, he clatter'd as he went;
> Now have at all by Saint Thomas of Kent.
> And ever he threw, and kist I, wot ne'er what,
> His hair was growing thorow out his hat.
>
> Then I beheld how he disguised was,
> His head was heavy for watching over night,
> His eyne bleared, his face shone like a glass,
> His gown so short, that it ne cover might
> His rump; he went so all for summer light.
> His hose was guarded with a list of green,
> Yet at the knee they were broken, I ween.
>
> His coat was checker'd with patches red and blue,
> Of Kirkby Kendal was his short demy;
> And aye he sang in faith decon thou crew;
> His elbow bare, he ware his geer so nye,
> His nose dropping, his lips were full dry;
> And by his side his whynard and his pouch
> The devil might dance therein for any crouch."

And also the following, of Dissimulation.

> " Disdain I saw with Dissimulation,
> Standing in sad communication.
>
> But there was pointing and nodding with the head,
> And many words said in secretwise;

They wander'd ay and stood still in no stead;
Methought alway Dissimular did devise:
Me passing, sore my heart then gan arise,
I deem'd and dred their talking was not good,
Anon Dissimular came where I stood.

Then in his hood I saw there faces twain,
That one was lean and like a pined ghost,
That other looked as he would me have slain,
And to-me-ward as he gan for to coast,
When that he was even at me almost,
I saw a knife hid in his one sleeve,
Whereon was written this word, *mischief.*

And in his other sleeve, methought I saw
A spoon of gold, full of hony sweet,
To feed a fool, and for to prey a daw;
And on that sleeve these wordes were wrote:
A false abstract cometh from a false concrete;
His hood was side his cope, was russet grey,
These were the words that he to me did say."

Our next extract shall be the beginning of "*The Tunning of Eleanour Rumming,*" which is in Skelton's peculiar style—a style which is now generally described as *Skeltonizing:*

"Tell you I chill,
If that ye will
Awhile be still,
Of a comely gill
That dwelt on a hill,
But she is not grill; (girl)
For she is somewhat sage,
And well worn in age;
And her visage
It would asswage
A man's courage.
Her lothely lere
Is nothing clear,
But ugly of cheer.
Droupy and drowsy,
Scurvy and lousy,
Her face all bowsy;
Comely crinkled,
Wondrously wrinkled,

Like a roast pig's ear
Bristled with hair.
Her lewd lips twain
They slaver, men sayne,
Like a roopy raine,
Or a gummy glare:
She is ugly fair,
Her nose some deal hooked,
And camously crooked,
Never stopping,
But ever dropping;
Her skin loose and slack,
Grained like a sack,
With a crooked back.
Her eyn gowndy
Are full unsoundy,
For they are bleared,
And she gray-haired,
Jawed like a jetty,
A man would have pity
To see how she is gumm'd,
Finger'd and thumb'd,
Gently jointed,
Greased and anointed
Up to the knuckles,
The bones her buckles
Together made fast;
Her youth is far past:
Footed like a plane,
Legs like a crane,
And yet she will jet,
Like a jolly set,
In her furred flocket,
And gray russet rocket,
With Simper the cocket,
Her huke of Lincoln green,
It had been hers, I ween,
More than forty year,
And so it doth appear,
And the green bare threads
Look like sere weeds, (dry)
Withered like hay,
The wool worn away,

And yet, I dare say,
She thinketh herself gay,
Upon the holy day,
When she doth her array:
And girdeth in her getes,
Stitch'd and pranked with pleates;
Her kirtle Bristow red,
With cloaths upon her head,
That they weigh a sow of lead,
Wrythen in wondrous ways
After the Saracen's guise;
With a whim-wham,
Knit with a trim-tram,
Upon a brain pan,
Like an Egyptian:
Capped about,
When she goeth out
Herself for to shew.
She driveth down the dew
With a pair of heels,
As broad as two wheels:
She hobbles as a goose,
With her blanket hose;
Her shoon smear'd with tallow,
Like her face callow,
Greas'd upon dirt
That bandeth her skirt."

It is in the *Why come ye not to Court?* that we find the most interesting matter. We get a lively idea of Wolsey's osentatious manner and tyrannical bearing.

Speaking of the French, the satirist says,

" But yet they overshoot us
With crowns and with scutus,
With scutes and crowns of gold,
I dread we are bought and sold;
It is a wonder's warke,
They shoot all at one marke;
At the cardinal's hat,
They shoot all at that,
Out of their strong towns,
They shoot at him with crowns:
With crowns of gold emblas'd,
They make him sore amaz'd,
And his eyn so daz'd,

That he no see can
To know God nor man.
He is set so high,
In his hierarchy,
Of frantick frenezy,
And foolish fantasy,
That in the chamber of stars,
All matters there he mars;
Clapping his rod on the board,
No man dare speak a word,
For he hath all the saying,
Without any renaying.
He rolleth in his records,
He saith, how say ye, my lords?
Is not my reason good,
Good even, good Robin Hood?
Some say, Yes. And some
Sit still as they were dumb;
Thus thwarting over thumb
He ruleth all the roast,
With bragging and with boast;
Borne up on every side
With pomp and with pride,
With tromp up alleluya,
For dame Philargerya
Hath so his heart in hold,
He loveth nothing but gold;
And Asmodeus of hell,
Maketh his members swell,
With Delilah to mel,
That wanton damsel."

He thus goes on in his daring railing against this powerful minister:

" Once yet again,
Of you I would fraine,
Why come ye not to court?
To which court?
To the kinge's court,
Or to Hampton court?
Nay to the kinge's court.
The kinge's court
Should have the excellence,
But Hampton-court

Hath the pre-eminence;
And York's place,
With my lord's grace;
To whose magnificence,
Is all the confluence,
Suits, and supplications,
Embassades of all nations;
Straw for law canon,
Or for the law common,
Or for law civil,
It shall be as he will;
Stop at law tancrete,
An abstract or a concrete;
Be it sour, be it sweet,
His wisdom is so discreet,
That in a fume or an heat,
Warden of the fleet,
Set him fast by the feet,
And of his royal power,
When him list to lour,
Then have him to the Tower,
Sans autre remedy:
Have him forth bye and bye,
To the marshalsy,
Or to the King's Bench;
He diggeth so in the trench
Of the court royal,
That he ruleth them all:
So he doth undermind,
And such sleights doth find,
That the king's mind
By him is subverted,
And so straitly coarted (cowred,)
In credencing his tales,
That all is but nut-shales,
That any other saith,
He hath in him such faith.
Now, yet all this might be
Suffer'd and taken in gree,
If that that he wrought
To any good end were brought;
But all he bringeth to nought,
But God that me dear bought.
He beareth the king on hand,
That he must pyl his land

To make his coffers rich:
But he layeth all in the ditch,
And useth such abusion,
That, in the conclusion,
All cometh to confusion:
Perceive the cause why,
To tell the truth plainly,
He is so ambitious,
So shameless, and so vicious,
And so superstitious,
And so much oblivious,
From whence that he came,
That he falleth in a cisiam:
Which truly to express,
Is a forgetfulness,
Or wilful blindness,
Wherewith the Sodomites
Lost their inward sights.
The Gommorians, also,
Were brought to deadly woe,
As scripture records,
A *cecitate cordis*:
In the Latin, sing we,
Libera nos, Domine.
But this mad Amalek,
Like to Amamelek,
He regardeth lords
No more than potshords;
He is in such elation,
Of his exaltation,
And the supportation
Of our sovereign lord,
That God to record,
He ruleth all, at will,
Without reason or skill,
Howbeit they be primordial,
Of his wretched original,
And his base progeny,
And his greasy genealogy.
He came of the sink royal,
That was cast out of a butcher's stall.
But, however he was born,
Men would have the less scorn,
If he could consider
His birth and room together,

And call to his mind,
How noble and how kind,
To him he hath found
Our sovereign lord, chief ground
Of all this prelacy,
And set him nobly,
In great authority,
Out from a low degree,
Which he cannot see,
For he was pardee,
No doctor of divinity,
Nor doctor of the law,
Nor of none other saw,
But a poor master of art,
God wot! had little part
Of the quatrivials,
Nor yet of trivials,
Nor of philosophy,
Nor of philology,
Nor of good policy,
Nor of astronomy,
Nor acquainted worth a fly,
With honourable Haly,
Nor with royal Ptolomy,
Nor with Albumazar,
To treat of any star,
Fixt or yet mobile,
His Latin tongue doth hobble,
He doth but clout and cobble,
In Tully's faculty,
Called humanity:
Yet proudly he doth pretend,
How no man can him amend;
But have ye not heard this,
How a one-eyed man is
Well sighted, when
He is among blind men.
Then our process for to stable,
This man was full unable
To reach to such degree,
Had not our princely
Royal Henry the Eighth,
Take him in such conceit,
That he set him on height,

In exemplyfieing
Great Alexander the king,
In writing as we find,
Which, of his royal mind,
And of his noble pleasure,
Transcending out of measure,
Thought to do a thing
That pertaineth to a king,
To make up one of nought,
And made to him be brought
A wretched poor man,
Which his living wan,
With planting of leeks,
By the days and by the weeks;
And of this poor vassal,
He made a king royal,
And gave him a realm to rule,
That occupied a showel,
A mattoke, and a spade,
Before that he was made
A king, as I have told,
And ruled as he wold;
Such is a king's power,
To make within an hour,
And work such a miracle,
That shall be a spectacle
Of renown and worldly fame,
In likewise now the same
Cardinal is promoted,
Yet with lewd conditions noted,
As hereafter been noted.
Presumption and vain glory,
Envy, wrath, and lechery,
Covetess, and gluttony,
Slothful to do good,
Now frantick, now stark wode:
Should this man of such mode
Rule the sword of might,
How can he do right,
For he will as soon smite
His friend as his foe,
A proverb long ago.
Set up the wretch on high,
In a throne triumphantly,

Make him a great estate,
And he will play checkmate
With royal majesty;
Count himself as good as
A prelate potential,
To rule under Belial,
As fierce and as cruell
As the fiend of hell;
His servants meniall
He doth revile and brawl,
Like Mahound in a play:
No man dare withsay.
He hath despite and scorn
At them that be well born,
He rebukes them and rails,
Ye whorsons, ye vassals,
Ye knaves, ye churls' sons,
Ye ribands, not worth two plums,
Ye rain-beaten beggars rejagged,
Ye recrayed ruffins all ragged;
Thou peevish pie-pecked,
Thou losel long-necked,
Thus daily they be decked,
Taunted and checked,
That they are so woe,
They wot not whither to go.
No man dare come to the speech,
Of this gentle jack-breech,
Of what estate he be,
Of spiritual dignity,
Nor duke of high degree,
Nor marquess, earl, nor lord,
Which shrewdly doth accord.
Thus he, born so base,
All noblemen should outface,
His countenance like a Cæsar,
My lord is not at leisure;
Sir, ye must tarry a stound (hour)
Till better leisure be found;
And, sir, ye must dance attendance,
And take patient sufferance,
For my lord's grace
Hath now no time nor space
To speak with you as yet.

And thus they shall sit,
Chuse them sit or flit,
Stand, walk, or ride,
And his leisure abide
Perchance half a year,
And yet never the near.
This dangerous dowsipere,
Like a king's peer,
And within this sixteen year,
He would have been right fain
To have been a chaplain,
And have taken right great pain
With a poor knight,
Whatsoever he hight,
The chief of his own counsel,
They cannot well tell
When they with him should mell,
He is so fierce and fell:
He rails and he rates,
He calleth them doddy-pates;
He grins and he gapes,
As it were Jack Napes,
Such a mad bedlem
For to rule this realm,
It is a wondrous case
That the king's grace
Is toward him so minded,
And so far blinded,
That he cannot perceive
How he doth him deceive;
I doubt lest by sorcery,
Or such other loselry,
As witchcraft, or charming,
For he is the king's darling,
And his sweet hart-root,
And is governed by this mad koot:
For what is a man the better
For the king's letter?
For he will tear it asunder,
Whereat much I wonder
How such a hoddy-poll
So boldly dare controul,
And so malapertly withstand
The king's own hand,

And sets not by it a mite;
He saith the king doth write,
And writeth he wot not what,
And yet for all that
The king his clemency
Dispenseth with his demensy."

This is certainly a sufficient specimen of this extraordinary versifier—both as to matter and manner. The talents of John Skelton are easily estimated. With strong sense, a vein of humour, and some imagination, he had a wonderful command of the English language. His rhymes are interminable, and often spun out beyond the sense in the wantonness of power. In judging of this old poet, we must always recollect the state of poetry in his time and the taste of the age, which being taken into the account, we cannot help considering Skelton as an ornament of his own time, and a benefactor to those which came after him. Let him be compared to a fine old building, which once glittered in a wanton lavishment of ornament, and revelled in the profusion of its apartments, and in the number of its winding passages, is now grown unfit for habitation, and only remains as a model of the architecture of past times, and a fit subject for the reverence and the researches of the antiquarian.

ART. X.—*The complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation; being a Discourse on Rivers, Fish-ponds, Fish, and Fishing: in two Parts; the first written by* Mr. Isaac Walton: *the second by* Charles Cotton, Esq.; *with the Lives of the Authors, and Notes historical, critical, and explanatory. By* Sir John Hawkins, Knt. 1764. *First edition,* 1653.

Our nation, from the earliest times, has been remarkable for a fondness for field sports. Hunting and hawking formed the chief recreation of our kings and barons; and if the equipments of our ancient nobles, when on a hunting expedition, were inferior in splendour to the pavilioned field and turbaned array of an eastern Omrah, or even to the half-martial appointments of our European neighbours, yet in enthusiastic love of these sports, in the skill and intelligence displayed in conducting them, in the breeding and training of our hawks and dogs, in the completeness of our sporting implements, and in our

adroitness in using them, we have unquestionably excelled them all.

As the choice of games and modes of playing at them strongly indicate the dispositions and capacities of children, so the sports and exercises of a people are equally illustrative of their national characteristics. Our field sports strikingly exhibit that energizing union of action and thought—that quick sense of *fair play*, and independent self-reliance, which, when directed to higher objects, have exalted and established the moral character of our nation. Much of the parade of the chace, we undoubtedly derived from our Norman ancestors; but all those feudal regulations, not essential to the success and conduct of the sport, have disappeared with the system which produced them. Our sportsmen assemble not merely to swell the train of the leader of the day, but each for his own exercise and recreation. Every one is equally interested in the success of the business before him; and although the huntsman is, *ex officio*, the most important and obstinate personage in the field, and his *veto* is always definitive against any casual votes of the democracy, nevertheless each member of known experience delivers his opinion, with a consciousness that its weight will be duly appreciated by his compeers, and if, when in council *at a fault*, he carry the majority with him—or, better still, if he be seconded by the sure double of old Rockwood—the cry of *That's good!* carries the motion by acclaim, and the sovereignty of the huntsman merges constitutionally in the decision of the general voice. Thus, in doubtful cases, opinion has its due authority; but the fundamental code of the chace is inviolable. The creature pursued must be allowed its *fair law*—the destruction of the animal is never the sole object contemplated: its wiles and powers of escape are nicely balanced with the skill and sagacity of its pursuers. We do not defend the humanity of this equilibrium of exertion and suffering; but, as the object of the hunter is to prolong the chace to the utmost possible extent, without diminishing its spirit, and as his pleasure consists in surmounting, by his skill and the sagacity of his dogs, the impediments opposed to him, we adduce it as exemplary of that just adaptation of means to their end, of that hardihood and perseverance which courts and delights in difficulty and danger, and that love of method and order, which even in their sports is prevalent in the minds of our countrymen, and which, when exerted on nobler occasions, has enabled them to rival whatever human nature hath ever achieved, either of physical or mental energy. Our less vehement rural recreations are governed by rules as exact, and discover as much of system, of natural knowledge, and of mechanical contrivance and application, as hunting. If a philosopher

of an unknown world were presented with a fowling-piece, the work of one of our best gun-makers, the inferences to be drawn from it alone would certify him that it could only be the production of a highly intelligent nation. In the just proportion of its parts, equally accommodated to elegance and utility; in its strength, nicely combined with the requisite degree of lightness; in the mechanism of the lock, and in the simplicity and good taste of the general ornaments, he would discover indubitable evidence of patient thought, united to the highest mechanical ability, and both admirably and exclusively directed to the particular purpose of the instrument. He would as certainly not draw similar conclusions from the inspection of a Chinese bow, or a Persian scymitar. These, though gorgeously adorned and highly wrought, in parts, he would discover to be infinitely less complete: they are "rich with gems and barbaric gold," but the essentials, the rivets, the screws, and whatever does not at first meet the eye, are negligently and inefficiently executed. From the inspection of the three instruments, the bow, the scymitar, and the gun, their several uses being considered, our philosopher would form no contemptible hypothesis of the intellectual rank of the people which produced them.

The pleasures of the angler are equally well aided by the fitness of his particular implements, and his art has been improved by as much observation, experience, and thought, as characterize any of the sports to which we have alluded; and all of them have been celebrated by men of genius, whose works on these subjects are a valuable addition to the literature of our country. *Somerville's Chace* has been censured as a futile endeavour to elevate a mean subject to the dignity of poetry. There may be some justice in this censure, but an accomplished hunter will reluctantly admit it. He may deny that subject to be mean which constitutes one of the most ardent and characteristic recreations of a great nation, and which gives to posterity a vivid picture of the manly amusements, polished manners, and cultivated mind of a British country gentleman. The work before us, which has led us to these observations, has been the delight of every "brother of the angle," and of every man of taste, since its first appearance. The simplicity of its style, the genuine love of nature which it displays, the purity and philanthropy of its sentiments, that true politeness, the result of a sound understanding and of an amiable sensibility, beautifully exhibited in every page, and heightened in effect, rather than obscured, by the somewhat quaint language of the age in which it was written, give it a spell so powerful, as to have charmed the dragon of criticism. But the book is itself a portrait of its venerable author, nay, it presents him to you alive—you walk with him, reflect with

him, dwell with him on the peaceful beauties of the landscape, and silently and gently sink into the calm and amiable temper of mind and heart, which dictated this most innocent of books. His first address displays the amenity of his character; and the milk-maid, who sings her simple song to oblige him, and the mistress of the little inn, who is so anxious to attend to every wish of her respected guest, convince you, that all who know the good old man own an affectionate esteem for him. Before you have enjoyed his society an hour, you are his fast friend, and perhaps "an honest angler" for ever.

But let our apostle of angling speak for himself.

"A conference betwixt an Angler, a Hunter, and a Falconer, each commending his recreation.

"*Piscator, Venator, Auceps.*

"*Pisc.* You are well overtaken, gentlemen; a good morning to you both. I have stretched my legs up Tottenham hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine, fresh May morning.

"*Venat.* Sir, I, for my part, shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched-house in Hodsden; and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me: but for this gentleman that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey; he came so lately into my company, that I have scarce had time to ask him the question.

"*Auceps.* Sir, I shall, by your favour, bear you company as far as Theobald's, and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's house, who mews a hawk for me, which I now long to see.

"*Venat.* Sir, we are so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning; and I hope we shall each be the happier in the others' company. And, gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it; knowing that, as the Italians say, good company in a journey makes the way to seem shorter.

"*Auceps.* It may do so, Sir, with the help of good discourse, which methinks we may promise from you that both look and speak so chearfully; and, for my part, I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open-hearted, as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

"*Venat.* And, Sir, I promise the like.

"*Pisc.* I am right glad to hear your answers, and in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you, Sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast; for the other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a hawk that a friend mews for him.

"*Venat.* Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little business and more pleasure; for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow

another day or two in hunting the otter, which a friend that I go to meet, tells me, is much pleasanter than any other chase whatsoever: howsoever I mean to try it; for to-morrow morning we shall meet a pack of otter-dogs of noble Mr. Sadler's, upon Anwell-hill, who will be there so early, that they intend to prevent the sun-rising.

"*Pisc.* Sir, my fortune has answered my desires, and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villainous vermin, for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much; indeed so much, that in my judgement, all men who keep otter-dogs ought to have pensions from the king, to encourage them to destroy the breed of these base otters, they do so much mischief.

"*Venat.* But what say you to the foxes of the nation, would you not as willingly have them destroyed? for, doubtless, they do as much mischief as otters do.

"*Pisc.* Oh, Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity, as those base vermin the otters do.

"*Auceps.* Why, Sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor otters?

"*Pisc.* I am, Sir, a brother of the angle, and therefore an enemy to the otter: for you are to note, that we, anglers, all love one another; and therefore do I hate the otter, both for my own and for their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

"*Ven.* And I am a lover of hounds: I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntsmen make sport and scoff at anglers.

"*Auc.* And I profess myself a falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, it is such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

"*Pisc.* You know, gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixt with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to Lucian, the father of the family of scoffers:

> Lucian, well skilled in scoffing, this hath writ,
> Friend, that's your folly which you think your wit:
> This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
> Meaning another when yourself you jeer.

If to this you add what Solomon said of scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a scoffer still; but I account them an enemy to me and all that love virtue and angling.

"And for you that have heard many grave, serious men, pity anglers, let me tell you, Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave, which we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because Nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor, rich

men, we anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous Montaigne says, like himself, freely, 'When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for, doubtless, cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better: and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser, than to play with her, and laughs and answers my folly for making sport for her when we two play together?' Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats, and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what anglers can say in the justification of their art and recreation, which I may again tell you, is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy."

The eloquence of the sage Isaac makes a convert of Venator, whose hostility to others must naturally have predisposed him to the change. He becomes his pupil, and is minutely instructed in every department of the art; the detail of which, however, is enlivened by the introduction of much wit, moral precept, and practical illustration.—See with what certainty of science he catches a chub.

"*Pisc.* And now to your question concerning your host; to speak truly, he is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either scripture jests or lascivious jests; for which I count no man witty, for the devil will help a man that way inclined to the first, and his own corrupt nature which he always carries with him to the latter; but a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and, indeed, such a companion should have his charges borne, and to such company I hope to bring you this night; for at Trout-hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company: and let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless. I am sorry the other is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their souls, than a beggar's; I think more will be required at the last great day. Well, you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:

——————— many a one
Owes to his country his religion:
And in another would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more, for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures: I'll to my own art, and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a chub, and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well, rest ourselves there, and dress it for our dinner.

"*Ven.* Oh, sir, a chub is the worst fish that swims, I hoped for a trout to my dinner.

"*Pisc.* Trust me, sir, there is not a likely place for a trout hereabouts, and we staid so long to take our leave of your huntsmen this morning, that the sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a trout till evening; and though a chub be by you and many others reckoned the worst of fish, yet you shall see I'll make it a good fish, by dressing it.

"*Ven.* Why, how will you dress him?

"*Pisc.* I'll tell you by and by, when I have caught him. Look you here, sir, do you see? but you must stand very close, there lie upon the top of the water, in this very hole, twenty chubs, I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all: and that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one, and you shall see it done.

"*Ven.* Ay, marry sir, now you talk like an artist, and I'll say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do, but yet I doubt it.

"*Pisc.* You shall not doubt it long, for you shall see me do it presently: look, the biggest of these chubs has had some bruise upon his tail, by a pike or some other accident, and that looks like a white spot; that very chub I mean to put into your hands presently; sit you but down in the shade, and stay but a little while, and I'll warrant you I'll bring him to you.

"*Ven.* I'll sit down and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

"*Pisc.* Look you, sir, there is a trial of my skill, there he is. That very chub that I shewed you, with the white spot on his tail; and I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat, as I was to catch him. I'll now lead you to an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall; there my hostess, which I may tell you, is both cleanly and handsome, and civil, hath dressed many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat."

But it is not enough to teach the student merely to catch fish, honest Isaac is equally erudite in the science of dressing them, and gives precise rules accordingly. Of the merits of his cookery we do not pretend to be judges, and refer this part of the work to the research and experience of the gastro-didactic, Dr. Kitchener.

As a specimen of our author's love of nature, and of that serenity of mind and true sensibility, which enables the heart of man to sympathise with the tranquil and happy scenery around him, we select the following passage:

" *Pisc.* Nay, stay a little, good scholar; I caught my last trout with a worm, now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all; have with you, sir: o'my word I have hold of him. Oh it is a great logger-headed chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweetest smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

" Look, under that broad beech-tree, I sat down, when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seem to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possest my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily exprest it,

> I was for that time lifted above earth;
> And possest joys not promis'd in my birth.'

" As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago: and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

" They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

" Good speed you, good woman, I have been a fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk-w. Marry God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a fishing two months hence, a grace of God I'll give you a sillabub of new verjuice in a new-made hay-cock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men: in the mean time will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

" *Pisc.* No, I thank you; but I pray do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last past over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

" *Milk-w.* What song was it, I pray? Was it, *Come shepherds deck your herds?* or, *As at noon Dulcina rested?* or, *Phillida flouts me?* or, *Chevy Chace?* or, *Johnny Armstrong?* or, *Troy Town?*

" *Pisc.* No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

" *Milk-w.* O, I know it now, I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second when you have done.

" THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cup of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,

Shall on an ivory table be,
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love."

Walton appears to be well acquainted with the writings of Montaigne, whose essays were excellently translated by his friend Cotton. In many respects, particularly in the artlessness of his character, our author resembles Montaigne, but he had less of whim and eccentricity. Montaigne informs us of his good nature, but the kind-heartedness of honest Isaac ouzes from him unconsciously from every pore. Of the tenderness of his natural disposition, it is impossible to doubt; and yet it is curious and almost ludicrous to note how the love of his art, and the force of habit, occasionally hoodwink his humanity. He zealously hopes that all others may be utterly exterminated, and shortly after censuring those who fish at improper seasons, he observes:

"But the poor fish have enemies enough beside such unnatural fishermen, as, namely, the otters that I spake of, the cormorant, the bittern, the ospray, the sea-gull, the hern, the king-fisher, the gorara, the puet, the swan, goose, ducks, and the craber, which some call the water-rat: against all which, any honest man may make a just quarrel; but I will not, I will leave them to be quarrelled with, and killed by others; for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fish."

And his mode of preparing a live bait, still more strikingly illustrates our observation:

"Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August, and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none, but he whose name is Wonderful, knows how: I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sow the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire, and in so doing, use him as though you loved him; that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer."

The second part of this book is by another hand, the lively Mr. Charles Cotton, who, being more expert in the art of fly-fishing than his friend and "father," as he affectionately terms Isaac Walton, has continued the work, in imitation of the style of the first part, with great felicity and effect. The fishing

scene on the Dove is admirably lively and natural; and the fishing-house built for the accommodation of his friend and himself, on the banks of that river, and ornamented with the conjoined cyphers of their names, is a monument of elegant sensibility and friendship, honourable to them both. A wit defined angling to be a stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other; and if, in our notice of this amusing volume, we may seem to have approached the opposite extreme, and to have shewn more respect to rural recreations than they may truly claim, be it remembered, that our observations have regarded them in a general point of view, as indicative of national character, rather than as, in themselves, objects of serious pursuit; and that we commend the work before us, for its style, its variety of information, and, above all, for its faithful portraiture of its amiable author, rather than from any desire to make proselytes to the fraternity of the angle. We close the volume with a conviction, in which we feel assured most of its readers will concur,

Minervam non minus in sylvis errare, quam Dianam.

END OF VOL. VI.

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